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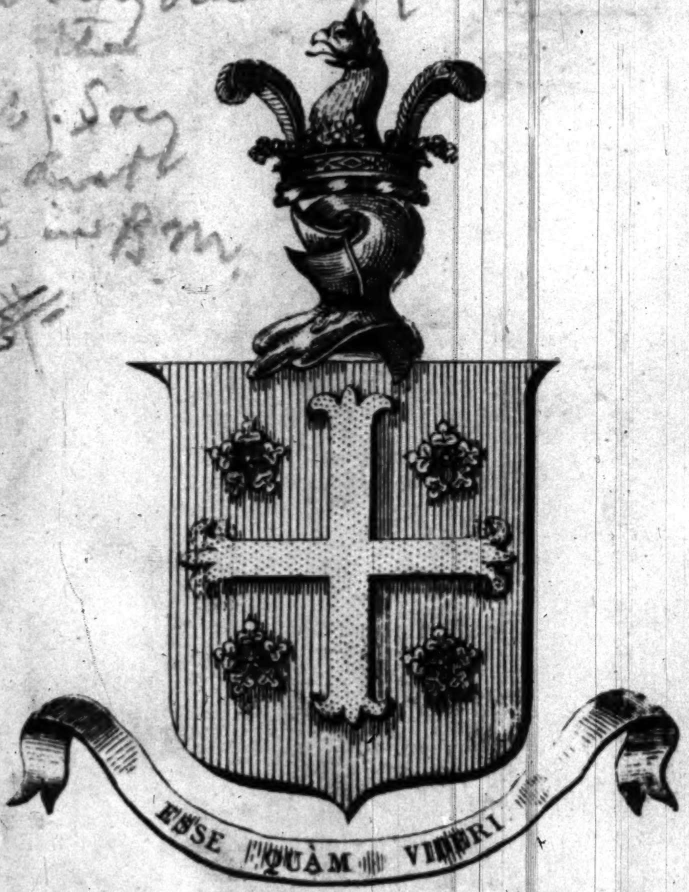

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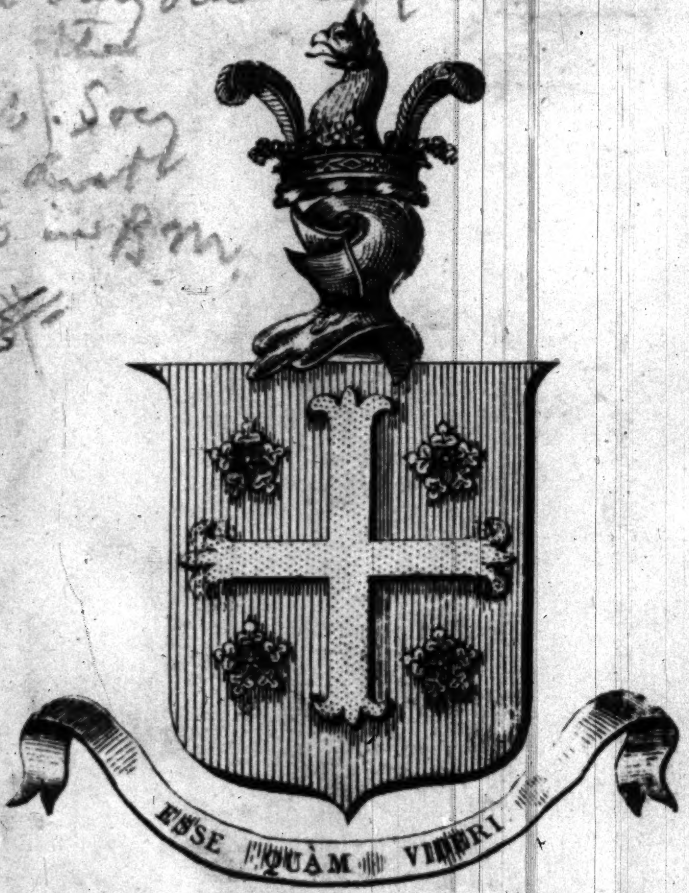
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SAINT BERNARD
HIS MEDITATIONS:
OR
Sighes, Sobbes, and Teares, vpon our Sauiours PASSION,

In Memoriall of his Death.

ALSO
His Motiues to Mortification,
with other Meditations.

The third Edition, much amended:
By *W*. P. Mr. of Arts in *Cambridge*.

---

1 COR. 2. 2.
I eſteeme not to know any thing amongſt you, ſaue Ieſus Chriſt, and him crucified.

LONDON,
Printed by *E. A.* for *Robert Allot*, and are to
be ſold at his Shop, at the Beare in
Pauls Church-yard. 1631.

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T. E. M

TO THE RIGHT Worſhipfull, Mr. IOHN BVLIOCKE, of the Inner Temple, ESQVIRE.

SIR, it was my purpoſe when I firſt vnder-tooke to tranſlate theſe diuine and comfortable Meditations on the Lords Paſſion, and Motiues to Mortification; (ſelected out of the workes of S. *Bernard*, and other ancient Writers, not verbally turned into Engliſh, but augmented with ſuch

From
. LEICESTE
T.E.M

other Meditations, as it pleaſed God to infuſe into my minde) to haue dedicated them vnto your worthy Father, who (both in reſpect of his neere alliance, and other reaſons of moment) might by his owne right haue challenged that duty at my hands.

But ſince it ſeemed good vnto the diuine Maieſty, to remoue him from earth, out of the ſocietie of mortall men, to liue for euer in the cōpany of the bleſſed Angels in Heauen, before I could attaine to the accompliſhmēt of my wiſhed deſires; I could finde none more neere and deare vnto me then your ſelfe, who might vouchſafe to giue the firſt kinde entertainement to my well-intended labours, when they ſhould come forth into the light. For as the Lord hath bleſſed you with a peaceable fruition of your Fathers poſſeſſions: ſo no doubt you are alſo a true heire of his commendable Vertues.

My deſire is to profit all, yet I am obliged by many priuate reſpects, to commend my labours, (ſuch as they are) in a more ſpeciall manner vnto your ſelfe, that therby I might ſeale vnto you, a true aſſurance of my gratefull affection towards you. For farre be it from my thought, that eyther I ſhould forget your kind ſpeeches, or bury your good deed in the darke graue of Obliuion, expreſſed to mee, and extended towards mee at my laſt conference with you.

I know you cannot but kindly accept my ſmall mite, if you ballance it with the willingneſſe of my minde: and I am aſſured you wil not miſlike it, in regard of the matter, though haply you may finde ſome diſtaſte in reſpect of the ſtile. For what can be more fit for theſe times, then Motiues to Mortification? or more comfortable to the ſoule of a ſorrowful ſinner, then a ſerious Meditation of the bitter Paſſion of our Crucified Redeemer, *who being God, became man for our ſakes: ſuffered a moſt cruell death on the Croſſe for our ſinnes: and being buried, roſe againe for our iuſtification?*

But it is not my purpoſe heere to relate what ſweet ſtreames doe flow from this chriſtall and pure Fountaine, what wholeſome fruits may be gathered from this fruitfull Tree, or what rich Treaſure may be found in this golden Myne. I deſire to containe my lines within the bounds of Mediocritie: eſpecially when the Current of my words turneth towards One whom God hath bleſſed with capacitie, able to conceiue the great commodities which do proceed from ſuch Chriſtian exerciſes: Yet before I make a full period, giue mee leaue (I pray you) to let you vnderſtand, that I haue much endeauoured, ſo to expreſſe the grieuous Paſſion of our gracious Redeemer, as if it were now in preſent action before our eyes, that I might the better ſtirre vp feruent motions of Pietie in the mind, and kindle the ſparkes of true deuotion in the heart of the Reader. For indeed, the full ſcope of my deſire is to glorfie God, and benefit my brethren. And that your owne ſoule, (as alſo the ſoule of euery religious Reader,) may be the more neerely and deepely touched, and wounded with a feeling conſideration of our Sauiours death, I ſuppoſe it the beſt way, after a due preparation thereunto by prayer (without which nothing can be ſanctified vnto vs,) to beginne at the firſt Meditation, and ſo taking the Hiſtory of his Paſſion before you, to proceed vntill you come vnto the yeelding vp of his Ghoſt vpon the Croſſe.

In the progreſſe whereof, it may pleaſe God ſo to touch your heart with ſorrow, that your eyes, (with thoſe in the Goſpell, who came to ſee his death, *Luke* 24.28.) may guſh forth Teares for griefe, that ſo innocent a Lambe ſhould be ſo deſpightfully and cruelly tortured, tormented and crucified. Where alſo you (in whoſe perſon I ſpeake vnto all) may iuſtly conceiue a double griefe.

Firſt, that *Ieſus Chriſt* (the Righteous,) was killed for ſinne.

Secondly, that hee was killed for our ſinne.

The conſideration whereof, ſhould moue all, with weeping *Peter*, Luke 22.62. to ſhed ſalt and briniſh teares of contrition, in remembrance of our offences, that being therewith pricked at the heart, Chriſt Ieſus may ſay vnto our ſorrowfull ſoules, as ſometimes he did vnto the Iſraelites, *I haue heard your groaning, and will haue compaſſion on you*, Iudg. 2. 18. And may alſo thereunto adde, *Sonne, be of good cheere, thy ſinnes are forgiuen thee*, Math. 9. 2. *Come hither and taſte how ſweet I thy Lord am: with mee there is plenteous redemption.*

And as in matter of ſorrow, it more deepely pierceth the ſoule of the hearer with griefe, or in matter of delight, more affecteth the minde with ioy, to heare the particular relation of ſome Tragical euent, or the parts and particles of ſome delightfull accidẽt reported, then onely to heare a bare narration of either in groſſe, without expreſſing the parts thereof: ſo

Likewiſe it cannot chuſe, but more deepely wound the ſoule of euery Chriſtian, to heare, or read the ſpeciall and ſeuerall ſufferings of Chriſt in his Paſſion, then if it were onely ſayd thus, *Chriſt died for vs.*

But leſt I draw my lines beyond the limits of due meaſure, I heere conclude: deſiring the Lord to bleſſe you, and the reſt of your Fathers iſſue, with many happy dayes vpon earth, and when they are ended heere in peace, to receiue you all into his heauenly Kingdome of euerlaſting Glory.

Yours ready at
command,

W. P.

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MOST

MOST DEVOVT Meditations, vpon the moſt holy & bitter Paſſion of our Lord Ieſus Chriſt.

MED. I.

A Meditation of the comming of the Lord Ieſus into Hieruſalem, riding vpon an Aſſe, and the bringing in of him into the Citie, with Songs and Praiſes, and of his returne into Bethany the ſame day.

Into *Hieruſalem our Sauiour rides* Mat. 21. 5.
Vpon an Aſſe,(a ſimple harmleſſe beaſt :) Mat. 21. 7.
The people ſpread their clothes and boughes beſides, Mat. 21. 8.
Crying Hoſanna, *Thou in Heauen higheſt.* Mat. 21. 9.

THe time approaching, which the Diuine prouidence had from eternity prefixed, in which my moſt kinde and louing Ieſus ſhould come to his preordained Paſſion, and cruell death of the Croſſe, which he willingly came to vndergoe, being the onely begotten of God, incarnated in the wombe of the Virgin, as through the whole courſe of his life he ſhewed exceeding great humility, ſo toward the houre of his Paſſion, comming to the place where hee ſhould endure the torments of a moſt ſhamefull and cruell death, he tooke his entrance from humility, when riding meekly vpon an Aſſe, he came to the Citie, where hee ſhould ſuſtaine the vndeſerued puniſhment of the Croſſe.

Therefore when the Lord Ieſus, ſixe dayes before the Paſſeouer, had made his Supper with his Diſciples in *Bethanie*, the towne of *Marie* and *Martha*, in the houſe of *Simon* the *Leper*, which was a friend to the ſaid *Mary* and

Martha, (where *Mary* alſo had powred an Alabaſter boxe of precious oyntment vpon his head) the morning following very earely, moſt kinde Ieſus calling two of his Diſciples, ſaid, *Goe into the towne which is ouer againſt you, where you ſhall find a ſhe-Aſſe tied and her Colt, looſe them and bring them vnto me: And if any man ſhall ſay any thing againſt you, ſay that the Lord hath neede of them, and ſtrait-way they will let them goe.* The lowly, and louing Diſciples obeying the commandement of their Maſter, licence being freely graunted to them by the Lord of all creatures, they preſented the ſhee-Aſſe and her Colt, to their beloued Redeemer. Then Ieſus riding vpon the Aſſe, directeth his iourney towards *Hieruſalem*: And when hee came to the going downe of the mount *Oliuet*, many people which were come thither, hauing heard of the ſtrange miracle of *Lazarus*, whom Ieſus rayſed out of his graue, went forth to meete him: And that they might doe him the greater honour, ſome ſpred their garments vpō the ground others cut down boughs from the Trees and ſtrewed them vpon the earth, and all of them, ſome going before, and ſome comming behinde, cried, *Hoſanna to the Sonne of Dauid, bleſſed is hee which commeth in the name of the Lord.* And with theſe praiſes and Iubilies, they brought louing Ieſus, euen to the Gates of *Hieruſalem*, following after him with his Diſciples.

And after Ieſus beheld the Citie, he now fore-knowing the deſtruction of it to come (moued with compaſſion) powred forth teares ouer it: but the *Phariſes* and *Scribes* enflamed with the fire of enuie, ſeeing Ieſus to be extolled with admiration and honour, rebuked him, willing him that hee ſhould chide his Diſciples that praiſed him. To whom kinde Ieſus anſwered, *Verily I ſay unto you, if they ſhall hold their peace, the ſtones will crie.*

Then the Lord entering into the Citie, all the people flocked together, and ſo being brought in of the people, hee went ſtrait into the Temple, where he caſt out the money-changers, and the greedy buyers and ſellers, where alſo many ſicke folke being healed by him in the Temple, as the blinde, lame, and many other diſeaſed people, the Children crying out, *Hoſanna to the Sonne of Dauid:* The Scribes and Phariſes pining with enuie, and parched with anger, compaſſed him round about, and ſhewing the indignation of their heart, they heard how they were reproued by the praiſe of the children, according to the word of the Prophet; and againe, taking it diſdainefully that Chriſt ſhould expell thoſe things out of the Temple which they had allowed, they demanded of Ieſus, by what authoritie hee did that thing: who anſwered them fully to their needleſſe queſtion.

Thus the Lord Ieſus, our bleſſed Sauiour, diſputing all the day with them, that hee might conuert them, & doing many Diuine miracles before their eyes, that hee might winne them, and drawing a multitude of the *Gentiles* vnto him, turning his ſpeech from the diſcourſe which he made vnto them, concerning the manifeſtation of his heauenly Father, fore-telling them (as the *Euangeliſt Iohn* doth declare) the manner of his Paſſion, and the wonderfull fruit of the ſame, continued his preaching euen vnto the euening: when as hauing looked about him, vpon them all, as expecting if any one would kindely inuite him home, and giue him ſome entertainement; and finding not any that would ſcant afford him a good looke, much leſſe any kinde acceptance in that vngracious and vngratefull Citie, hee returned meekely from thence faſting and hungrie, with his Diſciples (who a little before was brought into the ſame with ſuch and ſo great glory) to *Bethanie*, from whence hee had departed in the morning. And there as *Matthew* declareth, hee taught the aſſembly of the faithfull, concerning the Kingdome of God.

Alas, my poore polluted

ſoule, how vnfit are thy impure thoughts to entertaine any worthy meditation concerning the admirable Paſſion of thy ſweet Sauiour, who powring forth ſtreames of his precious blood, paide the price of thy ranſome, conquered thy olde and cruell enemie, and deliuered thee from euerlaſting captiuitie? yet let the greatneſſe of his exceeding loue, enduce thee to admire his infinite goodneſſe, and let the memorie of his bitter pangs, patiently endured by him for thy ſinnes, moue thee to enter into thy ſelfe, and into thy moſt inward cogitations, to meditate with true deuotion, vpon the moſt ſacred Paſſion of thy moſt ſweet Ieſus, thy beloued Sauiour. Expell all other cares, driue away all other thoughts which may trouble thy minde, confound thy vnderſtanding, or withdraw the affections of thy heart from this heauenly Meditation: imploy all thy ſences, and encline al thy faculties to meditate vpon the Paſſion of thy Lord. And if thou deſireſt to raigne with him gloriouſly in heauē, ſuffer thou alſo with him willingly here vpon earth: ruminate ſeriouſly, ſearch out diligently, and call to minde particularly, all the actions of thy moſt louing Ieſus; for by ſuch deuout Meditation, many things ſhall be offered vnto thee, whereby thou maiſt be incited to hate the World, loue thy Chriſt, and to ſuffer here with him vpon earth for a moment, that heereafter thou maiſt be glorified with him in heauen for euer.

Now, oh my ſoule, in the entrance of his moſt bleſſed paſſion, becauſe he is receiued with ſongs and praiſes, let vs alſo come before his ſight with the voyce of melodie and exultation: let our mouthes be filled with the multitude of his mercies: let our tongues ſound forth the worthineſſe of his infinite merits, and let vs day and night magnifie his vnſpeakeable goodneſſe. Let vs goe forth ioyfully to meete our moſt wiſe, moſt meeke, and beſt-beloued Ieſus; let vs open the dores of our hearts to entertaine the King of glory, who to day commeth like a meeke Lambe to the place of ſlaughter: and let vs ſay, *Behold the Lambe of God, behold the lambe of God, which taketh away the ſinnes of the world. Reioyce, oh daughter of Sion, be glad, oh daughter of Hieruſalem, Behold, our God ſhall come, and ſhall ſaue vs.* Conſider, oh my ſoule, what this moſt meek Lambe did at his comming towards the City, and let his admirable humilitie be the ſubiect of thy firſt Meditation!

He thirſted not for worldly honour, he ſought not the aplauſe of the people, hereby intimating how fondly we deſire, and fooliſhly couet to aſcend to the higheſt ſtep of worldly honor, being then indeed moſt ſubiect to fall, when wee ſuppoſe we ſtand moſt ſure: ſeeing in a moment, our greateſt ſolace is changed into grieuous ſorrow; our ſweeteſt pleaſure into bitter paine; and our chiefeſt felicitie into extreme miſery. Art not thou, oh my louing Sauiour, King of Kings? is not thy Royall Throne in Heauen? and is the whole Earth any more but thy foot-ſtoole? is not the brightneſſe of thy glory vnſpeakeable? and the dignity of thy Maieſty incomprehenſible? yet for all that, when thou diſt enter into *Hieruſalem*

lem thy owne City, many Nobles, decked in rich attyre, did not attend thee, onely a ſmall number of thy Diſciples, homely attired, did follow thee, ſelected out of the meaneſt of the people.

Are not all things contained in heauen aboue, and all liuing creatures walking here vpon the face of the earth beneath, all and euery one at thy beck? yet thou wouldeſt not ride into the Citie, mounted vpon thy ſtately Courſer, adorned with ſumptuous Furniture, to moue the mindes of the vnconſtant people to doe thee greater honor, who haue their eyes euermore gazing on outward glory, hunting after ſhadowes, while they forgoe the ſubſtance. But among all the beaſts which are ready at thy commaund, and alwayes obedient to thy will, thou didſt choose a ſilly Aſſe to carry thee into the Citie, which is a poore Beaſt, more ſubiect to labour and blowes; more diſdained, and more contemptible then any other. Oh my ſweet IESVS, how great is thy Humilitie! how admirable is thy Meekenes! For thou being King of Kings, Prince of Princes, and Lord of Lords, wert not aſhamed to ſit vpon the backe of ſo baſe, ſo meane, ſo contemptible a Beaſt, as could be found out amongſt thoſe innumerable multitudes, which thy mighty hand hath created, who are, and ſhall euermore be ſubiect to thy command. Inſpire thou my minde, oh my moſt mercifull Redeemer, with a ſerious and continuall Meditation of thy gracious humility: Let thy lowly meeknes humble mine ambitious thoughts, and caſt downe my loftie lookes: Let my feete treade in thy ſteps, and teach mee to walke in thy paths : Leuell my actions by the Rule of ſober moderation: keep my heart from preſumptuous thoughts, and bridle my tongue from proud words: Let not the vaine allurements of worldly honour, nor the greedy deſire of deceitfull riches, withdraw my minde from a ſerious conſideration of thy loue: Let it alwaies admire thy infinite Maieſtie: let it alwaies meditate, that it may likewiſe imitate thy admirable humilitie. And now behold, O my Soule, thy Bridegroome commeth! let vs goe forth to meet him, let vs ſtrew the ground with branches, and couer the way with flowers, before Chriſt our heauenly King and louing Sauiour: Let vs goe forth adorned with the ornaments of good workes, gloriouſly triumphing ouer murthering vices,

ces, bearing in our hands the ſweet Violet of Humilitie, the beautifull Lilly of vnſpotted Chaſtity, and the louely Roſe of long-ſuffring Charitie: for our louing Lord and beſt-beloued, doth require to be refreſhed with theſe flowers, ſaying: *Stay mee vp with flowers, comfort me with Apples, becauſe I faint, and am ſicke with loue:* Let vs goe forth to meete him without the gate, let vs goe out to him without the tents, that wee may be partners with him of his humilitie, and patiently beare a ſhare of his vndeſerued reproches here vpon earth, if we deſire to be made partakers with him of his euerlaſting glory in Heauen.

But now paſſe thou, Oh my ſoule, from the ſweet Meditation of his rare Humilitie, more ſweet then the fragrant odour of a bed of Roſes: for hee left the higheſt Heauens, and ſocietie of the Angels, to conuerſe here vpon the baſe earth, in the company of wicked men: hee being chiefe Commander of the Heauens, and Gouernour of the whole earth, *Tooke vpon him the forme of a ſeruant, ſuffered innocently for our tranſgreſſions, dyed a curſed death on the Croſſe, and not with corruptible ſiluer and gold, but with his moſt precious bloud paid the deare price of our Redemption.*

Oh let vs imitate the mildneſſe of his words, and make the meekeneſſe of his deeds the patterne of our actions: let his humilitie euermore dwell in our hearts: let it neuer depart out of our mindes: and let it not grieue thee, oh my ſoule, let it not be tedious vnto thee, let it rather be thy chiefeſt delight and onely ſolace, to meditate vpon thoſe things which hapned at the wonderfull comming of the Lord Ieſus to that vngratefull Citie: and weigh euery circumſtance with ſerious deuotion. For all the actions of thy moſt ſweet Ieſus, are worthy of thy zealous Meditation: and although they are not all fit for thy imitation, yet none of them are vnfit, but all of them may ſerue for thy inſtruction.

Now ſo ſoone as he entred into the Citie, he firſt viſited the Temple, and did driue the Buyers and Sellers out of it: hereby manifeſting the abundance of his exceeding goodneſſe; for hee went not to the Princes Palace, to his royall Throne or ſeate of Iudgement, to execute vengeance vpõ his ſacrilegious murtherers, who already had ſlaine him in their hearts, & killed him by their reſolute & wicked determination, but he went to the Tẽple, where moſt kindely he made the blinde to ſee, the lame to walke, and healed many afflicted with diuers infirmities.

And here let vs pawſe a while, to wonder at his exceeding might and admirable power, who alone vnarmed without any weapon, expelled thoſe ſacrilegious wretches out of the ſacred Temple, the holy Sanctuary of the Lord, and houſe of prayer, ſo powerfully, that none of them was found ſo audacious, (although all of them were impudent in their boldneſſe) as to make any reſiſtance. For ſome fiery and gliſtering beames of Maieſty (as *Hierome* ſaith) comming from his glorious face, dazeled their eyes, and daunted their courage.

Oh horrible impietie, that Couetouſneſſe ſhould enter into the holy Temple! *that the houſe of prayer ſhould become a denne of Theeues* ! and the

Sanctuarie of the Lord, a Market-place for buying and ſelling, chopping and changing!

Purifie our hearts, oh Lord, cleanſe our mindes, and driue out the venemous ſwarmes of euill cogitations, that thy holy Spirit may vouchſafe to dwell in our earthly Temples.

Behold thou alſo, thy louing Lord Ieſus weeping, (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) for ſeeing the deſolatiō of that vnthankfull Citie, and lamenting with teares, the vtter ruine and deſtruction of that graceleſſe people, who knew not the day of their viſitation, who could not, nor would not ſhed one teare, to waſh away the ſpots of their ſinnes, or ſeeke by true repentance to ſaue their ſoules.

What did moue thee to weepe, Oh my milde and mercifull Ieſus, but the greatnes of thy exceeding loue? what did moue thee to ſhead teares, but the bowels of thy tender compaſſion? when thou didſt fore-ſee the heapes of lamentable woes, that ſhould ſodainely fall vpon the head of that hard-hearted Nation, and fore-know the ſtreames of violent miſeries, that ſhould drowne and ouerwhelme that careleſſe people, who liued in ſecuritie, without any feare of perill, and ſpent their pleaſant daies, dreading no danger; thou, oh my ſweet Sauiour, ſtill offering, and they wilfully refuſing celeſtiall Manna to feede their ſoules.

Alas for me poore wretch, that I cannot weepe, and that my cheekes are not bedewed with briniſh teares, becauſe hardnes of my heart hath dryed vp the fountaine of my loue! I finde, oh ſweet Ieſus, that thou hadſt much matter to make thee often to weepe, but no occaſion at all, ſo much as once to make thee to laugh: Thou didſt weepe for the death of *Lazarus*, thou weptſt at thy paſſion, thou diddeſt weepe being an infant laid in a manger. Oh kinde teares full of compaſſion, ſure tokens of true Loue! for it is manifeſt that thou diddeſt vouchſafe *Mary* to taſte the ſweet fruit of thy perfect loue, becauſe ſhee kindely waſhed thy feete with her vnfained teares, and vſed the haires of her head, for a Towell to dry them: and becauſe ſhe ſtood weeping at thy graue for the death of her louing Lord, whoſe gracious preſence ſhee accounted her chiefeſt pleaſure.

Haue mercy vpon mee, moſt ſweet Ieſus; graunt that my teares may be my bread in the day, and nouriſh mee in the night: Let teares be my continuall meate: let teares be my vſuall drinke.

Moreouer, let vs take a view of the extreme pouertie, and wonderfull patience of our louing Lord Ieſus: for although in the morning hee was receiued with great honour by the multitude, entertained with great applauſe of the people, and had laboured all day for them, expecting no reward of them for all his paines: yet ſo great was their vile ingratitude, and ſo baſe was the account which they made of him, that there was not one found among ſo many, that was ſo kinde, as to offer him a cup of cold water, but he returned hungry with his Diſciples into *Bethanie*, from whence he came in the morning.

Oh monſtrous ingratitude, toward ſo bountifull a Sauiour! Oh vnworthy people of the preſence of ſo gracious a

Prince, that would make no prouiſion to welcome ſo kinde a Gueſt, who deſired not varietie of diſhes to delight his pallate, or ſtore of pleaſant wines to pleaſe his taſte! for if we looke on his diet, his fare was but homely, neyther was his Table furniſhed with ſtore of meates: for commonly a piece of broyled fiſh was his chiefeſt foode, vnleſſe he were inuited (which hapned ſeldome) to better cheare: for we know, the number was very ſmall that did entertaine him with a courteous welcome home to their houſes, or that did kindely bid him welcome to their table.

Oh how great is thy meeknes! how miraculous is thy patience! how vnſpeakable is thy pouertie! how grieuous and miſerable is thy neceſſitie, my moſt deare and louing Sauiour! The Foxes haue holes, birds of the aire their neſts, yet thou oh my ſweet Sauiour, haddeſt not where to reſt thy weary head.

Learne here-hence, oh my ſoule, to abide with patience, and to endure with conſtant perſeuerance, hunger, thirſt, cold, pinching pouertie, baniſhment, or any other grieuous neceſſitie, by the example of thy beloued Ieſus. Oh that my head were a fountaine of water, that mine eyes might guſh forth riuers of teares, to bewaile and lament my horrible ſinnes, that compelled my gracious Lord to deſcend downe from Heauen (the ſure Hauen of true felicitie) to conuerſe here vpon earth; nothing elſe indeede, but a very troubleſome Sea of continuall miſery.

Thou ſeeſt, oh my Soule, what great pouertie hee meekely endured for thy ſake; what

what extreme ſorrow he patiently ſuſtained for thy ſinnes, what ſcornefull indignities were proffered to him by vngratefull men, when as in ſo large a Citie, ſtored with riches and great abundance of all things, either commodious to ſupply want, or delightfull to procure pleaſure, none, no not one amongſt ſo many, was found ſo kinde as to inuite him to ſupper, had it beene neuer ſo meane; or that would offer him any lodging, had it beene neuer ſo homely: but hee was conſtrained to returne to a little village, where kind *Lazarus* dwelt, who was alwayes willing to bid him welcome.

Hereby thou maiſt ſee, that thy kinde Sauiour, whilſt hee liued amongſt ſinfull men, had many deadly foes, few faithfull friends: a cold welcome, worſe acceptance:

much hatred, and little loue.

Why was not I there then, my louing Sauiour, which poſſeſſe a little Cottage, wherin I might haue entertained thee? Peraduenture thou wouldeſt not haue diſdayned to haue entred into the houſe of mee a poore Publican, and a grieuous ſinner: thou wouldeſt haue ſaid to me (my moſt louing Lord) *I muſt tarry to day in thy houſe: and ſaluation is come to this houſe.* But alas for mee poore wretch, doe I not ſee thee daily preſented vnto mee in thy bleſſed Sacraments and holy Word? Therefore I may yet receiue thee into my houſe: but I am afraid (my ſweet Ieſus) when thou ſhalt finde my houſe to be ſluttiſh, vncleane, and polluted with noyſome filthineſſe, that thou wilt refuſe to enter, and wilt not come neere mine vnwholſome dwelling. But haue mercie vpon mee, (oh gracious Lord) reſpect me a poore miſerable ſinner, with thy wonted pittie: turne away thy face from mine iniquities; waſh away the ſpots and ſtaines of my vgly ſins, with the plentifull ſtreames of thy mercy: for thou (O Lord) art onely able, and when thou art heartily deſired, art alwayes willing to ſcowre away the filth of our diſeaſed reynes, and to purge the corruption of our polluted hearts, that they may be fit to receiue thee. *For that houſe is alwayes bleſſed for euer, into which ſo worthy a Gueſt doth vouchſafe to enter.* Therefore (oh my moſt kinde and mercifull Sauiour) turne thou thine eyes of tender compaſſion towards mee thine vnworthy Seruant; let the bright beames of thy mercy, pierce into the darke corners of mine obſcure vnderſtanding, that I may ſee to imitate the ſteps of thy humilitie, and to follow thee as my perfect guide, in the ſafe and ſure paths of a lowly minde: for thou being a Prince of infinite Maieſtie, and a Lord of eternall honour, didſt vouchſafe to ſhew thy ſelfe milde in words, and more humble in deedes, towards thoſe who neuer ceaſed to reuile thee with their back-biting toungs, and to raile vpon thee with ignominious reproaches. Let the eyes of my ſoule often looke into the meeke courſe of thy lowly life, being indeed a true Chriſtall glaſſe, wherein it may ſee the cheerefull countenance of thy gracious humilitie, and view a perfect patterne of thy gentle patience in thy extremeſt aduerſitie.

Teach mee, my louing Lord Ieſus, by thy example to paſſe through the tedious iourney of my earthly Pilgrimage, with meekeneſſe; and to arme my ſelfe with patience againſt the ſodaine aſſaults of worldly aduerſitie: alſo to imbrace any affliction or miſery, and to be willing to forgoe all earthly pleaſure, and to renounce all worldly honour, that I may be accepted as worthy of thy loue, who diddeſt vouchſafe to deſcend from thy Palace of euerlaſting pleaſure, into a very priſon of comfortleſſe miſery, to ſet vs poore condemned ſoules at free libertie, yea, to ſeale vs a free Pardon, with thy precious bloud, of all our hainous Treaſons committed againſt thy heauenly Father, and by thy infinite mercy to reſtore vs againe to the ioyes of euerlaſting life, who by the iuſt ſentence of his moſt righteous iudgement, were all worthily condemned to abide the horrible paines of eternall death. Oh let the ſweetneſſe of this thy vnutterable mercy be the onely ſolace of my repentant ſoule, and the continuall meditation of my ioyfull heart! Open my lips, that they may ſhew forth thy moſt worthy prayſes: vntie the ſtrings of my tongue, that it may euermore ſing ioyfull ſongs of this our great and miraculous deliuerance. It is thy vnſpeakable mercy, it is thy *incomparable goodneſſe that wee are not vtterly conſumed*, our moſt mercifull Redeemer, when as the neereſt and deareſt of thy Brethern, cannot pleade any merit to deſerue at thy bountifull hands, no, not ſo much as a Cup of cold water.

A Meditation concerning the returning of the Lord Ieſus into Hieruſalem after *Palme-ſunday*, and concerning his frequent preaching in the Temple, & alſo of the Councell held by the Iewes, how they might put him to death: and laſtly, of the offer made by *Iudas* to betray him into their hands.

MED. II.

At Table as our Sauiour Chriſt did ſit, Math. 26.7.
A woman powred Oyle vpon his head: Iohn. 11.2.
Iudas *the Traitor much repines at it.* Iohn. 12.4.
And ſels for money, the eternall Bread. Mat. 26. 14, 15. Iohn. 6. 48, 51.

BLeſſed Chriſt Ieſus that immaculate Lambe, knowing that the day of his painfull death, whereby he ſhould reſtore mankinde to eternall life, was neere at hand, determined from euerlaſting by Gods ſecret counſell, although

though it was his daily care, and greateſt delight to accompliſh the wonderfull worke of our ſaluation: yet in the laſt weeke, hee imployed his chiefeſt endeuour, and ſhewed moſt manifeſt tokens of his ardent deſire, to declare the fruits of his exceeding loue, and to performe the will of his heauenly Father: when very early in the morning, returning into the Temple in Hieruſalem, where the day before he had beene receiued with ſuch great ioy of the multitude, and applauſe of the people; hee buſied himſelfe the whole day in preaching, in beſtowing many benefits, in working ſtrange Miracles, and in expounding the holy Scriptures: which did teſtifie, that hee was the true Meſſias, promiſed from the beginning, and the very Sonne of God euerlaſting. Hee heard the Sophiſticall and ſubtle queſtions of the Scribes and Phariſes, and taught them to ſee their errors, but they were wilfully blinde, and reiected his wholeſome doctrine: and leſt hee ſhould ſeeme vnto them to checke them in a fit of his fury, and to reprehend them in the heat of his choller, hee confuted their groſſe infidelitie and venemous malice, with great lenitie & much patience, vttering many Parables vnto them, and making many heauenly exhortations to his choſen Diſciples, and to the people that came to heare him: whereby that ſaying of the Prophet *Daniel* was fulfilled in that weeke, when as hee ſaid, *Hee conſummated and performed the Couenant to many in one weeke.* Verily the couenant which hee made with vs was performed, when he tooke vnto him our nature, and became

came our whole and ſole redemption, to deliuer vs out of the bondage of eternall death, and from the intolerable paines of euerlaſting damnation, to be made coheires with him of a moſt bleſſed life in the Kingdome of Heauen.

Learne therefore (oh my ſoule) to imitate thy bleſſed Sauiour, who abſtained from meate, to doe the will of his heauenly Father, by ſeeking by all meanes to winne their ſoules, who being void of all humanitie, ſent him faſting out of their Citie. Oh hard-hearted Iewes, to giue ſuch vnkinde entertainment to my bountifull Lord and louing Ieſus! But be thou kinde (oh my ſoule) like *Lazarus*, and ready like *Mary* and *Martha*, to receiue thy Sauiour, that hee may giue thee *euerlaſting bread for thy foode*, and *water of eternall life for thy drinke*. Come and ſuppe with mee (my ſweet Sauiour,) vouchſafe to enter into my ſimple cottage : I confeſſe, I am vnworthy that thou ſhouldeſt come vnder my roofe, yet I know that thou art alwayes willing to come, where thou art kindly and friendly inuited. Open thou the dore of my heart, that thou maiſt enter and dwell with mee for euer : then *ſaluation ſhall come to my whole houſe*, then I ſhall lie downe to ſleepe in peace, and riſe againe without any dread of danger : for I ſhall be ſafely couered vnder the ſhadow of thy wings, and remaine in peaceable ſecuritie vnder thy mightie protection.

Conſider (Oh my Soule,) and meditate often in thine inward thoughts, of the ſtrange ingratitude of the ſtony-hearted Iewes, toward thy Sauiour IESVS, who would not afford him ſo much as a meales meate at night, for his great paines hee tooke with them all the day; but hee was conſtrained to returne hungry with his Diſciples, from ſo oppulent and populous a Citie, to *Bethanie*, a poore and ſmall village, there to refreſh his weary and weake body: where hee made ſo ſmall a ſupper, that he returned hungry to *Hieruſalem* the next morning; and ſpying a Figge-tree which had onely faire leaues, but no fruit to ſlake his hunger, or to afford him any refreſhing in his iourney, he was ſo highly diſpleaſed, that it made ſo faire a ſhew, and bare no fruit, that he *curſed it*, and ſo it *withered*, and became *barren for euer*.

Wert thou (oh my gracious Lord) ſo highly diſpleaſed with this fruitleſſe Tree, and wert thou not grieuouſly offended with the vnthankfull Iewes? No doubt but thou hadſt iuſt occaſion to haue curſed that vngratefull Nation, whoſe hearts were ſo barren, that they did beare no fruit, and their mindes ſo deuoid of all common humanitie, that although they euer ſtood in neede, yet they did neuer deſerue any drop of thy ſweet and comfortable mercie.

Oh Lord, who can worthily laud the immeaſurable largeneſſe of thy infinite mercie? who can throughly taſte the ſweetneſſe of thy moſt excellent bountie? It was thy deſire to haue wonne them by mildnes: it had beene thy delight to haue conuerted them by kindeneſſe: thou diddeſt curſe that barren tree which had ſtore of leaues, but no profitable fruit: to teach that graceleſſe Nation what thou didſt expect at their hands, and what thou mightſt haue iuſtly inflicted vpon them, for the hardnes of their harts, whoſe mouthes were often filled with religious words, their hearts and hands being euermore emptie of charitable works.

Be thou wiſe therefore (oh my ſoule) thinke not that thou haſt done enough, if thou vtterly condemne thoſe inhumane and hard-hearted *Iewes*, who had not ſo much kindnes, as to offer thy Sauiour a crum of bread, or a cup of cold water, vnleſſe thou thy ſelfe make ſome prouiſion to entertaine thy louing Ieſus, whenſoeuer hee ſhall vouchſafe to come into thy Cottage, to viſit thee in kindneſſe: Oh how haphie ſhalt thou be, if thou art prouided to welcome ſo good a Gueſt, whoſe acceptance ſhall bring thee eternall bleſſedneſſe, and who is ſo kinde, that he will dwell with thee for euer: and where he remaineth, their ſtore is alwaies increaſed, their riches are multiplyed in abundance: he cannot, he will not be chargeable vnto thee, if thou wilt ſhew him infallible tokens of thy true loue, and make any prouiſion, be it neuer ſo meane, to receiue him with chearefulneſſe: he expecteth no ſumptuous preparation, hee longeth for no daintie cates, hee regardeth no magnificent pompe, hee hateth vaine oſtentation and outward glorie, he can neuer abide to make any abode in that houſe which is not furniſhed with true humility. Oh happie is that ſoule that is not *vnprouided at his comming*, but *ſtandeth alwayes ready at the doore to open vnto him, whenſoeuer hee knocketh, and is willing* *to enter.*

Conſider alſo, O my ſoule, the great paines and diligent labours of thy induſtrious Sauiour, who continued the day time in the Temple, preaching, and teaching the people; and in the night, praying, or inſtructing his Diſciples: therefore if thou wilt ſhew thy ſelfe a faithfull ſeruant to ſo good a Lord, and a louing Diſciple to ſo kinde a Maſter, ſet him alwayes before thine eyes, as a perfect patterne and liuely example, to imitate him in the carefull execution of thy lawfull calling.

Weare not out the moment of thy poaſting life in carnall delights, fulfilling the lewd deſires of the wanton fleſh, accounting worldly plea-ſure thy chiefeſt treaſure, and making thy belly thy God, *for the end of ſuch is eternall damnation.*

God hath giuen man an vpright countenance, that hee ſhould lift vp his head, and looke towards Heauen, therefore derogate not ſo much from thy dignity, as to haue thine eyes, and thy thoughts, ſtill fixed vpon the earth, like vnto the bruit beaſts, neuer well pleaſed, but when (like a Mole) thou art turning ouer thy ſiluer and golden heapes.

Thou ſeeſt (oh my ſoule) that thy louing Sauiour Ieſus did ſeeke by all meanes to venefit the *Iewes*, his vnnaturall Country-men, and to do them all good, but they were alwaies ſo froward, that they were euermore forward to doe him nothing but miſchiefe and hurt, who hauing exiled tender pittie from their eyes, and all humane compaſſion from their hearts, had not onely ſo much kindenes, as to offer him a morſell of meat to refreſh his weary body at night; when he had laboured all day to feed their ſoules with ſpirituall bread: but moſt vnkindely their chiefe rulers and the Scribes *held a Councell againſt him, complotted many ſtrange inuentions, forged many odious calumniations, and imagined many falſe crimes, cruelly to depriue him of his harmeleſſe life, and to accelerate his ſpeedy death:* becauſe the good deeds which Chriſt did daily to the people, were vnwelcome newes to their eares, and bred nothing elſe, but ſorrow in their enuious mindes.

Therefore they raged with fury, and conſpired in bitterneſſe of their malice, how they might *entrap Chriſt Ieſus by craft and ſubtiltie,* and ſo like an *innocent Lambe, lead him away to the ſlaughter:* for ſo fell was their hatred to the life of our Sauiour, and ſo greedie were they to haſten his death; that had they not feared that the people would haue hindred their wicked purpoſes, interrupting the courſe of their malicious practice, they would haue vented their ſwelling ſpite, and diſgorged their full ſtomackes, ſurcharged with malice againſt him, on the feaſt-day: but they ſuſpected their cruell deede, at that time, would haue ſtirred vp greater tumults amongſt the *people, which did reuerence Ieſus as a Prophet*: for if they might haue had their owne will, and ſatisfied the longing of their enuious humour, they would haue ſpared no day, nor regarded any place, ſo they might haue ſpilt his innocent bloud.

Oh with what damnable counſell and diuelliſh deuices, doe I heare thy furious enemies conſulting againſt thee, my innocent Ieſus, thou Lord of eternall glorie?

What falſe imaginations, what monſtrous inuentions, what helliſh ſtratagems, what forged accuſations, did they coyne againſt thee, their hearts burning, and their hands itching, to cut off thy bleſſed life, to ſtaine the earth with thy precious bloud, and to worke (as they wickedly wiſhed) thy finall deſtruction?

How cruelly doe theſe faithleſſe Iewes conſpire againſt thee? thoſe impious wretches ſaid within themſelues (carried away with the violent current of their irefull imaginations) *Let vs oppreſſe that righteous man, let vs ſwallow him vp in our rage, let vs ſodainely deuoure him in our madnes, let vs ſet traps to take him, and lay ſnares to entangle him: let vs roote him out from the land of the liuing, that his name may neuer* *be remembred any more*, becauſe he is obſtinate in contradicting our words, and peremptory in carping at our workes. Wee cannot, wee may not tolerate his arrogancie, wee will not brooke his oppoſitions.

Hee layeth open our ſinnes, to increaſe our ſhame, he profeſſeth that hee hath the knowledge of God, and nameth himſelfe the Sonne of God: He diſcloſeth our ſecret thoughts, hee is loathſome to our eyes, wee cannot abide him in our ſight, the courſe of his life is oppoſite to our Lawes, he is an open aduerſary to our Decrees, hee abſtaineth from our wayes, as though they were wicked, defiled with vncleanneſſe, and polluted with vices.

We are reputed of him as men of no worth, hee ſtandeth not in awe of our authoritie, hee eſteemeth our threatnings of no moment, and he arrogantly boaſteth, that he hath God for his Father.

Let vs ſee if his proteſtations be faithfull, and if his ſpeeches be true: and let vs aſſay and make tryall what things will happen vnto him.

If he be the true Sonne of God, hee will receiue him into his protection, deliuer him out of the hands of his foes, and keepe him ſafe from danger: Let vs examine him churliſhly, and torment him cruelly, to make triall of his meekneſſe; let vs condemne him to a moſt ſhamefull death, that we may proue his patience.

Such were the bitter words of the cruell Iewes, who ſate in counſell to kill my Sauiour Ieſus, the true Lord of life, whoſe good deedes were ſo odious to their vicious ſight, and his ſweet breath ſo noyſome vnto their ſtinking noſethrils, that they would not ſuffer him to liue any longer.

Oh that helliſh enuie ſhould ſo peruert the vnderſtanding, and enrage the mindes of men to doe ſuch miſchiefe!

Why did the Iewes ſo furiouſly rage together? why did they imagine a vaine thing againſt the Lord and his Anointed? ſaying, *Let vs breake their bonds aſunder, and caſt away their cords from vs:* But, *the Lord had them in deriſion: he ſpake unto them in his wrath, and vexed them in his ſore diſpleaſure, and placed his King vpon his holy hill of Sion for euer.*

Now, although the bloudy-minded Iewes longed for the death of my innocent Ieſus, yet they were loth hee ſhould ſuffer on the day of their Feaſt, not for any fauour they bare vnto him, but *for feare of the people.*

But thou my louing Lord, didſt make choiſe of that time to offer vp thy ſelfe a Sacrifice for our ſakes, that thou mighteſt receiue greater reproach, and that thy death might be acted with more ſhame, ſuffered onely for our ſins.

Thy righteous life being not onely alwayes free from any euill action, but euermore ſo pure, that it neuer was tainted with euill cogitation. And alſo that thy death might be knowne vnto many (although lamented of few which did behold thee) the concourſe of people being great, that flocked from many bordering townes and villages to *Hieruſalem*, at the day of that great ſolemnitie: who ſeeing with their eies, had not Grace beene wanting, might haue vnderſtood in their hearts, that thou wert the true ſubſtance, whereof the

Paſchall Lambe was but a figure.

Oh Lambe of God, which takeſt away the ſinnes of the world, ſprinkle my ſoule with ſome drops of thy precious bloud, that although it haue lien long buried in the graue of ſinfull iniquitie, yet at laſt it may be reuiued and liue againe by vertue of thy quickning mercy.

Now the bloody Iewes holding a wicked conſultation, how they might depriue my beloued Sauiour of his life, euen then came curſed *Iudas*, and offered them (for money) to betray his louing Maſter to death: ſaying, *What will yee giue me, and I will deliuer him vnto you?*

Nor was hee a more greedie Traytor, to ſet his kinde Maſters bloud to ſale, then they readie chapmen to entertaine ſo bloudy an offer, ſeeing one of his owne familie ſo forward

ward to deliuer him vp into their hands, whom they had already murthered in their hearts: So they proffered him thirtie pieces of ſiluer. Oh curſed *Iudas*, to make ſuch an offer! Oh execrable Iewes, to accept it! But moſt damned *Iudas* to performe it.

Had Malice (oh yee bloudie Iewes) ſo hardened your hearts? had Fury ſo blinded your eyes? had Enuie ſo fired your grudging affections, that contrarie to the law of God and Nature, you ſhould animate ſuch a damnable Traitor to perpetrate ſo horrible a treaſon, againſt your *Meſſias*, your Maſter?

For what could be more hatefull to God, more odious to good Men? what more oppoſite to Nature? what more contrary to good Nurture, then that one of a mans owne houſhold ſhould proue ſo vnfaithfull,

faithfull, as to ſell at ſo vilde a price the deareſt bloud of his louing Lord? or that any men ſhould be found ſo monſtrous, as to allow and like of ſuch a damnable offer? Oh thou moſt wicked traitor! oh thou moſt ingratefull and graceleſſe Seruant! Oh yee generation of Vipers, curſed Iewes, damned *Iudas!* Oh thou diſſembling Diſciple by name, but indeede a moſt bloudie enemie! are theſe the thankes thou doſt giue to thy Maſter for his kindeneſſe? is this the requitall of his loue? are theſe the moſt worthy rewards that thou canſt ſpare him for his liberall bountie? are theſe the beſt arguments of thy gratuitie, for all his benefits beſtowed vpon thee? Oh thou *Sonne of perdition*, execrable Traitor, and damnable Merchant, to ſell the ſacred bloud of thy faithfull Maſter! Had my kinde *Ieſus* committed any offence againſt thee? or had hee diſcontented thy minde, and vexed thy heart, that thou ſhouldſt treacherouſly betray him into the hands of his foes, to be tortured and put to a moſt cruell and ſhamefull death? nay rather, what large liberalitie had he not vſed towards thee? what ſtore of benefits had hee not heaped vpon thee? Oh thou vngratefull wretch! Oh thou hatefull traitor! my louing Ieſus made thee one of the little number of his Diſciples: admitted thee into the bleſſed ſocietie of his elected, and made thee Steward of his familie, *to keepe the bag,* and *beſtow the money* which was giuen to him and his Diſciples: and doſt thou in requitall of his fauourable loue, and in recompence of his extraordinary kindeneſſe, poaſt to the cruell Iewes, whom thou, thou, I ſay, kneweſt, did alwayes proſecute him with deadly hate, (& eagerly ſought his innocent life) to offer them open ſale of the bloud of thy louing Maſter, allured with the vnſatiable deſire of money, (a pleaſant baite to take a couetous minde) bewitched with Satans enticements, and inſtigated with the vnquenchable thirſt of damnable lucre, that diſtempered thy vnderſtanding, and cleane put out the eye of thy naturall reaſon?

Oh how doth couetous luſt tyrannize ouer our ſoules, and captiuate our ſenſes, if it once ſeyze vpon our hearts, and take poſſeſſion in our breſts! It maketh vs violate our Faith towards God, our Fidelitie towards Men: it maketh parents vnkinde to their Children, and Children vndutifull towards their Parents:

rents: it armeth the wicked to commit bloudie murther: it maketh Subiects disloyall to their Prince, it eggeth and edgeth them to attempt the vtter ruine of their Country: it kindeleth the fire of ciuill and inteſtine Seditions: it bloweth vp the ſparkles of horrible Treaſon: it excludeth kinde Hoſpitalitie: it is the Cut-throate of Chriſtian Charitie: it pampereth all vices: it ſtarueth all vertues. What is it but a Helliſh Furie, the author and actor of humane miſerie? Oh how happie is the heart that is not affected to it! Oh how peaceable is the conſcience that is not infected with it! Tell me, thou bloudie Traytor *Iudas*, diddeſt thou not ſee many wonderfull Miracles done by thy louing Maſter before thine eyes? diddeſt thou not heare many diuine ſpeeches vttered by his bleſſed mouth? didſt not thou attend vpon him preaching in the day? didſt thou not accompanie him praying in the night? hadſt thou ſo ſoone forgot his bleſſed Sermons? went all in at one eare, and out at the other? didſt thou remember no better his heauenly Exhortations? hadſt thou quite raced out of thy memorie his generall compaſſion towards all, and his particular goodneſſe towards thee? why was thy ſoule ſtarued for want of food in the middeſt of plentie? why were thy ſpirits dryed vp with thirſt, being ſo neere a pure Fountaine? It was becauſe thou haddeſt no grace to taſte of that ſweet cœleſtiall *Manna*, or to drinke of that rocke of liuing water. Couldeſt thou eſteeme ſo rare a Iewell, as my Sauiour Ieſus, at ſo baſe a rate? wouldeſt thou ſell his precious bloud at ſo low a price, that was ſufficient to pay the greateſt *price of our Redemption?* What baſe opinion mighteſt thou thinke the high Prieſt might haue of thee, prouing ſo vilde a Traytor, (although to ſerue their owne turnes they allowed thy Treaſon?) Didſt thou not thinke the whole World would daily hate thee, when being a Diſciple, thou hadſt ſo vildely betraied thy louing Maſter, and craftily plotted the death of thy gracious Benefactor? But woe be vnto thee, and to all of thy condition: it had beene better for thee thou haddeſt neuer beene, then being, to haue beene an inſtrument of ſuch haynous, ſuch deteſtable, ſuch horrible Treaſon: Keepe my ſoule (oh Lord) ſet a Watch before the dore of my heart, that no couetous deſire may haue paſſage into my bowels, or enter into my breſt, to get dominion ouer my reaſon, to wound my conſcience, to inflict my minde with noyſome luſts, and to confound my vnderſtanding with greedy deſires. Let the memory of this ſorrowfull day, wherein thy couetous and damnable diſciple *Iudas* ſold thee, my innocent and louing Sauiour Ieſus, vnto the murmuring and murthering Iewes, draw out floods of teares from mine eyes, and fetch out ſorrowfull ſobs and deepe ſighes from my repenting heart, to bewaile the horrour of my tranſgreſſions, and to lament the innumerable multitude of my many moſt monſtrous iniquities, which brought thy moſt ſacred bodie to the market, there to bee ſold, and from thence to be led to the ſlaughter, cruelly to be ſlaine; that with thy moſt precious bloud thou mighteſt pay the price of my Redemption, which am a moſt wretched and ſinfull creature: yet let the ſweet recordation of thy immutable loue, and the ioyfull remembrance of thy immeaſurable mercy, ſo comfort mee in the midſt of my miſerie, that although I finde much matter in my ſelfe to make mee feare, yet that I may neuer deſpaire, knowing that thou art alwaies willing to apply a *ſoueraigne ſalue* to a *wounded ſoule*, and *ſweet conſolation* to a *wofull conſcience*, whenſoeuer (oh bleſſed Sauiour) we acknowledge our *maladie*, and faithfully deſire thy ſauing helpe in our miſerie.

Of the Preparation of Chriſts laſt Supper by the Diſciples on Thurſday, of the waſhing of the Diſciples feete, performed by Ieſus himſelfe; and of many exemplary actions of Ieſus at the Supper.

MED. III.

Chriſt Ieſus waſhed his Diſciples feete; John. 13.5.
They loath, refuſe; but he enforceth it: Iohn. 13.8.
For Supper done, to Symon *thus ſaid hee,* Iohn. 13.2.
Vnleſſe I doo't, thou haſt no part with me. Iohn. 13.8.

T*He firſt day of the ſweet bread*, that is to ſay, the fift day of the week, in the Paſeuening of which day the Paſchall Lamb was ſlaine, and ſweet bread was eaten, according to the cuſtome of the Iewes, the Diſciples came to Ieſus, ſeeing it was the time of the Feaſt, and that their Maſter had no *reſting place* of his owne, where he might *lay his head*, and ſaid vnto him, *Where wilt thou that wee prepare for thee to eate the Paſchall Lambe?* Teach mee here (my ſweet Sauiour, by thy example) ſo to liue in the world, that I may be prepared euery day to leaue the world, eſteeming my ſelfe as a Pilgrime, ſtill trauelling, and euery day remouing, and not to build my Palace of pleaſure heere in this tranſitorie world, where all things are vncertaine, ſubiect euery moment to miſerie, changes and mutabilitie.

Let neyther the pleaſant baites of proſperitie, nor the bitter brunts of, aduerſitie, hinder me in my iourney, whileſt I trauaile toward the heauenly *Ieruſalem.*

Let thy humilitie be my

greateſt honour in time of proſperitie; let thy pouertie be my chiefeſt riches in time of aduerſitie; and let thy patience be my onely comfort in the ſorrowfull day of affliction: let thy quiet contentment calme the tumults of my grudging minde, and barre out all repining thoughts, ſeeing thou the Lord of all, hadſt not ſo much as a Cottage to couer thy head from the *dew of heauen*, or to *ſhadow thy face* from *the beames of the Sunne*. But my ſweet Sauiour, although thou wert poore in reſpect of thy *Humanitie*, that thy *pouertie* might be our conſolation in time of our diſtreſſes, and to teach vs to beare with patience the heauie burden of our afflictions, yet thou didſt ſhew the bright beames of thy *Diuinitie* to thy Diſciples, when they ſaw that performed indeed, which thou haddeſt told them in word, when they met with the man in the Citie, a meere ſtranger vnto them, whoſe heart thou haddeſt prepared to make pronifion for thee and thy Diſciples, to celebrate the Feaſt of the Paſchall Lambe.

Oh happie man (whom thou didſt vouchſafe to chooſe for thy Hoſte! Oh bleſſed houſe prepared to receiue ſuch a Gueſt! Send thy holy Spirit (my louing Sauiour) as a Harbinger, to prepare a lodging for thee in my heart, and ſo furniſh my minde with thy heauenly graces, that I may be able to giue thee ſuch entertainment, that thou maieſt like and loue to dwell with mee for euer. Now, when the Table was prepared, the Paſchall Lambe made readie (with other neceſſaries) at euening, Ieſus came thither with his Diſciples, and when the houre was come, he ſate downe to the Table. Oh happy feaſt! Bleſſed are they (my louing Sauiour) which ſit downe to meate at thy Supper. Moſt happie and bleſſed are they (oh moſt mercifull IESVS,) who are ſo dearely beloued of thee, and ſo highly honoured by thee, as to be made worthy to ſit at thy Table.

Thou wilt giue them euerlaſting food for their meate, and water of life for their drinke; ſo that after thy bountifull Feaſt, they ſhall neuer know any hunger, nor feele any thirſt.

Graunt mee (Oh bountifull Lord) to taſte of that heauenly food, and to drinke my fill of that Cœleſtiall water, ſo that my body may be thy holy Temple, and my ſoule thine euerlaſting habitation. Behold (oh my ſoule) how thy louing

IESVS ſitteth amongſt his Diſciples; a meeke Lambe among meeke ſheepe, except cruell *Iudas*, who although hee were a deuouring Wolfe, ſate downe to the Table in their holy ſocietie. Oh moſt holy ſocietie of thee, and thy faithfull Diſciples! Oh moſt glorious companie of all but one, who had a Diuell!

Theſe thy children, my moſt louing Ieſus, did *ſit like Oliue branches round about thy Table*: They ſate downe with thee lincked together with the bond of perfect loue, the mindes of all them being faithfull vnto thee, and all their affections longing after thee, onely *Iudas* was an odious Traytor, and thou kneweſt well enough that he ſhould betray thee.

They all ate with thee the meat ſet before them, and they ate the pure Paſchall Lambe, after the manner of the Iewes.

Oh bleſſed houſe, oh happie ſupping-parlour, worthy of great honour, in which my gracious Lord vouchſafed to make his bleſſed Supper!

Wherefore was not I there then, my ſweet Sauiour, to attend vpon thee, and thy faithfull Diſciples? I would haue eſteemed it as my greateſt honour, to haue done thee any ſeruice. Certainely, I would haue gathered vp ſome of the crummes which fell from the Table of my Lord.

Oh how ioyfull would it haue beene to my haert! Oh how would it haue pleaſed mine eyes, to haue had but a view of thy amiable countenance! I would haue fallen downe flat at thy feete, and with *Mary Magdalen*, I would haue waſhed them with my teares. And thou, oh my moſt mercifull Lord, which didſt not *deſpiſe the teares of a ſinfull nd a ſorrowfull Woman*, wouldſt not haue reiected mee, *a poore Publican*, and grieuous ſinner: and as thou wert compaſſionate towards her, ſo thou wouldſt alſo haue beene mercifull to me.

Oh how comfortable would thy moſt pleaſant ſpeeches (my ſweet Sauiour) haue beene to my ſorrowfull ſoule? how quickly would thy moſt wholſome words wherwith thou didſt refreſh thy louing Diſciples, haue healed *the wounds of my grieued conſcience?* What did my Lord begin to ſpeake? what were thy firſt words, when thou wert ſet at the Table? Thou ſaiſte, *I haue earneſtly deſired to eate this Paſſouer with you before I ſuffer*: Oh how great is thy Charitie? how immeaſurable is thy loue, my louing Ieſus? Thou didſt earneſtly deſire to eate with thy Diſciples,

ples, but it was not to ſlake thy hunger, or to refreſh thy feeble nature: thou hadſt no ſuch neede of corporall food: but it was *thy meate to doe the will of thy Father:* Thou wert deſirous to leaue ſome tokẽs of thy exceeding loue, with thy louing Diſciples, before thy departure, and to ſeale them an *euerlaſting aſſurance* of thy *continuall prouidence* ouer them.

Vouchſafe, my louing Sauiour, to be preſent, and Preſident at our Feaſts, ſanctifie our friendly meetings, let malice finde no harbour in our mindes, let hate be exiled from our ſocietie, let perfect loue bee our pleaſant mirth, let all things be done to thy glory: if any *Iudas* ſit downe at our Table, diſcouer the ſecret malice of his heart, ſo that thy Children may be free from his miſchieuous intentions.

Was it not a true ſigne of

thy ſincere loue, and an euident argument of thy extraordinarie kindeneſſe, that thou being ſo great a Lord, ſhouldeſt vouchſafe thy ſeruant to *ſit downe with thee at thy Table?* yet ſo gracious was thy humilitie, and ſo great was thy loue, that thou didſt not *diſdaine* to be their *ſeruant*, and to *waſh their feet*: when *Peter* was loth, that Thou beeing his Maſter, ſhould doe him any ſuch ſeruice, when gentle entreatie would not ſerue, thou didſt vſe threatnings to moue him, telling him, that *hee ſhould haue no part with thee, vnleſſe thou didſt waſh his feete*: who then being terrified with thy threatning words, and alſo loth to loſe the ſeruice of ſo gracious a Lord: he cryed out, *Waſh not onely my feet, oh Lord, but my hands alſo, and my head.* And as *Peter* cryed then, ſo I crie now, *VVaſh my heart,* oh Lord, that it may be no more *corrupted* with *euill cogitations*: *waſh my hands*, that they may be no more *ſtained* with *wicked workes*: *VVaſh my tongue*, that it be no more *polluted* with *vngodly words*: *waſh and cleare* mine *eyes*: that they be no longer *blinded with worldly vanitie*: *waſh and purge mine eares*; that they may no longer *liſten* to the voyce of *iniquitie*: Waſh me (oh Lord) and make me cleane, for from the crown of my head, to the ſole of my foot, all and euery part of mee is infected with *horrible corruption*: and indeede there is nothing to be found in mee, but *loathſome pollution*: yet *if thou wilt* (oh Lord) *thou canſt make me cleane*, ſo that I may appeare in thy ſight with confidence, and *approach vnto thy glorious preſence with boldneſſe*.

Oh let thy will worke with thy power! for thee to will, is to worke that my ſoule being clenſed from her ſinnes, I may enter into thy *Sanctuary*, and dwell for euer with thee, *in thine euerlaſting Tabernacle.*

The more I meditate, the more I maruaile, Oh my ſweet Sauiour, at the excellencie of thy *humilitie*: my thoughts cannot meaſure the greatnes of thy loue, which thou didſt beare to thy faithfull Diſciples: thy loue is not ſubiect to mutabilitie, it is grounded vpon a Rocke, no Tempeſt can ſhake the foundation: thy mercy is without meane towards thy brethren, thy bountie is without meaſure towards them that loue thee.

What ſhall I doe poore wretch, to ſhew my ſelfe thankefull vnto thee?

Behold (oh my gracious Lord) thou haſt giuen an example to thy Diſciples, and to mee, which ſhall be alſo thy

Diſciple, if I ſhall keepe thy commandements, if I ſhall abide in thy loue: thou haſt giuen an Example, that euen *as thou haſt done, ſo I ſhould doe.*

What then haſt thou done, my moſt louing and deare Lord? thou haſt loued mee with exceeding loue: moſt wretched I, if I loue not thee againe.

Therefore by thine example, oh moſt ſweet Ieſus, my gracious Redeemer, I will waſh thy feete, I will caſt my ſelfe downe at thy feete with *Mary Magdalene*, I will waſh them with my teares, as tokens of my ſorrow, and ſignes of my loue.

I will alſo waſh the feet of my diſciples, that is, the ſtaines of my corrupted ſenſes, the deformities of my vnbrideled appetites, and the blots of my rebellious affections: they verily haue beene my Diſciples, they haue kept my carnall commandements, they haue fulfilled the luſts of my miſerable fleſh, they haue ſatisfied her wanton deſires: Therefore I will waſh theſe my ſenſes with ſtreames of teares flowing from the fountaine of a true repenting heart, that as heretofore they haue *ſerued the fleſh*, ſo now they may *learne to obey the Spirit.*

I confeſſe, oh my powerfull Sauiour, mine owne weakneſſe, I acknowledge the diſabilitie of my nature, I can thinke no *good thought without thee*: I am not able to performe any *deuout action*, but onely *by thee*: let thy mercie ſuccour my miſerie; let thy might ſubdue my malice, that my heart being mollified by thy ſupplying Grace, it may receiue a deepe impreſſion of thy loue. Teach me, my Sauiour, to follow thee in the ſteps of thy ſincere humilitie; leade mee in the paths of thy perfect ſinceritie.

Graunt me not onely a will, to meditate often vpon thy Paſſion, but alſo a feruent deſire to ſuffer any affliction for thy ſake, and thy loue, who wert willing to *lay downe thy life* for me, and all other grieuous ſinners, to deliuer vs from the *paines of eternall death*: And ſo vnite and combine all my affections vnto thee, that I may deſire nothing but thee, nor eſteeme of any thing but thy loue: ſo that my minde may be wholly affixed to thee, and the cogitations of my hart euermore faſtned vp~~on thee, and let the meditati~~on of thy bitter Paſſion be as a glaſſe alwaies ſet before mine eyes, that taking a daily view of the miſerie which thou didſt ſuffer in thy humanitie, for the tranſgreſſions of mine in-

iniquitie, I may truely ſorrow for my ſinnes, & may be loth, and euermore lothe to offend ſo louing a Sauiour, ſo that hauing *finiſhed* the *ſhort race* of my *mortall life*, in this *tranſitory world*, where I can expect nothing but miſery. I may receiue a *crowne of eternall glory*, laid vp for all thoſe that conſtantly loue thee, where is nothing elſe but endleſſe felicitie.

A Meditatiou concerning the inſtitution of the bleſſed Sacrament of the body and bloud of our Lord Ieſus, after hee had waſhed his Diſciples feet, and of the worthineſſe of it.

MED. IIII.

The time neere come that Chriſt ſhould be betrayed, Luke. 22.21
The Paſchall Lambe prepar'd where he thought fit, Math. 26.18.
Vnto the Twelue our Sauiour Chriſt thus ſaid, Math. 26.20, &27.
This Cup my bloud containes, drinke all of it.

I Lift mine eies vnto thee which dwelleſt in Heauen. Behold, I come vnto thee with an humble minde and lowly heart, oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus, and falling downe before thy Throne, I adore thy Maieſty: haue mercie vpme, my moſt merciful LORD, let the precious balme of thy ſoueraigne mercie, heale the deepe and deadly wounds of mine iniquitie: Oh my God, open thy *pittifull eares* to heare my *petition*, anſwere me *graciouſly*, and deſpiſe not my prayer.

Command my wandring heart to come out of the broad way that leadeth to *Hell* and *damnation*, and to returne into the *narrow path*, which conducteth to *heauen* and *euerlaſting ſaluation*: ſo that being once againe returned into it, it may neuer hereafter wander out of it.

Shut all worldly cares and wicked cogitations out of my heart, that neither the heauie burthen of them may ſo depreſſe my minde, that the *deuotion* of my *Prayer* cannot *aſcend* vp vnto thee, nor ſo ſtop the *paſſage* of my ſoule, that the *comfort* of thy *grace* cannot *deſcend* downe vpon me.

Draw mee vnto thee, my moſt louing Ieſus, thou which art mine *aſſured ſaluation*, in the day of my greateſt miſery, and my onely comfort and conſolation in the laſt and lateſt houre of my deadly agonie: for I am wounded, and my heart is *conſumed*, becauſe I haue forgotten to eate my bread, which ſhould haue nouriſhed me to euerlaſting life.

Indeed, I haue beene altogether forgetfull of thee, my beloued Ieſus, for I haue not called to my minde thy moſt holy Paſſion, with any zealous or ſerious meditation: I haue had no delight to thinke vpon thy precious *wounds*, which thou didſt ſuffer to *heale my ſores*: neither haue I found any comfort in the pure ſtreames *of thy innocent bloud, powred out* *to waſh away my ſinnes*, and to purge my corrupted ſoule: I haue not *looked after my beloued in the day*, I haue not longed for my Bridegroome in the night.

I confeſſe, my gracious Lord, I haue not beene mindefull of thee, my thoughts haue beene wandring abroad, my minde hath not beene exerciſed with any ſweet meditation of thy mercie: my ſpirit hath not beene troubled with ſorrow for my ſinnes, mine eyes haue ſhed no teares, nor my heart ſent forth any ſighs for my manifold tranſgreſſions. Therefore what ſhall I doe? I will returne to the Lord my God, and I will call vpon him, I will not ceaſe to reiterate the moſt holy Name of Ieſus, vntill thy voice ſound in mine eares, There, there. Come therefore (oh good Ieſus) and haue mercie vpon me. Heare, oh ſweet Ieſus (the prayer of thy ſeruant: infuſe and dip my heart in thy bloud, and diffuſe thy grace into my ſoule, oh moſt mercifull Ieſus: let my heart, oh moſt louing Ieſus) be like waxe melted in the middeſt of thy bloudy ſide. Cloath my minde with the mourning garment of thy Paſſion, and let my zealous affections burne like fire in my ſerious meditation.

Leade me (oh my moſt milde and kinde Ieſus) to thy moſt holy Supper, where I may heare thee ſpeaking to thy Diſciples, ſitting at thy Table, after thou hadſt waſhed their feete.

Tell mee (oh my ſoule) if thou haſt read what the Lord my Ieſus did when he ſate downe againe to the Table, after the waſhing of his Diſciples feete. Verily, while they were yet eating, Ieſus tooke bread, and giuing thanks, he bleſſed it, brake it, and gaue it to his Diſciples, and ſaid: *Take and eate, this is my body which is giuen for you, doe this in remembrance of mee.* And when hee had giuen euery one a morſell, he tooke the cup, and powring wine into it, giuing thankes, hee likewiſe gaue it to them, ſaying: *Drinke yee all of this, for this is my bloud of the new Teſtament which is ſhed for you, and for many, for the remiſſion of ſinnes: and they all dranke of it.* Let vs pawſe a while (oh my ſoule) and with deuout meditation ponder in our mindes, and treaſure vp in our hearts, the wonderfull things which our bleſſed IESVS hath done for vs; for our mercifull and gracious Lord hath made a memoriall of his wonders, hee hath giuen meate to them which feare him. Oh wonderfull Supper, in which ſo many admirable things were done and effected! This was thy laſt Supper (oh moſt ſweet Ieſus) which thou didſt make, when thou wert about to depart out of the world to thy Father. How many admirable wonders of thy exceeding loue? how many miracles of thy infinite mercy are preſented vnto vs in this thy bleſſed Supper! but thou haſt moſt ſpecially ordained this myſticall, ſweet, delightfull, and heauenly Sacrament of thy body and bloud, that the memorie of thy Paſſion might remaine for euer in the minds of the faithfull. Oh wonderfull Sacrament, in which is contained ſuch abundance of all kinde of ſweetneſſe! No ſweetneſſe, be it neuer ſo delicious, can come neere it in goodneſſe; no pleaſure, be it neuer ſo incomparable, is worthie to be compared vnto it.

Oh moſt ſwee Ieſus, how pleaſant, how ſweet art thou, if wee might haue a true taſte of thy exceeding ſweetneſſe? In this thy wonderfull Sacrament, thou doſt feed vs with corporall bread, but after a ſpirituall manner. What therefore can I want to ſatisfie my deſire? what may I wiſh to augment my ioy, if I haue my Ieſus preſent with me? Though now I ſee thee *darkely thorow a glaſſe*, yet hereafter I ſhall *ſee thee face to face*. I cannot ſatisfie my minde (oh my moſt bountifull Ieſus) with admiration of thy vnmeaſurable liberalitie: I cannot wonder enough at the exceeding largeneſſe of thy bountie.

What greater gifts couldeſt thou haue beſtowed vpon vs? what more excellent benefits couldeſt thou haue deriued vnto vs? For in this thy bleſſed Teſtament, thou haſt bequeathed great and precious Legacies to all thy Brethren that faithfully loue thee, and conſtantly beleeue in thee : in verie deede thou haſt left them a rich inheritance, wee cannot eſtimate the price, we can make no true account of the greatneſſe. Some at their death leaue to their heires, Cities and townes, great poſſeſſions and ſtore of monie : ſome build them ſumptuous houſes, and erect ſtately Sepulchers, that *their name might remaine among men*, and their memorie continue vpon earth. But thy bountie, my moſt kinde and louing Ieſus, doth farre exceed and ſurmount them all : for thou haſt left thy owne ſelfe vnto vs, that wee ſhould haue a continuall ſpectacle of thy moſt holy Paſſion in our mindes, and often thinke vpon thy innocent death in our repenting hearts. And in thy bleſſed Sacrament, which is ſo highly to be honoured of vs, and moſt reuerently to be celebrated by vs, thou doſt giue thy ſelfe for food to bee receiued of vs by faith, which may nouriſh vs to euerlaſting life, and deliuer vs from the doome of eternall death. Oh my moſt bountifull Lord, oh exceeding, admirable, and incomparable loue of my louing Sauiour, my beloued Ieſus! But how odious is mine ingratitude, my kinde and louing Ieſus! how great and grieuous is my forgetfulneſſe, that I doe not continually remember the pangs of thy Paſſion, and euermore meditate on the paines of thy bitter death, when I participate thy wonderfull Sacrament, and celebrate thy bleſſed Supper, ſeeing by thy death thou haſt merited for me euerlaſting life, and by thy Paſſion haſt purchaſed for mee eternall redemption?

Why doe I not remember that thou wert *wrongfully accuſed, ſcornefully derided, ſpitefully reuiled, cruelly ſcourged*, and *crucified* as a hainous malefactor, and put to a ſhamefull death as a wicked doer? and how patiently thou didſt endure the bitter paines of the croſſe, to deliuer mee a moſt wretched ſinner, from the curſe of eternall death, iuſtly pronounced againſt mee, and readie to be inflicted vpon mee, if thy obedience had not appeaſed the wrath of thy heauenly Father, and thy gracious mercy *ſalued the wounds of my miſery*.

Oh my drie head, why doeſt thou not draw water with ioy out of the fountaines of thy Sauiour, for he is a Well of liuing water? Oh teares, why doe yee not ſtreame forth in great abundance, with exceeding ioy and exultation, while I call to minde the exceeding ſweetneſſe of mine euerlaſting libertie, and meditate vpon the greatneſſe and goodneſſe of my eternall Redemption, in this moſt ſacred, holie, and wonderfull Sacrament repreſented vnto me? Why doe not my ſpirits faint with exceeding ioy? and why is not my minde rauiſhed with exceſſiue mirth, when I conſider the immeaſurable greatneſſe of thy loue; and the incomprehenſible largeneſſe of thy bountie, whereby thou haſt beene moued *to giue vs thy ſelfe for euerlaſting meate, to nouriſh vs to eternall life?* Haue mercie vpon mee (oh my moſt mercifull Lord) becauſe by reaſon of the imbecillitie of my dull vnderſtanding, and by the hardnes and drineſſe of my heart, I am not able to reliſh the goodneſſe, nor taſte the ſweetneſſe of the wholeſome fruit of thy holie and bleſſed Sacrament: yet I (moſt vilde wretch) preſume to come to thy Table, and to receiue this holy food, though moſt vnworthie of ſo great a mercie.

But woe bee vnto my conſcience, and horror vnto my wounded ſoule, becauſe I haue approached vnto thy holie Table, and taken of thy *ſanctified meate* with polluted hands, and vnwaſhed feete, and yet I haue not bluſhed for ſhame, nor bewailed the follie of my *intolerable Preſumption.* For I conſider, my moſt ſweet IESVS, that in this thy moſt glorious Supper, before thou didſt inſtitute the moſt bleſſed Sacrament, as a memoriall vnto vs of thy bloodie Paſsion, thou the true Chriſtall-glaſſe of Humilitie, taking the ſhape of a Seruant, didſt waſh the feete of thy Diſciples, ſaying moreouer vnto *Peter, If I ſhall not waſh thee, thou ſhalt haue no part with mee.* Shall it not therefore bee my great preſumption, and ſhall I not incurre the danger of a moſt grieuous offence againſt thee, if I would haue any part with thee, when I approach vnto thy holy Table with vnwaſhed feete, and participate thy bleſſed Sacrament with defiled hands?

I know therefore (my gracious Lord) who, and what a one I ought to be, when I come to ſuch an excellent Sacrament.

I know, my louing Lord, that I ſhould firſt waſh my feete, heart and hands, and purge all my corrupted affections,

ctions, before I ſhould preſume to receiue thy pure and holie Sacrament. I know, my good and gracious Ieſus, that it is needfull for mee *euery night to waſh my Bed, and water my Couch with my teares* ; Yea, and to waſh my feet with teares of true compunction, and with ſtreames of ſorrow, flowing from the inward deuotion of a relenting and repenting heart.

But woe be vnto me (moſt vnhappie wretch) becauſe that I a moſt vilde creature, doe not feare to approach vnto ſuch an excellent Maieſty, infected from the crowne of my head, to the ſole of my foote, with ſores and loathſome diſeaſes, and being a moſt wicked ſinner, wholy ouerſpred with corruption, and ſtained with filthy pollution, doe not bluſh to come into thy preſence, but preſume to intrude my ſelfe into thy bleſſed ſocietie, and to ſit downe at thy holie Table, which art a diuine Spirit, alwaies pure from the ſpots of ſinne, and ſtaines of iniquitie. I come vnto thee, my meeke and louing Ieſus, puffed vp with pride, and lifted vp with rebellious thoughts, and I preſume to eate with *impure hands* and *vnwaſhed feet.*

Notwithſtanding, my moſt mercifull IESVS, I know that thy clemencie is farre greater then mine indignitie, and thy mercie farre exceeding my miſerie. And therefore confident in thy great benignitie, and relying wholly vpon thy immeaſurable mercie, I am bold to receiue thee, and being infected with ſo manie dangerous and deadly diſeaſes, I come vnto thee, being a *skilfull* and *louing Phyſician:* that I may be cured from my grieuous maladies, by thy ſoueraigne medicines. For by how much the more weake I am, and by how much the greater the maladie is which doth afflict me, by ſo much the more I ſtand in need of thy helpe, that the infiniteneſſe of thy mercie may appeare the clearer in the cure of my grieuous maladie, and the beames of thy glorie ſhine the brighter by my deliuerance.

Therefore I will come confidently vnto thee (my moſt milde and mercifull Ieſus) becauſe thy mercies are infinite, that I may enioy with thee, the euerlaſting delights of the bleſſed.

Giue me therefore thy heauenlie bread, oh my good Ieſus, thou which art the *life of the world*, and graunt (oh bountifull Lord) that I may be enabled by thy grace, to eate worthily, that I may remaine in thee eternally, and thou in mee euerlaſtingly: for I deſire this one thing, it is the ioy of my heart, and the contentment of my longing affections, that I may dwell inſeparably with thee for euer, and I will cleaue vnto none other but onely vnto thee, oh my ſweet Ieſus, becauſe with thee is the fountaine of life, and in thy light, I ſhall ſee light.

A Meditation how the Lord Ieſus fore-told his Diſciples that he ſhould be betrayed by one of them that ſame night.

MED. V.

Amongſt the twelue, as Ieſus ſate at meates;
At his laſt Supper, thus to them he ſaid;
Who dips his hand in diſh, and with me eates,
By him the Sonne of man ſhall be betraid.

Mat 26. 20. 21. Marke. 14. 14. Luke. 22. 22. Iohn. 18. 5.

AFter our moſt louing and moſt gracious Ieſus had fed his Diſciples with his precious Bodie, and refreſhed them with his Bloud, hee was troubled in ſpirit, and ſaid to his Diſciples: *Verily, verily, I ſay vnto you, that one of you ſhall betray mee, which eateth with mee, that the Scripture may be fulfilled; he which eateth my bread,*

bread, ſhall lift vp his heele againſt mee. Oh how hard is this ſaying, my bleſſed and bountifull Sauiour! Oh how harſh and bitter meates hadſt thou reſerued for thy Diſciples, at the end of thy Supper? Thou didſt feede them with ſweet milke in the beginning, and thou gaueſt them delicious honie in the middle, when thou didſt waſh their feete; and refreſhedſt them with thy precious body for their meate, and with thy royall bloud for their drinke.

But now in the end thou hadſt reſerued *Gall* and *Wormwood*, ſowre ſauce for their ſweet meate, when theſe ſorrowfull words did paſſe out of thy bleſſed lips, and that dreadfull ſpeech was vttered by thy honie-flowing mouth.

Woe is me (my ſweet and louiug Ieſus) I ſeeme to ſee the cheerefull countenance of thy deare Diſciples ſodainely changed, their hearts ouerwhelmed with floods of ſorrow, their mindes perplexed with exceſſiue griefe, the heate of their deſires quite extinguiſhed, and all their hopes wholy daſhed, ſo ſoone as thoſe fearefull words had paſſed thorow their eares, and pierced their hearts; who of ſo ſweet a beginning, little expected ſo ſowre a concluſion.

Had they not much matter of mourning, and was it not a world of ſorrow vnto them, that thou being their Maſter, Captaine, Gouernour, Gardian, and Ruler, ſhouldſt be betraied to death? and it did much more augment the matter of their woe, and increaſe the heapes of their griefe, that one of them ſhould contriue this horrible Treaſon, and be the Author of this bloudy attempt.

The firſt was a violent motiue, to moue them to exceeding ſorrow, becauſe they ſo dearely loued, and were ſo entirely beloued of their louing Maſter: But the latter was ſo horrible to their eares, and ſo terrible to their hearts, that it quite abated all their former ioy, and vtterly amazed their perplexed mindes, maruelling in their troubled cogitations, who amongſt ſuch a little flocke of Sheepe, ſhould proue ſo woluiſh, as to deuoure ſo good a Shpheard: admiring that any one in their holy ſocietie, ſhould ſo farre degenerate from his faithfull fedelitie, as to betray the life of ſo bountious, ſo milde, and ſo mercifull a Maſter. But heare, oh my ſoule, what his faithfull Diſciples anſwered, when they heard thoſe lamentable

table words pronounced. *They looked one vpon another, their faces being pale with feare,* and their hearts full fraughted with ſorrow, and ſcarcely could their tongues vtter any part of their inward griefe, the flood of their woes did flow ſo faſt, and riſe to ſo high a tide in their hearts, and they ſaid with a trembling voice, What ſorrowful words are theſe which our deare Maſter doth vtter? Who amongſt vs ſhall proue ſuch a curſed wretch, as once to imagine, or ſuch a horrible traitor, as once to complot ſuch a deteſtable deede and execrable fact?

Such a hainous intention, ſaid euery one of them, was farre from my thoughts, ſuch a helliſh motion did neuer enter into my breſt. For how ſhould ſuch a Diuelliſh cogitation enter into our mindes, or finde any harbour in our hearts?

St. Bernard

harts? but our Lord cannot be deceiued. Wherefore euery one of them turning to the Lord, ſaid: *Is it I, Rabbi?* To whom bleſſed Ieſus anſwered, *One of the twelue which dips his hand with me in the diſh, ſhall betray me.*

But peraduenture many of them ſhoquing their hand in the diſh at that time, they were not able to diſcerne who it ſhould be.

Wherefore *Iudas* ſaid: *What, is it I Rabbi?* But louing Ieſus, otherwiſe not diſcouering him, anſwered, *Thou haſt ſaid:* as though he ſhould ſay, Thou haſt ſaid, and not I: for we may thinke truely, that if my louing Ieſus had plainely diſcouered that curſed man to the reſt of his louing and beloued Diſciples, they (if we ſhould compare their affections with other mens paſſions) had not beene able to haue contained their hands, but with one accord would haue aſſailed that moſt wicked traitor, and haue ended his hatefull daies with a ſpeedie death, who allured with the baites of the Diuell, went about to make ſale of the bleſſed life of their deare and beſt beloued Maſter. For how wouldeſt thou haue beene able, oh bold and couragious *Peter*, to haue cooled the heate of thy furie, and to haue held thy hands from taking vengeance vpon ſuch a damnable Traitor, when as thou didſt not feare to make reſiſtance againſt a great band of Souldiers, in the defence of thy beloued Maſter? For as their loue toward louing Ieſus was without meane, ſo their hatred toward hatefull *Iudas* would haue beene without moderation, if his treacherous plot had beene openly diſcouered vnto them. But I pray thee ſtay here a while, (oh my ſoule) and ponder within thy inward thoughts, with deuout meditation, the ſacred words and diuine ſpeeches, more ſweet then honie and the hony-combe, which my moſt ſweet Ieſus vttered to his faithfull Diſciples, as he went to the place of his vniuſt apprehenſion, which the Euangeliſt *Iohn* retaining in his memorie through the holy Ghoſt, hath faithfully recorded in his heauenly and moſt ſacred Goſpell. Meditate there ſeriouſly vpon the wonderfull loue which hee had towards his loyall Diſciples: hee was their Lord and Maſter, yet he did not diſdaine to eate meate, conſorting with the meaneſt of them: hee waſhed their feete: hee gaue his body and bloud vnto them: and after all theſe things, did not ceaſe to teach them the way of truth, and to feede their ſoules with the ſpirituall food of his celeſtiall doctrine.

Oh moſt mercifull and bleſſed Ieſus, thy words are ſpirit and life, which thou doſt ſpeake to thy Diſciples: and that knew thy Seruant *Peter*, when he ſaid; *Thou haſt the words of eternall life*: For thy words are pure and ſweet to the taſte of them that loue thee, yea, more ſweet then hony and the honie-combe. They alſo knew, that thoſe who were ſent by the chiefe Rulers, to lay hands vpon thee, were taken with ſuch wonderfull admiration at the gracious words which did proceede out of thy bleſſed mouth, that they were conſtrained to proclaime thy worthy praiſes, telling them, *That neuer any man ſpake ſo graciouſly*. Oh moſt eloquent Orator!

tor! ſtreames of ſweetneſſe doe flow from thy lips: Hony and Milke are euer plentifull vnder thy tongue: Oh how powerfull, how eloquent, how wonderfull were the words which my Lord vttered to his Diſciples in the end of his ſweet Oration! Hee exhorteth them to ſow the ſeedes of true loue in their hearts, and to ſhew forth the fruits thereof one to another,

After, hee admoniſhed them, that they ſhould be conſtant in their loue, and permanent in their Faith towards him their louing Sauiour. For hee that is deſtitute of the former, can neuer be poſſeſſed of the latter.

And after thoſe things, he foretelleth them what great dangers they ſhould paſſe, what tribulations, troubles, afflictions, and calamities, they ſhould ſuffer after his departure,

ture, that being fore-warned, they might be better armed.

Laſtly, hee powreth forth his prayer vnto his heauenly Father for them, that they might not ſhrinke back like cowards in the day of their triall, nor their Faith faile them in the bitter ſtormes of affliction, but aboue all things, oh my moſt ſweet IESVS, I am not able to wonder enough at thy earneſt Exhortatiós, which thou didſt vſe to kindle the ſparkes of feruent loue towards thee in the hearts of thy faithful Diſciples: thou doſt ſpecially aboue all things, charge & command thy Diſciples, that they loue thee, & couet after nothing but thee. Oh how great is the excellencie of true loue! Oh how feruent is the vehemencie of a deuout ſpirit! Oh how forcible is the preeminence of a charitable affection! Thou didſt commend, and leaue loue (my beloued

loued Ieſus) as a moſt rare and precious Iewell to thy deare Diſciples.

Therefore this is highly to be extolled of vs, and chiefely to be deſired by vs, as our greateſt riches, and onely treaſure: Let him, oh louing Ieſus, be abiected out of thy gracious fauour, let him haue no taſte of thy kindnes, that doth not honour thy name, and poſſeſſe his heart with thy loue.

Truely, many riuers of water haue not beene able to put out the fire, nor quench the flame of true loue: for *loue is as ſtrong as death.*

Verily, if I ſhould giue all my ſubſtance, were it neuer ſo great, I would regard it as nothing, rather then I would want or forgoe my true loue: for hee that loueth thee faithfully (my moſt louing Sauiour) will leaue all things willingly, take vp his Croſſe chearefully, and follow thy ſteps conſtantly.

Therefore, who ſhall ſeparate mee from thy loue, Oh my moſt ſweet Lord? What ſhall diuert the current of my affections from thee?

Shall *tribulation* or *anguiſh?* ſhall *perſecution* or *hunger?* But because I can doe nothing without thy grace (my gracious IESVS) nor performe any thing without thy power, ſet ſuch a deepe ſtampe of thy loue in my heart, that the print of it may neuer be raced out, but abide in it for euer; yea, ſo wound my heart with thy ſweeteſt loue, that all my deſires may be turned towards thee, and that I may finde no eaſe, but when I thinke vpon thee, that I may loue thee with all my heart, with all my ſoule, with all my ſtrength: and that my whole will, deſires, and affections, may couet nothing but thee.

Let all my cogitations be onely occupied in the meditation of thy loue. Separate and remoue from mee all other deſires of the fleſh, oh my ſweet Ieſus, that my whole heart may be ſolely conioyned to thee in the day, my ſoule humbly attend vpon thee in the night, and that my ſpirit and bodie may chearefully ſeeke after thee when I awake earely in the morning: for my ſoule *thirſteth after thee, oh God, which art a liuing fountaine: oh when ſhall I come before thy face? when ſhall I appeare in thy preſence?*

And I doubt not, oh moſt mercifull Lord, but that I ſhall be loued of thy Father, if I ſhall loue thee, as thou haſt taught thy Diſciples; and that thou and thy Father will come to mee, and make your *dwelling place* with me.

And what doe I craue more, what doe I couet ſo much, as that my Ieſus may dwell and remaine in mee? Oh how happy were my ſtate, how bleſſed were my condition, if I could truely ſay, *My beloued (as a bundle of Myrrh vnto me) will remaine betweene my breſts.*

If I could imbrace my beloued Ieſus, I would hold him faſt betwixt mine armes, I would neuer let him depart any more from me, his preſence ſhould be my pleaſure in the day; his ſocietie ſhould be my ſolace in the night. Kindle my reines, oh moſt louing Ieſus, with the burning ſparkles of thy loue, inflame my heart with the fire of an ardent deuotion towards thee, ſo that I may long after thee alone, my deare beloued Chriſt Ieſus, and euermore ſearch for thee, and neuer ceaſe to ſeeke thee, vntill I finde thee, which by the vehemencie of thy loue, and compaſſion of thy mercie, wert willing to bee cruelly crucified for my grieuous tranſgreſſions, and to *dye a ſhamefull death for my ſinnes*: Ingraue the memorie of this thy great loue, ſo deepe, in the Table of my heart, that it neither decay by length of daies, nor be worne out by the iniquitie of the time.

A Meditation concerning Ieſus his going vp into Mount-Oliuet, and of his praying thrice in the Garden.

MED. VI.

My ſoule is heauie, euen vnto death: Marke 14.34.
Mans ſinne doth bloud and water from me draine: Luke 22. 44.
For ſinne I feele my Fathers angry wrath; Marke. 14.35.
For ſinne I drinke this cup of deadly paine. Luke 22. 42.

IT was the cuſtome of our louing Ieſus, to aſcend vp oftẽ vnto the *Mount Oliuet, which was diſtant the ſpace of a mile from Ieruſalem; that he might pray.* There alſo was a Towne named *Gethſemani, where there was a Garden, ſituatted on the Mountaines, into the which, beloued Ieſus was accuſtomed to enter,*

ter, ſpecially at night time, with his Diſciples to pray.

Wherefore after he had ended his glorious and bleſſed Supper, and alſo his ſweet and cōfortable exhortations made to his beloued and faithfull Diſciples, hee reſorted towards this place, late in the night, accompanied with them.

Here (oh my ſoule) behold thy Ieſus, looke vpon that innocent Lambe, which goeth of his owne accord to the ſlaughter.

Take a view of his Diſciples which follow him, hauing their faces pale with feare, their minds perplexed with doubts, and their hearts drowned with floods of ſorrow.

Oh that thou mighteſt be ſo happie, as to haue a little taſte of the ſweetneſſe of his words, and to haue ſome relliſh of his comfortable Admonitions, which hee made by the way to his ſorrowfull Diſciples, to refreſh their fainting ſpirits, and to eſtabliſh their doubtfull mindes.

What plenty of bitter teares did the Apoſtles powre down by their cheekes, when they ſaw and heard their Lord and Maſter ſpeaking ſo gently vnto them? Hee propounded vnto them (as I ſuppoſe) all things which hee had done with them at his laſt Supper, and the words he had ſpoken vnto them, and alſo after what manner hee ſhould be deliuered to death that night.

Behold, his Diſciples amazed at his wofull words, and hearing with attentiue eares, the ſweet admonitions of their carefull Maſter: They all gaue heedy attention to euery word that came out of the mouth of their beloued

Lord, communicating ſo gently with them.

Oh wofull ſeparation! oh lamentable departure! Now a moſt kinde and louing Maſter ſhall be ſeparated from his beloued Diſciples, a wakefull Shepheard from his harmeleſſe ſheepe, yea, a louing Father from his beloued Children.

What maruell is it then, if their mirth be changed into mourning, their ioy into ſadneſſe, and their ſolace into ſorrow? They knew well by experience, how ioyfull, how pleaſant it was to remaine with their beloued Ieſus, and to enioy his bleſſed ſocietie: therefore they had good cauſe to be amazed with ſadneſſe, and to be wounded with ſorrow, for the loſſe of their louing Redeemer.

Oh what pittifull words (as I ſuppoſe) what lamentable voices did they vtter, ſaying; Wilt thou leaue vs (our moſt gracious Maſter) like ſilly Orphanes depriued of comfort? Wilt thou leaue vs in a Sea of ſorrow without a Pilot?

Where ſhall wee hope for conſolation? where ſhall we ſeeke for helpe in thy abſence?

And as they could not refraine themſelues from ſorrow, ſo hee their moſt louing Shepheard was readie to giue them ſweet comfort, chearing vp their drooping mindes, with aſſured hope of his powerfull helpe, and comforting their ſorrowfull hearts with his neuer-failing promiſe of his euerlaſting loue; telling them, that although he were *abſent* from them in *bodie*, yet he would alwayes be *preſent* with them, by his *holy Spirit.*

I thinke our moſt mercifull LORD could not containe his teares, he had ſuch tender compaſſion towards his ſorrowfull Diſciples, ſo kinde was his affection towards them, ſo great was their reciprocall loue towards him.

Cleaue thou alſo (oh my ſoule) to this moſt holie and heauenly companie, and follow thy Lord, weeping and ſighing, ſorrowing and lamenting for him which goeth to die for thy tranſgreſſions, and to be ſacrificed for thy ſinnes, ſay vnto him faithfully, *Lord, I will follow thee whereſoeuer thou goeſt, I am readie to goe with thee into priſon, and to death.*

Now alas, (oh my louing Ieſus) thou doeſt arme thy beloued Diſciples with ſpirituall weapons, and doſt labor by comfortable exhortations to expell cowardly feare out of their hearts, and to ſettle a conſtant courage in their doubtfull mindes, that they might not be diſmayed in the day of perill; nor falſifie their Faith for dread of any worldly affliction.

But moſt wicked *Iudas* was buſied to furniſh the Iewes with deadly weapons, that they might wrongfully apprehend thee, and cruelly condemne thee to a ſhamefull death.

What damnable deed haſt thou done, thou deteſtable Traytor? What infernal Phrenſie poſſeſſed thy minde? What helliſh furie peruerted thy vnderſtanding?

Thou didſt leaue a moſt gentle Maſter, ſitting at the Table with his Diſciples, friendly eating, and familiarly talking with them (the King of heauen, and ſoueraigne Lord of the whole earth) who was able to haue made thee partaker of his eternall kingdome, where thou mighteſt

teſt haue liued in happineſſe without meaſure, and ioy without end: and thou didſt follow the Diuell, who led thee to the *Iewes*, to bargaine with them, to betray unto their hands thy gracious Lord and bountious Maſter.

And as thou haſt beene obedient to his will, ſo ſhalt thou be partaker of his reward, who abideth in the priſon of euerlaſting darkeneſſe, tormented in the fire, whoſe flame is neuer ſlaked, nor ſhall euer be extinguiſhed.

But now (oh my ſoule) let vs leaue damned *Iudas*, a fearefull ſpectacle for all horrible Traitors, and let vs returne to innocent IESVS, entring into the Garden with his Diſciples; where hee exhorted them to watch carefully, and to pray earneſtly, that they might not fall into temptation, nor runne into danger.

Here my Sauiour begann to taſte of the bitter Cup of ſorrow, and to feele the pangs of humane affliction, his ſpirits wearied with heauineſſe, and his minde tyred with ſadneſſe, ſo that he craued comfort of his Diſciples, ſaying: *Can yee not watch with me one houre?*

Stay here (oh my ſoule) ſtraine forth teares from thine eyes, and throng forth ſighes from thy heart: draw neere, and expreſſe thy compaſſion towards thine afflicted Ieſus.

Behold how his countenance is changed, and his face couered with paleneſſe, he is ſcant able to vtter in words, the ſorrow of his heauy heart. And what doth hee ſay? *My ſoule is heauie, euen vnto death.*

Thy words (oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus) doe not a little amaze my minde, and affright my perplexed thoughts. For, what doeſt thou feare? why art thou touched with ſorrow? why art thou preſſed with heauineſſe? From whence (oh my louing Lord) doth ariſe the cauſe of thy ſadnes? doeſt thou feare any imminent danger? Doſt thou dread the puniſhment which thou art about to ſuffer?

But for what other thing (oh ſweet Lord) didſt thou come into the world? For what other end (moſt bleſſed Sauiour) didſt thou aſſume fleſh vnto thee in the wombe of the bleſſed Virgin, but that by thy death thou ſhouldeſt deſtroy our death, and ſaue that which was loſt?

What benefit had we reaped by thy birth? how could we haue reioyced for the happie day of thy bleſſed Natiuitie, if our *condemned ſoules* had not beene redeemed to life by thy moſt precious death? If thou (oh my louing IESVS) hadſt refuſed to die for mee, who ſhould haue ſatisfied for my ſins? what could haue cured my loathſome Leproſie, but the drops of thy Bloud? What could reſtore mee to life, but thy innocent death?

What did moue thee to dye for mee, but thy exceeding mercie? whereas (my louing Sauiour) thou wert ſubiect to feare, and heauie with the terrour of death: there appeared vnto vs the veritie of thy Humanitie, not exempted from the paſſions of our nature, yet alwayes free from the infection of ſinne, and cleare from the ſpots of iniquitie.

Wherefore wee may the more boldy bee moſt earneſt Sutors vnto thee, to obtaine thy ſuccour in the time of our neceſſitie, and to call for thy ſweet mercie in our bitter miſerie, becauſe wee are aſſured, that thou in thy Humanitie, haſt had a ſenſe of our ſufferings.

Behold alſo now, my ſoule, his faithfull and ſorrowfull Diſciples! looke vpon them, and view what ſtore of teares doe fall from their eyes; heare what pittifull ſighes and grieuous grones doe come from their hearts, while they ſee their louing Maſter vexed in his bodie, and afflicted in his ſoule, ſuffering the wrath of his Father for the guilt of our ſinnes. After my louing Ieſus had told his ſadfull Diſciples the heauineſſe of his ſoule, preſſed with the ponderous waight of our ſinnes, he departed from them about a ſtones caſt, and kneeling on the earth, prayed vnto his heauenly Father, ſaying: *My Father, all things are poſſible to thee; if it be poſſible, remoue this Cup from mee,*

mee, yet not my will, but thy will be done.

Learne here (oh my ſoule) of thine afflicted Sauiour, where to ſeeke a ſalue for thy wounds, and from whence thou maiſt hope for help, when any fearefull danger doth hang ouer thy head, or any preſent anguiſh torment thy heart, powre forth thy prayers in his holy Sanctuarie; let thy deuotion aſcend vp to him, that his benediction may deſcend downe vpon thee: learne alwayes to ſubmit thy wiſh to his wil: for if it be not his will to deliuer thee, it will be his will alwayes to comfort thee, if thou continue thy prayers with perſeuerance, and attend his appointed time with patience.

Conſider how thy Sauiour prayed three times, vttering the ſame words, when his pangs in his Agonie were ſo grieuous, and his paines ſo dolorous, that his ſweate ranne downe like drops of bloud: ſo heauie was the diſpleaſure of his Father againſt him for our ſinnes, ſo great was the burden of our iniquities impoſed vpon his ſhoulders.

But in the extremitie of his paſſions, and ſorrow of his ſoule, his heauenly Father ſent downe an Angell from heauen to comfort him: for the Lord will neuer leaue them forſaken in their ſorrow, that call vpon him faithfully: he hath commanded vs to call vpon him in our trouble, and he will deliuer vs; and as he hath commanded the one, ſo will hee neuer faile to performe the other.

Draw me (oh my louing Lord) to the Garden where thou wert, that I may ſee thee praying, and ſuffer with thee in thy afflictions: call me and ſay, *Come into my garden, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe:* make haſte, oh my Soule, to come to thy Beloued, becauſe thy *Beloued is gone vp into his garden, to his bed of ſpices, that he may feede there, and gather Lillies.*

Let vs conſider, oh my Soule, and meditate attentiuely vpon all things which our Ieſus hath done, let vs ruminate his ſeuerall actions, which may afford vs conſolation, and tend to our inſtruction. For we may take many examples from our louing Maſter, which ſhould euermore be propoſed before our eyes, that wee might alwaies imitate them in the courſe of our life.

Thou ſeeſt how our moſt gentle Maſter hath commanded his Diſciples to linke their hearts together with the bands of true loue, and to arme themſelues with patience againſt the daies of danger, when he went to the mount *Olivet* to pray. Wherefore being about to enter into a fearefull fight, to beginne a dangerous battell, and to encounter many deadly foes, hee animateth his courage, and armeth himſelfe with prayers.

Learne thou alſo by this his example, in the day of thy tribulation, and houre of thy affliction, to haue thy ſpeedy recourſe vnto Prayer: Wee can finde no better weapon wherewith to offend our foes. Wee can vſe no better ſhield wherewith to defend our friends.

Thou ſeeſt alſo, my ſoule, how thy Sauiour Ieſus preparing himſelfe to Prayer, did leaue the companie of his Diſciples, and he onely ſelected three out of his number, ſo that they three which before had beene ſpectators in *mount Tabor*, of his *glorious Transfiguration*, might now be *companions* and *eye-witneſſes* of his *grieuous Paſſion*: that *in the mouth of two or three euery word might be eſtabliſhed.*

Learne thou alſo to leaue the ſocietie of men, when thou doeſt addreſſe thy ſelfe to talke with God. When thy Sauiour did pray, he aſcended vp into a mountaine, to teach vs, that although our bodies doe remaine vpon earth, yet our cogitations ſhould mount and ſoare vp into heauen by the wings of deuout prayer: he powred forth the compaſſion of his heart: he being a good Shepheard doth diligently watch ouer his flocke: the extremitie of his owne paſſions doe not make him forgetfull of his Brethren.

Oh great loue! how conſtantly, euen vnto the end, did he tender and loue the *little flocke of his faithfull Diſciples*, being indeede their moſt kind and louing Paſtor, when in the moſt grieuous fits of his heauy Agonie, and greateſt pangs of his Paſſion, he was carefull to procure their reſt, in that little time which was limited vnto them!

Teach me (my mercifull Ieſus) not onely to be tender-hearted towards my poore Brethren, in the bright dayes of my flouriſhing *proſperitie*, but breed alſo within my bowels, ſuch a feeling compaſſion towards them in the hard time of my *clowdie aduerſitie*, that I may not onely wiſh mine owne eaſe, and labour for mine owne cauſe, but alſo that I may bee mindfull of others afflicted, and doe for them what I may, which are in the like wofull caſe.

Attend alſo to the lowly

demeanour and humble geſture of thy gentle Lord, when hee prayeth, who *kneeling meekely on his knees,* and *falling flat on the earth with his face, Luke* 22. 41. *Mark.* 14. 35. doth plainely diſcouer by the ſubmiſſiue humiliation of his bodie, the ſincere humilitie of his minde.

Oh great, worthy, and wonderfull humilitie! when as he being equall and coeternall with God, doth proſtrate himſelfe to the earth, when he prayeth his Father, as though hee were a moſt baſe and wretched creature, and ſubmitteth the iſſue of his Petition, to the pleaſure and will of his Father.

Oh how ſhould I learne to humble my ſoule, and proſtrate my body, which am indeed nothing elſe but a ſinke of ſinne, and an *vnſauorie lumpe of iniquitie!* When I addreſſe my ſelfe vnto holy prayer, and come to put vp my petition to a God of ſuch infinite glory, ſhould I not caſt downe my high lookes; ſhould I not curbe mine *aſpiring thoughts*; ſhould I not lay aſide my *proud attyre*, and put on the *mourning garment* of *ſorrowfull* and *true Repentance*?

Oh how ſhould I which am but duſt and aſhes, yea, indeede nothing elſe but a very maſſe of grieuous miſery, humble and caſt downe my ſelfe, when I approach to ſpeake to ſuch a *glorious Maieſtie*? I confeſſe I muſt ſtand aloofe off with the poore Publican, terrified with the horrour of my ſinnes, which lye ſo heauie vpon my head, that I cannot lift vp mine eyes vnto heauen. Teach me (oh Lord) for none but thou can teach me to learne this hard leſſon of true humilitie. This is the Ladder by which my prayers muſt aſcend vp vnto thee, and thy Graces deſcend downe vpon mee: I cannot enter into the Palace of thy moſt ioyfull and *glorious Eternitie*, vnleſſe I paſſe thorow the ſtraite dore of ſelfe-debaſing humility.

But now (oh my ſoule) turne thine eyes from thy Sauiours humility, and take a ſuruey of his bitter pangs in his grieuous Agonie; whoſe heart was inflamed with heate, and all the parts of him ſo vexed with paine, that *ſtreames of ſweate, mixed with drops of bloud, ranne downe from his ſacred bodie*, Luke. 22. 44. Oh would my head might be turned into a fountaine of teares, and my bowels melt with tender compaſſion in this my ſorrowfull meditation, when I thinke vpon the dolorous pangs, and dolefull paines, which preſſed drops of bloud out of the innocent fleſh of mine afflicted Ieſus.

Oh how was thy bodie pained? how was thy minde perplexed? how were all thy ſenſes tired in this great worke of our Redemption? How heauie is the weight of my ſinnes, that diſſolueth the bleſſed bodie of my Lord vnto ſuch a wonderfull ſweat? How is the *beautie of thy face*, which the *Angels* doe behold with *ioy and gladneſſe*, changed with redneſſe, through exceſſiue heate? how immoderately is it moiſtned with ſhowers of watriſh and bloudie ſweate? Thou didſt but ſpeake the word, and thy Word was a worke at the firſt Creation, *Gen.* 1.3. But now I ſee thee ſweating, toyling, yea, thy heart aking, while thou art acting the worke of our Redemption.

Oh wretched man, why am I ſo careleſſe of the health of my ſoule, when it coſt thee ſo deare a price to redeeme it? What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I doe (my good Ieſu?) my heart is as hard as Iron, and my bowels no ſofter then braſſe: I haue no ſenſe of tender compaſſion, nor any feeling of ſorrowfull compunction: mine eies are as dry as the Pumiſe ſtone, I cãnot ſhead one teare, to weepe for my ſinnes, which were the ſource of thy ſorrow, & the cauſe of thy paſſion. Indeed, my heart ſhould diſtill drops of bloud, and mine eyes ſhould trickle downe teares, when I meditate in my minde on the intolerable paines which thou didſt ſuffer to ſatiſfie the Iuſtice of thy Father for my grieuous ſinnes, and to ſaue my guiltie ſoule. Oh how can I excuſe; nay rather, how ſhould

I but excuſe my wretched and vile ingratitude?

Where ſhall I hide my head for ſhame? Where ſhall I ſhrowd my ſelfe from thy preſence? My conſcience is a continuall witneſſe againſt me, that I am an vncleane and polluted creature: I may not, I dare not approach vnto thee, vnleſſe thou waſh me in the ſacred Lauer of thy precious bloud, for then I dare and may appeare before thee.

Wherefore, haue mercie vpon me, ſhew me ſome pittie, my compaſſionate Ieſus: giue me a *Fountaine of teares, that I may weepe for my forgetfulneſſe towards thee all the day, and water my bed for mine vngratitude, with my weeping, all the night:* and ſo deepely imprint in my minde, the paines of thy Paſſion, that I may account all the time ill ſpent, and the day quite loſt, wherein I doe not meditate on them: teach me to imitate thee, my mercifull IESVS, that with bended knees, and an humble heart, I may make my earneſt prayer before thee: inſpire my minde with thy holy Spirit, and then teares of true Repentance ſhall flow from mine eyes.

Send thy Angell (oh Lord) to bring mee conſolation in the diſtreſſefull time of my tribulation, for thou haſt ordained them to aſſiſt vs in our prayers, and to comfort vs in our ſorrow.

And as thy Angell appeared to comfort thee, *Luke* 22. 43. ſo alſo thou wilt neuer faile to ſend thine Angell to comfort vs, if wee pray vnto thee with true humility of minde, and ſue vnto thee with hearty ſorrow for our ſinnes.

Inſtruct mee alſo, after thine example, (my bleſſed

Sauiour) not to deſpaire of thy mercie, although it be long before I receiue any comfort.

Thou didſt pray three times, before thou hadſt any conſolation in thine Agonie, or any anſwere from thy heauenly Father; and as the fierceneſſe of thy grieuous Paſſion was augmented, ſo the feruencie of thy moſt holie prayer was increaſed, *Mat.* 26. 44. that by thy patience, our courage might the better bee cheared, and our Chriſtian Magnanimitie more firmely reſolued to tolerate Famine, Nakedneſſe, Perſecution, or any affliction whatſoeuer, with conſtancie and meekneſſe; building our hope vpon the firme rocke of a ſtedfaſt reſolution, that wee ſhall eyther haue deliuerance out of trouble, or comfort in our tribulation, all in good time, day, houre, yea, minute and moment, which the Lord hath appointed.

It is thy owne worke, it is thy onely mercy, my mercifull Sauiour, to corroborate our mindes, and confirme our hearts, with this conſtant and Chriſtian reſolution.

Wherefore I beſeech thee for thy bountifull mercy, for thy mercy is my onely merit, to work ſuch a reſolute conſtancy in me, that in the bitter brunts of affliction, I may depend vpon thy wakefull prouidence, and wholy ſubmit my ſelfe vnto thy diuine will, knowing that nothing can happen to thy Children, but that which thou haſt determined to be moſt expedient for them, whether they liue at reſt in proſperitie, or be tryed like gold in the fire of aduerſitie.

A Meditation how Ieſus ariſing from Prayer, went to meet *Iudas*, and of the multitude which came to apprehend him, and how *Peter* cut off one of their eares.

MED. VII.

Math. 26.47. *The Prince of peace, the Lambe of*
God betraid:
Math. 26. 49. *Expos'd to murd'rers, by a tray-*
tours kiſſe:
Math. 27.3. *Iudas reſtores the price the Prieſts*
had paide:
Math. 27.5. *Deſpairing hangs himſelfe.* Trai-
tors, marke this.

AFter IESVS had receiued conſolation by his Prayer, he went forth to meet falſe-hearted *Iudas*, who had ſold him for a prey to the bloud-thirſtie *Iewes*, for he knew that the time did approach, and that the houre drew neere, wherein he ſhould *gloriſie his heauenly Father, and* *accompliſh the wonderfull worke of our Redemption.*

Here (oh my ſoule,) the firſt matter of our Meditation, is the monſtrous ingratitude of a gracelesse Diſciple towards his gracious and louing Maſter: how odious is his deed vnto my thoughts? how doth his helliſh madnes torment my minde?

Oh that my tongue might be more bitter then gall, to exclaime againſt the diſſembling hypocriſie of ſuch a deceitfull Diſciple: and my ſpeech more ſweet then hony, to proclaime the ſingular ſincerity of ſo louing a Maſter, that our ſoules might abhorre the infidelity of the one, and our hearts, for euermore, imbrace the faithfulneſſe of the other!

Oh thou moſt wicked wretch, thou wretched, ſtubborne, and obſtinate Traitor, thou *Childe of the Devill*, thou *Sonne of perdition*, what furious malice hardened thy heart?

How wert thou brought to ſuch raging madneſſe? how could the light of thy reaſon be ſo darkned? how couldeſt thou be ſo groſly ſeduced, that thou ſhould'ſt betray thy moſt louing Maſter, and my moſt gracious Lord?

Was there no ſparke of grace left in thy breſt? had impudence ſo blinded thine eyes, and cruelty taken ſuch ſure poſſeſſion in thy heart, that nothing could change thy bloudy minde, and ſtay the rage of thy franticke moode, wherewith the Deuill had bewitched thy ſoule, and poiſoned thy affections?

Thou goeſt about in thy monſtrous madneſſe, and vnbrideled fury to kill the immortall Lord, who is Truth it ſelfe, to direct vs; and Life it ſelfe to quicken vs: and to bring him to the ſlaughter, who onely is able, and none but hee, to bring all men to death, and to reſtore all men to life.

Tell me (I pray thee) thou wicked and fooliſh mad-man, wert not thou alſo, as well as the other Diſciples, with the Lord IESVS, when he *reuiued the mayden which was dead;* when he *cured the Sonne of the Ruler;* when he *raiſed* Lazarus *out of his graue;* when he *clenſed the Lepers; healed the man ſicke of the Palſie; deliuered them which were poſſeſſed with Deuils;* when he *made him to ſee, which was borne blinde, and reſtored many others to their ſight?*

Tell me, I pray thee, had hee beene able to haue done theſe miracles, if God had not beene with him? What *Ægyptian* darkneſſe had blinded thine eyes, that thou couldeſt not ſee his *diuinity?* what *Ignorance* had *blinde-folded* thy *vnderſtanding*, that thou couldeſt not know him to be the Sonne of God by his admirable workes? Where wert thou, when at two ſundry times, he fed a great multitude of people, with a little bread and a few fiſhes?

But to let theſe mercifull and miraculous workes paſſe, which hee did for others; why did not thoſe gracious and charitable deeds which hee performed toward thee, ſo moue thy minde, that although thou hadſt imagined, yet thou mighteſt not haue practiſed thy *horrible intended miſchiefe* againſt him?

Remēber, thou moſt wretched creature, and vngratefull Diſciple, how thy humble Maſter waſhed thy feete, *Iohn* 14. 5.

How ſhould this wonderfull humility of ſo great a Maſter haue humbled thy minde, being ſo baſe a Seruant? Remember how hee alwaies extended the tokens of his loue to thee, as hee did to the other Apoſtles, yet no kindneſſe could reſtraine thy wicked will, nor change thy couetous minde.

Conſider, thou moſt vngratefull and cruell Traitor, how often my louing Ieſus did mildely admoniſh thee, that thou ſhouldeſt retire from thy wicked purpoſe, whoſe all-ſeeing eye was able to penetrate into the darkeſt corners of thy heart, and to ſearch the ſecrets of thy inward bowels.

It might haue checked thy guilty conſcience, when hee ſaide (after hee had waſhed his Diſciples feete) *Yee are cleane, but not all:* Iohn 13. 11.

And againe, *I ſpeake not of all of you, I know whom I haue choſen*, *Iohn* 13. 18.

But although theſe generall reprehenſions were motiues of ſmall moment, to mollifie thy ſtonie heart, yet hee ſpake vnto thee particularly, ſaying: *Doe that quickely which thou art about to doe*, *Iohn* 13. 27. Didſt thou not clearely ſee, that hee knew thy inward thoughts, and the ſecret plot of thy wicked counſell?

And who but God, is able to know the ſecrets of the heart, and to diſcouer our hidden cogitations?

But was not thy heart as flintie as an Adamant, that it did not relent with ſorrow? was not thy fore-head as hard as braſſe, that thou didſt not bluſh for ſhame? Were not thine eyes more drie then a rock, that they could ſhead no teares, when thy louing Maſter,

ſter, and my beloued Lord, ſaid mildely vnto thee, *What Iudas, doeſt thou betray the Sonne of man with a kiſſe?* Luke 22. 48.

Oh great humility! exceeding meekeneſſe! moſt admirable clemencie of my Sauiour Ieſus! Yet neither the mildneſſe of his words, nor wonderfulneſſe of his works could ſoften thy obdurate heart, or reclaime thy obſtinate minde, oh thou pernicious Traitor! My Sauiour called him *friend*, *Mat. 26. 10:* whom hee knew to be a direfull foe, that the meekneſſe of the name, might haue a little calmed the furie of his nature: but the Diuell had ſowed ſuch naughtie ſeede in the furrowes of his couetous heart, that hee became a wicked guide, to deliuer his louing Maſter into the hands of his bloudie enemies, who hating his *innocent* *life*, had longed for opportunitie, to put him to a cruell and ſhamefull death.

Tell mee, thou damned *Iudas*, what brought thee into ſuch an helliſh Phrenſie, that thou didſt complot with the bloudy Iewes to betray thy gracious Lord with a tokē of kindneſſe? Had thirſtie Couetouſneſſe ſo inflamed thy minde, that thou didſt run head-long to ſell thy ſoule for a little piece of monie.

If thou hadſt come like a foe, thy crime had not beene ſo haynous, nor thy cruelty ſo odious: But thou like a coozening hypocrite, didſt cunningly maske thy deadly hate with the vizard of counterfeit loue.

Thou didſt ſalute my louing Ieſus with no friendly, but a deadly kiſſe, that with this token of peace and kindneſſe, thou mighteſt caſt a myſt before

fore the eyes of his faithfull Diſciples, that they might thinke thou hadſt nothing to doe with thoſe wicked perſons who came to apprehend their Lord and Maſter: thou thoughteſt thou hadſt complotted ſo cunningly, and contriued thy matters ſo carefully, that all ſhould haue beene hidden in darkneſſe, and no man haue knowne thy damnable practice, but onely the curſed crue of thy confederates: but the Deuill, who was the author to allure thee to this miſchiefe, did beguile thee with a deceitfull imagination, and ſo he will doe all others that follow thy crooked ſteppes, and walke in thy curſed waies. Such Iuggling hypocriticall trickes may oftē be hooded from the dim ſight of men, but they can neuer be hidden from the al-ſeeing eye of Almighty God: thou cameſt with a word of peace in thy mouth, when thou didſt pretend nothing but warre in thy heart: thy ſpeech was as ſoft as Butter, but thy inward thoughts were more ſharp then a Raiſor: thou didſt preſume to offer a Traitors kiſſe, *Mat.* 26.49. to my bleſſed Sauiour, when thy lips were full of poiſon, and thy throate an open Sepulcher: thou cameſt like a ſubtle Foxe to ſalute him with a word of health, when thou wert a *wicked guide to a band of cruell Souldiers, who meant him nothing but hurt*; ſo ſtrong was the deſire of filthy lucre to hale thee to miſchiefe, ſo eager was thy greedie appetite to bite at this pleaſant baite, that thou couldeſt not ſee the killing hooke. For when thou didſt ſell the precious life of thy louing Maſter, thou didſt giue thy *damned Soule* to the *Deuill*, to be tormented with him for euer, in the fire which flameth continually, and burneth ſo extremely, that the paines of the leaſt ſparkle of it are more then intolerable: wherefore, my ſweet Ieſu, ſo mollifie my heart, & moderate my minde, which am thy moſt vnworthy Seruant, that I may not giue ſuch direfull and deadly kiſſes vnto thee, which art my moſt kinde and louing Maſter. And grant vnto mee by thy gracious clemencie, that I may offer vnto thee the ſweet kiſſes of loyall Obedience and conſtant Loue, that my Soule may ſay vnto thee, *Kiſſe me with the kiſſes of thy mouth*, Cant. 1. 1. *for thy loue is better then wine.* Runne (oh my ſoule) and neither let the baites of terrene pleaſure, nor the brunts of worldly ſorrow hinder thee in thy way, when thou goeſt to kiſſe thy ſweet and louing

Ieſus. But firſt of all kiſſe his bleſſed feete, and *bathe them*, as *Mary* did with the teares of true repentance, ſighing and groaning with ſenſe of thy ſinnes, that the comfort of his mercy may be extended vnto thee, when ſuch welcome tokens of thy loue are beſtowed vpon him. Proſtrate thy ſelfe (oh my Soule) on the earth, that thou maiſt ceaſe to be wretched. Imbrace the feete of thy IESVS, pacifie them with thy teares, who ſpared not to powre forth bloud out of his *feet*, *hands*, *heart*, and *ſide*, to clenſe thy pollution, and to waſh away thy ſinnes: ſo that after thy ſorrowfull contrition, thou maiſt heare him pronounce vnto thee, the ioyfull word of ſaluation; ſaying, *Thy ſinnes are forgiuen thee.* And now my Soule, after wee haue fallen downe before the Lord in true humility, and haue powred out before him the teares of an vnfained contrition; let vs ariſe with a comfortable heart, to kiſſe his bleſſed hands. And then doe we kiſſe his gracious hands with a reuerent and lowly heart, when our mouthes are filled with his worthy praiſes, for his bountifull benefits freely beſtowed vpon vs, proclaiming his wonderfull mercie, and diſclaiming our vnworthy merit, whoſe hand hath raiſed vs vp out of the mire, and hath aduanced vs to euerlaſting honor. Laſtly, after wee haue reuerently *kiſſed* his hands, wee may more boldly approach to kiſſe his bleſſed mouth; to behold the glorie of our Creator, that the bright beames of his countenance may illuminate our obſcure vnderſtanding, and that his ſweet *breath* may ſo inſpire our ſoules, that all our cogitations may be conſonable, and our actions conformable to his moſt holy will.

Shew vs the light of thy countenance, oh my louing Ieſus, and then our hearts ſhall be filled with gladneſſe, and wee ſhall be ſatiſfied with the abundance of thine euerlaſting goodneſſe: for to ſee the beautie of thy face, is our chiefeſt felicitie, and to be baniſhed from thy face, is our endleſſe miſerie. *Therefore kiſſe the Sonne leſt he be angry, for if his wrath be kindled (yea but a little) bleſſed are all they that truſt in him, Pſal.* 2. 12. Thou haſt heard, oh my ſoule, how traiterous *Iudas* betrayed my innocent Ieſus: conſider the crueltie of the one: wonder at the mildeneſſe of the other.

Oh that all treacherous perſons and bloudie-minded Traitors might haue a view of deſperate *Iudas*, ſtrangling himſelfe with an Halter; that the horror of his curſed death vpon earth, and the terror of his continuall paines in hell, might ſtay the rage of their furious mindes, and manacle their bloudie hands: For although deſperate *Iudas* was ſo tormented with horror of a guiltie conſcience, that hee could haue no peace in his fearefull thoughts, nor chuſe but crie in his tormenting miſeries, depriued of all hope of comfortable mercie, *I haue ſinned in betraying the innocent bloud, Matth.* 27.4. and could finde no other medicine to cure his deſperate maladie, but the helpe of an halter, being his owne Hang-man, to ſhorten his woefull dayes vpon earth, that hee might make the more haſte to abide euerlaſting torments in hell: yet there are mauy, whoſe hearts are ſo ſore infected with his venemous humour, and their thoughts ſo poiſoned with greedy deſires of vnlawfull gaine, that they make no conſcience to betray their Prince and Country, to prooue diſobedient and cruell to their naturall Parents, and faithleſſe to their deareſt friends: yea, to ſell Heauen, their ſoules, and themſelues, for a baſe piece of money: but woefull is their inheritance which buy Hell for their purchaſe. Yet let mee not ſo bitterly inueigh againſt the monſtrous fact of curſed *Iudas*, that I forget the mildeneſſe of my mercifull IESVS, who did not rate and reuile him, calling him in name (as hee was indeede) a damnable Traitor, ſaluting his Maſter with a kiſſe as a token of his loue: but (alas) it was onely to betray him.

My patient Sauiour Ieſus called him by the name of a friend, *Mat.* 26.50. whom hee knew to be a deadly foe, that the mildneſſe of the name might haue bred remorſe in his heart, but that the Diuell had taken full poſſeſſion in his minde, and ruled powerfully ouer his thoughts.

But why did my louing Sauiour vſe ſuch affable words to ſuch a deteſtable Traitor? It was to teach mee to repreſſe mine affections from raging furie, when any of his wicked brood lie in waite to take away my life, and ſecretly ſeeke to contriue my death.

Teach mee, my Ieſus, to imitate thy patience, when my courteſie is rewarded with cruelty, when ſuppoſed friends proue faithleſſe, and when my kindneſſe is recompenced with bad words, and rewarded with worſe deedes. Thou haſt willed vs to *bleſſe them that curſe vs*, and to *pray for our perſe-*

perſecuters, Mat 5. 44. But our fleſh is wayward, and it cannot away with this doctrine, wherefore I beſeech thee my gracious Lord, to lend me thy helping hand, it is thine owne worke to conforme my minde to thy bleſſed will, that I may be made obſequious and obedient to thy ſacred Law.

But now (my Soule) turne aſide thine eies from hatefull *Iudas*, to looke vpon louing *Peter*, who beganne to be touched with the heate of true loue, when hee ſaw his Maſter attached by the hands of his enemies, and did boldly obiect his owne life vnto danger, that hee might deliuer his harmeleſſe Maſter out of perill, and that hee might performe in deede that which a little before he had profeſſed in word, *Mat*. 26. 35. *Ioh*. 18. 10. As his loue was much, ſo his courage was great in the defence of his dearely beloued Maſter, hee regarded not the multitude that came againſt him, hee reſpected not how well they were armed, his true heart dreaded no danger.

But ſo ſoone as hee ſaw his dread maſter Iudaſly betraied, and cruelly apprehended by his malicious foes, he drew out his ſword and laid about him, and cut off *Malchus* his eare.

Thy loue was ſtrong, louing *Peter*, although thy ſtrength was feeble, to reſiſt ſo manie, ſo ill-minded, and ſo well armed: I cannot but commend thee for thy loue, although thy louing Maſter doth not praiſe thee for thy deede; thou didſt ſhew a token of thy feruent loue and affection, although (alas) he ſtood not in neede of thy weake protection: my louing Sauiour came to fulfill the will of his Father, to ſuffer death; yea, to ſuffer a cruell and ſhamefull death on the croſſe, that we might be reſtored to life, be freed, and deliuered from the curſe.

It was the feruencie of thy loue, that had inflamed thy aged heart with courage, thou couldeſt not hold thy hands, when thou didſt ſee thy beloued Maſter ſo violently apprehended, ſo curriſhly handled, and haled to the ſlaughter.

For whoſoeuer (my louing Sauiour) hath his heart knit vnto thee with bands of true loue, hee dreadeth no danger for thy ſake, but will be more willing to forgoe his life, then to leaue his true Loue. But thou didſt not deſire (my louing Ieſus) nay, thou didſt not allow that *Peter* ſhould ſhew his manhood, or attempt by any force to reſcue thee out of the hands of thy cruell foes: thou didſt diſcloſe vnto thy faithfull Diſciples, the dangerous daies that were to come, and tell them of the bitter afflictions which were to enſue, and that they ſhould be like Sheepe ſcattered without a Shepheard. But it was not that they ſhould arme their bodies with weapons, but their heads and ſoules with patience. So indeed the loue of thy Apoſtle was full of zeale, but yet it was barren and void of knowledge, who had beene often forewarned that thou ſhouldeſt ſuffer a cruell and ſhamefull death, to fulfill the Scripture, and do the will of thy Father.

Wherefore (oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus) ſo inflame my heart with thy loue, that I may freely confeſſe it with my mouth, & ſo performe it with my heart, that I may not onely be prepared to loſe my liberty, but to forgoe my life for the name of my Lord Ieſus, who is bleſſed for euer.

A Meditation how the Lord Ieſus taken and bound, was led to *Annas* his houſe, where he was buffeted, and how all his Diſciples fled from him, *Iohn* 18.13.

Med. VIII.

Iohn 18, 13. Iohn 18. 12,20. Iohn 18.24. Math 26,67. Mark, 18.22.

To Annas *firſt is Chriſt in fetters led.*
From thence to Caiaphas, where he beaten is,
And ſcourg'd, and mockt, ſpit on, and almoſt dead;
All which h'endur'd to bring vs unto bliſſe.

So ſoone as falſe-hearted *Iudas* had ſaluted his faithfull Maſter Ieſus with a deadly kiſſe, the hard-hearted Souldiers laid violent hands vpon my kinde Sauiour, and did cruelly binde him.

Oh vngentle cords! oh cruell hands, and curſed hearts, that did binde my Lord Ieſus!

Come hither therefore (oh my Soule) and with inward ſorrow of heart, and with weeping eies, lament with tender compaſſion for the curriſhneſſe in words, and cruelty in deedes, vſed againſt thy mercifull Sauiour, which patiently ſuffered ſo many bitter words and cruell blowes, for thee and thy ſinnes: for it was now the houre of darkneſſe, and they beganne to act with their mercileſſe hands, that which was conceiued in their malicious mindes, reuiling him with blaſphemous ſpeeches, and afflicting his precious bodie with deadly blowes.

And thus they neuer ceaſed all that night long, both with their venemous tongues and villanous hands to torment my meeke and patient Ieſus.

Tell mee (my ſweet Sauiour) what were the contumelious words, what were the outragious deedes which thou didſt ſuffer of thoſe dogged Souldiers, when they had laid their tormenting hands vpon thee?

For truely, *the wicked roſe vp againſt thee, and the Synagogue of the mighty, they ſought thy life, and ſet not God before their eyes.*

They compaſſed thee about like Bees, and burnt with furie againſt thee, like fire among the Thornes.

Oh let ſome ſpectacle of their barbarous crueltie be preſented vnto mee, that mine eyes may waxe dim with weeping, that my heart may be wounded with ſorrow, and all my ſenſes afflicted with mourning: for my guiltie conſcience doth tell mee, that my ſinnes were as fewell to kindle their rage, and mine iniquities, like wood to maintaine the fire of their furie.

Behold, Oh my Soule, with attentiue deuotion of minde, and with ſtore of teares flowing from thine eyes, how furiouſly they ruſh vpon thy louing Sauiour, and how cruelly with their bloudy hands, they torture and vexe his bleſſed body.

One tuggeth him by his garment, another haleth him by the armes: one taketh hold of his necke, another pulleth him by the haire: and leſt he ſhould get from them, they binde him, and drag him like an vntamed Bull to the ſhambles.

Oh moſt meeke Lambe! Oh moſt milde ſheepe! how curriſhly, how cruelly art thou handled like a wicked theefe?

Yea, was euer any common theefe ſo inhumanely and ſhamefully vſed, although his life was odious, and his deedes neuer ſo deſperate?

Some hale him on this ſide, ſome thruſt him on that ſide, ſome buffet him on the face, others thumpe him on the backe: After they haue reuiled and railed againſt him with moſt opprobrious words, they paſſe from diuelliſh words, to deadly blowes, ſo that they neuer ceaſe by word nor deede to grieue and vexe mine innocent Ieſus, but imployed all the faculties of their minde, and all the forces of their body, to doe him all hurt, who neuer meant them any harme.

I am uot able to tell thee, my ſorrowfull ſoule, one halfe of the odious words, nor one moity of the horrible deedes which thoſe damned wretches vſed againſt thy harmeleſſe and louing Sauiour: my tongue doth falter for griefe, and my ſpeech doth faile mee for ſorrow, for all of them bitterly curſing him, and cruelly beating him, void of all mercy, and raging with helliſh furie, they hale him (like a moſt innocent Lambe) to the ſlaughter:

And amongſt all that curſed crue, there was none ſo ſoft-hearted, that either would pitty the woefull caſe, or ſpeake in the cauſe of my gracious Lord.

Oh how ſhould mine eies haue beene watered with teares, and my heart haue beene wounded with ſorrow, to haue ſeene my mercifull Ieſus ſo vnmercifully abuſed, ſo ignominiouſly and hatefully miſuſed, whiles they hurry him in their madneſſe, and hale him in their fury towards Hieruſalem? *who went as an in-*

nocent Lambe, among a company of deuouring Wolues, not once opening his mouth to reproue them for their barbarous cruelty; but did willingly ſuſtaine the extremity of their malice, with a patient minde, ſometime haled by one, and ſometime thruſt forward by another, thinking the time long, till they might bring him where they would haue him: ſo greedy was their deſire to doe a bad deede, and they made ſuch poſt-haſt, to haſten the death of the Lord of life.

Oh my moſt ſweete Ieſu, what haſt thou done? What haſt thou deſerued, that thou ſhouldeſt endure the ſting of their malice, and abide the tempeſt of their madneſſe?

Verily, my Lord, thou didſt neuer offend them in thought, but thy exceeding loue did moue thee to ſuffer all things with patience, that thou mightſt redeeme mee a moſt wretched ſinner, and all others, that with a contrite heart and a broken ſpirit, ſue vnto thee for grace, hauing an aſſured hope in thy bleſſed Word, and confidently beleeuing in thy gracious promiſes.

I am that woefull man, which haue beene the occaſion of thy torments, and the cauſe of thy grieuous Paſſion. *The wicked man hath ſinned, and the righteous is puniſhed. The guilty hath treſpaſſed, and the innocent is tormented. The ungodly hath offended, and the godly man is condemned.*

Oh my moſt louing Lord, *I haue eaten a ſowre gra*[illegible] *thy teeth are ſet* [illegible] and [illegible] *on edge.* I haue commit[illegible]ted the treſpaſſe, and thou haſt ſuffered the puniſhment.

Bluſh therefore (oh my ſoule) for ſhame; ſmite thy heart for ſorrow: let thine eyes be diſſolued into teares, and ſacrifice thy ſelfe vpon the Altar of true repentance, becauſe thou haſt beene ſo forgetfully vngratefull towards thy louing IESVS, for his maruellous kindneſſe, and ſo exceſſiuely vnmindfull of his excellent lone.

Oh my (good Ieſus) what ſhall I render vnto thee, for thy gteat bounty? What ſhall I yeeld vnto thee, for thy gracious mercy?

I haue nothing, O Lord, *thou knoweſt my pouerty; I acknowledge my needy neceſſity:* I haue confeſſed my moſt haynous ſinnes and grieuous offences before thy face.

I haue not hidden mine vnrighteouſneſſe out of thy ſight.

Wherefore (oh my moſt bountifull Lord) ſupply that by thy infinite liberality, which is wanting by reaſon of my vile ingartitude: And thou which art onely able, create a thankfull heart in me, thy poore vnworthy ſeruant, that it may euermore be delighted with the remembrance of thy goodnes, and ſtill be ioyfull with the ſweet meditation of thy mercies:

But now, oh my Soule, meditate a while, how ſodaine feare had quailed the loue of the Diſciples of my diſtreſſed Sauiour. For being terrified with his vnexpected and cruell apprehenſion, and dreading their owne danger, they fled away, *leauing their Lord & beloued Maſter, Marke* 14. 50.

Then thou mighteſt truely ſay (oh moſt ſweet Ieſus) *They which ſaw me, fled from me. I am forgotten as a dead man out of minde.*

And againe, *Thou haſt put my friends, my neighbours, and acquaintance farre from mee.* Alſo, that was verified which the Prophet had fore-told, *All my friends haue forſaken mee, and they that lay in waite, haue preuailed againſt me: He whom I loued, hath betrayed mee.* For ſo wert thou left alone, my louing Ieſus, and they which were neere vnto thee, made haſte to be gone, and would tarrie no longer with thee.

Conſider further, oh my ſoule, the diſciples of my Sauiour flying for feare, and lamenting with ſorrow, when they ſaw their moſt beloued Maſter *traiterouſly betrayed, ignominiouſly abuſed, and led like an innocent Lambe to the ſhambles.*

Attend to their ſighing and groning, to their weeping and moning, for loth they were to leaue ſo louing and ſo well beloued a Maſter.

But why ſhould feare of danger haue bin ſo violent, or dread of death ſo ſtrong, as to pull them from ſo deare a friend?

They profeſſed they would remaine conſtant, and that no affliction ſhould abate their courage, but their words proued no deedes, and all was but vaine preſumption: Selfe-loue of their owne ſecurity, made them forſake their diſtreſſed Maſter in his captiuity.

But tell mee, bold hearted *Peter*, why didſt thou like a coward forſake thy faithfull Maſter? Didſt thou profeſſe ſo much, and performe ſo little? Was thy manhood ſo ſoone quailed, when thou waſt put to thy triall? I know thou didſt ſhew ſome ſigne of courage, and thou beganſt to play the man, when thy Maſter was firſt apprehended, but it was but done in a fit of thine anger, and thy heate was ſoone cooled: thy promiſe great, and thy performance little:

when thou wert in mount Tabor, & ſawſt but ſome beames; yea, rather ſome ſparkles of the eternall glory of thy bleſſed Maiſter, then thy ſenſes were ſo rauiſhed, and thy minde ſo amazed, that thou diſt cry out, *Bonum eſt eſſe hic*, *Mat.* 17.1. *Marke* 9.2. *Luke* 9. 28. It is good to be here, let vs build three Tabernacles: but now thou doeſt not ſay, *Bonum eſt eſſe hic*: It is good to tarry here with my poore diſgraced Maſter.

Say thou didſt loue thy Maſter well: yet it appeareth thou didſt loue thy ſelfe better: oh why diddeſt thou make ſuch a vaine oſtentation of thy courage, and yet afterwards ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch a coward?

But take heed, oh my ſoule, that thou doſt not ſo vehemently inueigh againſt faint-hearted *Peter*, and the reſt of his fearefull fellowes, that thou forget thy ſelfe, and paſſe thine owne infirmity.

Wee all loue Chriſt, when our *cups may ouerflow with wine, and our bellies be filled with the fineſt wheate*: but the heat of our loue is quickly cooled, if but a ſmall blaſt of ſtormy perſecution doe bluſter againſt vs.

We all deſire to dwell with him, as did rauiſhed *Peter*, when his eyes were dazeled with the beames of his glory, appearing vnto him on Mount Tabor.

But all of vs fly from him, or follow him a-loofe-off, when wee ſee him going to Golgotha: we dare preſume to ſay with forward *Peter*; *Lord, if all leaue thee, I will not forſake thee, Mat.* 26. 33. *Marke* 14. 21. *Iohn* 13. 37. But alas, when we come to the tryall, we are ready to flie and leaue the field, at the firſt alarme.

We could all be content to

eate pleaſant hony, and to feede our ſelues with ſweet milke: but our mouthes are filled with *murmuring*, and our hearts with *grudging*: the time is *long*, and the iourney *tedious*, while wee trauell in the wildernes of this world towards *heauenly Canaan, Exod.* 17. 2.

Alas, were the Diſciples of my Sauiour ſo fearefull at the firſt encounter, who had beene ſo often fore-told of that day, and had beene ſo well inſtructed by their louing Maſter, to arme themſelues againſt the aſſaults of affliction?

Then how can I poore worme boaſt of my ſtrength, & vaunt of my manly courage? How ſhould I hold out vnto the end, when ſuch *ſtout Souldiers* begin to ſhrinke at the beginning of the battell?

I know mine owne imbecillity, my *powerfull Lord*, I confeſſe mine infirmity, I feele my heart quake, and I perceiue my courage to quaile, ſo ſoone as I ſee but a darke cloud of affliction, and ſtand in dread of euery ſtorme of perſecution.

Strengthen my heart, oh Lord, with *Chriſtian Fortitude*, that my mind may not be diſmayed with feare, nor my ſenſes drowned with the ſtreames of *immoderate ſorrow*, whenſoeuer I muſt drinke of the bitter waters of affliction for profeſſion of thy name, or feele the pricking thornes of perſecution in my ſides, for the confeſſion of thy truth.

Teach me to take vp my croſſe, and to follow thee, and that I may not be aſhamed of this noble badge of true Chriſtianity.

Instruct me to know that affliction is the lot of thy Children, and that thou wilt haue their Faith tryed in the fiery furnace: and grant mee (oh Lord)

Lord) ſuch a plentifull meaſure of thy quickning grace, that although my fraile fleſh beginne to tremble, and my weake heart to faint at the firſt aſſault of danger, and I ſeeke a corner to hide my head in, in the time of trouble, yet that I may not fly ſo farre from thee, but that I may quickly returne to thee as *Peter* and *Iohn* did, who loued, and were ſo dearely beloued of thee, and as the reſt of thy Diſciples did, after thy glorious reſurrection, and in the ſorrowfull time of calamitie, trouble and perſecution, ſo mitigate the dolour of my paſſions, that I may endure all extremities with Chriſtian patience, knowing that all the afflictions of this world are but momentany, and that the ioyes prepared for the faithfull after this life, are innumerable, and ſhall endure eternally.

Now let vs leaue the ſorrowfull Diſciples, and come to our louing Ieſus, who being bound, was preſented to *Annas* by the wicked Iewes, who examined him concerning his Diſciples, and concerning his doctrine, *Ioh.* 18. 19. And although the humility of my Sauiour was great, and his modeſtie no leſſe in returning a gracious anſwere vnto him: yet *Malchus* (whoſe eare he had a little before reſtored, which *Peter* cut off) gaue him a blow on the face, ſaying, *Anſwereſt thou the high Prieſt in that manner?* Iohn 18. 22.

Here, my ſoule, thou haſt good occaſiõ to eate thy bread with *teares*, and to mingle thy drinke with *weeping*, when thou doſt meditate of this cruell blow, giuen by a moſt wicked vngratefull wretch, to my *innocent Ieſus*.

And here thou maiſt admire at the incomparable mildneſſe, and wonder at the wonderfull patience of my gentle Sauiour, who did modeſtly beare ſo great an iniurie, that he gaue not him an euill word, who had done him ſuch a *cruell deede*, but ſaid to him mildly: Friend, *if I haue ſpoken euill, beare witneſſe of euill: but if I haue ſaid well, why ſmiteſt thou mee? Iohn* 18.23. Oh how great was thy humility alwaies, my good Ieſus? how exceeding was thy patience in all things euen vnto death?

But what ſhall I ſay, oh thou barbarous and vngratefull wretch, how ſhall I ſpeake bitter enough of thy moſtrous cruelty, which didſt ſmite him on the face contrary to all humanity, who of his owne accord did ſpeedily heale the hurt, and ſalue the wound which his Diſciple had giuen thee?

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thee ? Oh monſter amongſt men; vnworthy of any pittie, whoſe name ſhall be odious to all that are good , when they heare of thy crueltie ! Behold , oh my ſweet Ieſus, what plentifull matter is offered vnto me , to breed a ſerious meditation in my minde, and to engender a ſincere *compaſſion in* my heart , when I remember (oh that I could continually remember it) what *clemencie*, what *calamity*, what *benignity* thou haſt vſed towards me, what *calamity*, what *indignity* thou haſt ſuffered for mee: for thou wert ſo *treacherouſly betrayed*, ſo *wrongfully apprehended* , ſo *iniuriouſly bound*, ſo *curriſhly haled*, ſo *cruelly tormented*, and ſo *vnmercifully beaten* for the ſinnes of my guilty ſoule. But I pray thee, my mercifull and gracious Ieſus, that as thou didſt yeeld thy ſelfe a captiue to the Iewes, ſo thou wilt grant me thy grace to *ſubiugate* all my ſences to doe thy bleſſed will, and to keepe them in true ſubiection, to obey thy holy law, and that I may *captiuate* all my *underſtanding*, to performe the duties of thy happie ſeruice, which ſhall *redeeme* me from *bondage*, and bring mee an *euerlaſting freedome*, as thy faithfull Apoſtle hath taught mee.

A Meditation, how the Lord Ieſus was led from the houſe of *Annas*, to the houſe of *Caiaphas*, and alſo of the deriſions, rayling ſpeeches, and cruell ſcourging done vnto him there by the Iewes.

MED. 9.

To Caiaphas *houſe (where Scribes aſſembled are,* Math. 26.57.
And Prieſts, and Elders,) Ieſus Chriſt is led: Mark. 14.55.
After, to Pilate, *where he meekely bare* Iohn 18. 28,29.
Their ſcoffes, & thorny Crowne vpon his head. Iohn 19.2.

AWake now, (oh my Soule,) ſleepe no longer in the bed of wanton ſenſuality, driue away drowzineſſe from thine eyes, and careleſſe ſloathfulneſſe out of thy minde, and turne thy ſelfe wholy to thy moſt ſweet IESVS, *diſdainefully deſpiſed, ſcornefully derided, cruelly tormented, & vnmercifully ſcourged.* Oh how ſhould thy heart be fraughted with ſadneſſe, and thy minde be filled with ſorrow, when thou ſhalt finde thy Lord thy God ſubiect to paines and afflictions, blowes and reproches? For hee was *whipped* all the *night*, and hee was *chaſtized* in the *morning.*

Therefore let thine eyes waxe *dimme* with *weeping*, let thy *ioy* be turned into *mourning*, and the voice of *melody* into wofull *lamentation*; when thou doſt meditate vpon the *ſorrowfull miſeries*, and *ſcornefull reproches* which thy innocent Sauiour did ſuffer for thy ſake.

Let all vaine cogitations, and idle thoughts be chaſed out of my minde, by which it may be fondly diſtracted, and vainely ſhiuered in this godly Meditation, ſo that it may be wholy reflected towards thee, and thinke vpon nothing but thee, my moſt mercifull Ieſu.

Let it thinke vpon the *contumelious reproches*, *odious raylings*, and *grieuous blowes*, which thou didſt ſuffer, being vnder the hands of the wicked Prieſts, as a harmeleſſe Sheepe amongſt rauenous Wolues, or in the midſt of deuouring Lions.

And grant mee, oh my ſweet Lord, that while I ponder theſe things in my minde, teares of true repentance may fall from mine eyes, and ſighes of vnfained ſorrow ariſe from my heart, to bewaile the horrour of my ſinnes, which were as cruell tormentors to afflict thy body, and as ſharpepointed needles, to enter into thy tender fleſh.

Laſtly, let vs meditate deuoutly (oh my ſoule) how my kinde Ieſus was poſted ouer vnto *Caiaphas*, after hee had beene derided and buffeted in the houſe of *Annas*.

Behold how this innocent Lambe was haled to the ſhambles, by the hands of thoſe bloudie Butchers!

Behold thy beloued Ieſus, brought with his hands bound before *Caiaphas* the high Prieſt, enuironed with a great multitude of Scribes and Phariſes: all cry out againſt him: the baſe people raile vpon him with vile and odious words: banning and curſing him for his bleſſed deeds, they maliciouſly accuſe him, & wrongfully charge him, but their teſtimonies were found to be falſe, and their witneſſes vntrue.

Truely thou maieſt ſay that which the Prophet ſpake of thee, *They deliuered mee into the hands of the vngodly, and they*

they caſt mee forth among the wicked, and they haue not ſpared my life. The ſtrong were gathered againſt me, and they ſtood like Giants againſt me.

But although their demeanour towards thee (my louing Sauiour) was without al pietie, and their words and deeds without all pittie, yet thou didſt not open thy mouth, to vtter any word of reproofe, but thou didſt heare their ſpitefull taunts with patience, and anſwere their malitious calumniations with ſilence: and therefore the high Prieſt began to be diſpleaſed: and riſing vp from his ſeate, asked thee in his anger, why thou didſt not anſwere to thoſe things which were obiected againſt thee? *Mat.26.62.*

Attend (oh my ſoule) and conſider the vnſpeakeable mildeneſſe of my ſweet Ieſus, how patiently, how humbly hee holdeth his tongue, as one that were dumbe, and could not ſpeake, & remaineth as one that were deafe, when they reuile him in their madnes, and raile vpon him in their furie, ſuſtaining with patience their falſe calumniations, and forged obiections.

And therefore his wonderfull patience did make them more mad, and his ſilence did the more exaſperate them in their furie, when they ſaw him ſo meekely to diſgeſt the venome of their virulent tongues, & ſo mildely to ſuffer the blowes of their violēt fiſts, ſo that being tranſported with choller, beyond the limits of modeſtie, and carried with rage, beyōd the bounds of reaſon, they belched out ſuch impious and clamorous ſpeeches againſt him, *Haſt thou no tongue, thou moſt wicked wretch? Behold, art thou dumbe, and canſt* *not ſpeake one word?* What is become of thy babling? Where are thy *long diſcourſes*, and *plauſible ſpeeches*, which thou didſt make to the multitude in the Temple, and to the ſeditious people in the ſtreets?

Then thou wert full of words, and thy tongue did not ceaſe to prattle, when multitudes did flock after thee thorow the Cities, and when the baſe people did ſwarme after thee, through the villages and deſarts.

And art not thou hee which preaching to the rude multitude in the Temple, and pleaſing their giddie humor with thy long orations, was ſo impudent to inueigh againſt vs, *Phariſes*, *Doctors of law*, and Rulers of the people, calling vs hypocrites? checking vs rudely for our Manners, and reproouing vs raſhly for our Doctrine, neither *reſpecting* the *dignitie* of our perſons, nor *dreading* the *force* of our *authority?*

Now behold, wee haue thee ſure enough, thou canſt not eſcape our hands, thou art bound for feare of ſtarting, we are no babes, to be wonne with faire words. Now we haue thee, thou wretch, as thy wicked deeds haue deſerued, ſuch ſhall be thy recompence.

Wee are none of the rude and baſe multitude, thou canſt not gull vs with thy *flattering ſpeeches*, nor beguile vs with falſe *apparitions.*

Suppoſe (oh my woſull ſoule) that thou doeſt heare the cruell Iewes, *bellowing* out ſuch bitter taunts againſt my *harmeleſſe* and *innocent Ieſus*, in the heate of their rage, adding more cruell deeds, to their cruell words, for all of them like mad-men ruſh vpon him in their violent furie;

Some thumpe him with their hands, ſome ſpurne him with their feete, ſome ſtrike him on the neck, and as their hands were nimble to load him with blowes, ſo their tongues were not idle, from *rayling and reuiling* him with *ſcornefull words*.

Oh how *wonderfully* is my Lord *derided*, how *vnworthily* is hee *ſcorned*! Yea, ſome (ſo barbarous was their mindes, and ſo brutiſh was their manners) to ſpit in his face: Who euer did ſee ſuch groſſe inhumanity? who doth not abhor ſuch *beaſtly inciuility*? They all ſtriue who ſhould doe him moſt hurt, and contend one with another, to doe him moſt miſchiefe, ſeeking by *ſpightfull words*, to vexe his minde, and cruell blowes, to wound his body.

Oh my louing *Ieſu*, how bitter are their ſpeeches, direfully breathed out againſt thee?

How terrible are their practices, ſo bloodily inflicted vpon thee?

Why are not my vitall ſpirits damped with woe? why are not mine eyes drowned in a flood of teares? and why is not my ſoule ouer-whelmed with the waues of ſorrow, in this my ſadde Meditation of thine afflictions, and deuout contemplation of thy humane miſeries?

Wherefore guſh forth, oh yee teares, from the inward fountaine of my heart, and ouerflow mine eies with your plentifull ſhowres.

But art thou made of flint, Oh my hard heart, that thou doeſt not breake into pieces? Is thy ſubſtance of marble, that thou doeſt not cleaue aſunder, when I meditate vpon theſe curſed inuectiue reproches, and wicked deeds, done to my innocent Ieſus, by the ſtony-hearted Iewes?

Alas for mee, a moſt wretched ſinner, that my Lord ſhould ſuffer ſuch great and grieuous affliction for my ſake, and yet, that I ſhould ſtill remaine ſenceleſſe in my ſinnes, and haue no remorſe of conſcience for my hainous offences!

Haue mercy vpon mee, moſt mercifull Lord, becauſe I call all theſe things to minde, and haue them in my meditation: but for want of true loue, I am depriued of true deuotion, and my hard heart is without all ſenſe of ſorrowfull contrition. Therefore wound my heart, my louing Ieſus, that I may be grieued with thee, and ſuffer for thee, that thou maiſt vouchſafe to ſhew me mercy, and that I may with more boldneſſe approach vnto thy Maieſtie. Thou wert humbled, and I diſdaind my brethren with pride: Thou wert *pinched* with hunger, and I ſurfeit with *abundance*: thou wert afflicted with *torments*, and I ſpend my dayes in *wanton pleaſure*. Thou didſt weepe, to thinke vpon the wofull *deſtruction* of *Ieruſalem*, but I am not touched with any tender affection of mercy, when I ſee thouſands oppreſſed with miſerie.

I can finde no place, my ſweet Ieſu, to hide my face from *confuſion*. I can finde no remedie for my *deadly malady*, but in the vertue of thy comfortable mercy.

Oh cure my diſeaſe with this excellent medicine, and ſalue all my wounds with this precious Balme, that all mine affections may be ſo kindled with loue, that I may *reioyce to ſuffer*, and *ſuffer* with *reioycing*, for thy glorious name, who wert content to bee *ſcorned* and *ſcourged*, to be accounted as an abiect amongſt the vile and wicked, that I might be raiſed out of the pit of *endleſſe miſerie*, to be *exalted* for euer with thee, in the Pallace of *eternall glorie*.

A Meditation how *Peter* denied his Maſter three times in the houſe of *Cayphas*, and of his weeping for the ſame.

Med. X.

Trembling with feare, cauſ'd by a ſilly Maid; John 18.17

Once, twice, yea thrice, Saint Peter *doth deny* Luk. 22. 60, 61.

His bleſſed Lord: Remembring what Chriſt ſaid, Mark. 14.72.

Goes forth, repents, and weeps moſt bitterly. Mat. 26 75.

NOw let vs ceaſe a while to meditate on my Sauiour, and conſider how *Peter* carried himſelfe in the afflictions of his Maſter.

He was loth to leaue him, becauſe he did loue him, and therefore although at the firſt hee fled, yet hee returned againe with the other Diſciple, who by friendſhip brought him into the Palace of the high Prieſt: and as *Peter* ſtood there by the fire, a maide locked vpon him, and ſaid to them that were by, *This man alſo was with Ieſus of Nazareth.* But *Peter*, who not long before had made ſuch great brags of his loue, was now ſo daunted with feare, that he flatly denied his ſeruice, ſaying, *I know not the man.* And a little after, another ſaid vnto him, *Art not thou alſo one of his Diſciples?*

So that now *Peter* was not content ſimply to deny him, but hee beganne earneſtly to forſweare him.

Now within a while after, another came and ſaid, *Verily, thou art one of them.* And then *Peter* began to curſe and ſweare, ſaying: *I know not the man whom thou ſpeakeſt of*, and *immediately the Cocke crew.* And the Lord who ſtood not far off in the hands of the wicked, looked backe vpon *Peter*, not refuſing faint-hearted *Peter* to be his ſeruant, although he had denied, and abiured him for his Maſter.

Then Peter *remembred the words which Ieſus had ſpoken to him, and he went out and wept bitterly*, Mat. 26.

Now let vs ſeriouſly meditate on the frailty of *Peter*, that ſeeing ſo ſtout a Souldier ſo ſoone daunted with feare, we may take heed, not to preſume too much vpon our owne weakeneſſe, leſt we play the cowards, and ſtart backe as he did, when wee are put to our treall.

Conſider (oh my ſoule) the feruency of his loue, and greatneſſe of his feare, the willingneſſe of his minde, end weakeneſſe of his might.

I dare not ſay but that *Peter* did loue his Lord, and was ſorry for the diſtreſſed eſtate of his Maſter, although his heart fainted, & his ſtomacke failed in the time of danger: hee thought hee ſhould haue beene able to haue performed in deeds, that which he had ſo boldly boaſted in words: but alas, hee did not know his owne imbecillity, his eyes were blinded, that hee could not ſee his owne infirmity: the ſpirit indeede was willing, but the fleſh was weake.

He began to ſhew ſome courage when he drew his ſword, and cut off *Malchus* his eare, but alas, it was ſoone abated, and he fled from his Maſter, when hee ſaw him in the hands of his enemies, and ſurprized by his cruell foes. And albeit hee was ſo bold-ſpirited then, that hee durſt reſiſt a multitude of men, yet hee was ſo timorous now, that being terrified with the voyce of a Maide, hee did renounce his gracious LORD, and flatly denie his louing Maſter: ſo ſoone were his boaſting words turned into cowardly deeds, and the profeſſed conſtancy of his loue found moſt inconſtant in the of daytryall.

So we may note, that *Peter* preſumed hee was able to haue done great exploits while hee was with Ieſus, but we ſee the vigor of his courage was ſoone diminiſhed, and the heate of his loue cooled, when hee was ſeparated from his Lord Ieſus: ſo long as he did enioy peaceably his bleſſed ſociety, ſo long he dreaded no danger, he liued in ſecurity. In time of peace, he thought of no war: In time of calme weather, he feared no ſuddaine ſtorme: But when he entred into the houſe of the high Prieſt, where hee ſaw his poore Maſter ſpitefully derided, mocked, and cruelly ſcourged, then his courage was cooled, his haughtie words proued nō deeds, and hee became a ſtarke coward.

Learne thou alſo (oh my ſoule) by the example of *Peter*, to loue thy Lord Ieſus, but ſo to loue him, that no affliction or calamity may compell thee to leaue him. But ſay with the Apoſtle, *who ſhall ſeparate me from the loue of Chriſt? ſhall tribulation or anguiſh? ſhall perſecution or hunger? I am ready not onely to be bound, but alſo to die in Hieruſalem for the name of the Lord Ieſus.* Learne likewiſe by the example of *Peter*, not fondly to vaunt of thine owne courage, or to boaſt of thy ſtrength: let the remembrance of his fall

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fall, be as a bridle, to reſtraine thee from running headlong into the like fault.

Say not in the proſperous time of thine *abundance* (when all things ſucceede happily according to thy wiſh, and nothing falleth out contrarie to thy deſire) *I ſhall neuer be moued*, leſt afterward thou bee conſtrayned to change thy note, weeping with bitter teares for thy folly, and lamenting for thy *preſumption*, with ſorrowfull ſighs: ſaying, *Thou didſt turne away thy face from mee, and I was troubled.*

Teach me, oh Lord, to know mine owne weakeneſſe: open the eies of my vnderſtanding, that I may ſee the *frailtie* of my *fleſh*, and *fickleneſſe* of my minde, when any cloud of perſecution doth appeare ouer my head, or any dread of future afflictiō trouble my heart.

I often preſume with *Peter*, that I could goe to priſon with thee, abide any torment for thy ſake, yea loſe my life for thy loue, my louing Sauiour: but (alas) I ſee by the frailty of thy beloued Diſciple, that I ſhould proue but a daſtard, when I come to fight thy battell, and begin to ſeeke ſome *couerture*, to hide my head from danger.

For how can I boaſt of my *valour*, or bragge of my manhood, when as one of thy ſtouteſt Souldiers, who had beene ſo long trained vp vnder thee, and had receiued ſo many encouragemẽts by thee, began to faint, at the word of ſo weake an enemie, that hee did deny the ſeruice of ſo good a Maſter, onely for feare, before he felt the bitterneſſe of affliction? What is man, that hee may boaſt of his ſtrength, or be proud of his vertue, when the beſt is ſo vnable to performe a good action, that he is altogether vnable to conceiue a good motion?

Lighten thou (oh my gracious Lord) my darke and obſcure vnderſtanding, that I may not fondly runne into the ſnares of temptation, through a vaine confidence of my owne power, or through a fond preſumption of my owne ſtrength, ſeeing I am ſo weake, that I cannot conceiue any good thought in my heart, nor doe any good deede with my hands, vnleſſe thy diuine grace doe gouerne mine affections, and direct the courſe of my actions. But oh my moſt mercifull Sauiour, although the allurements of the flattering world ſhould ſo intice me, the pleaſures of the wanton fleſh ſo ouercome mee, and the feare of perſecution ſo terrifie me, that I ſhould be aſhamed of thy liuery, and denie ſo gracious a Lord: yet vouchſafe, oh my ſweet Ieſu, to turne thy fauourable eies towards mee, that my faith may not vtterly faile, though it begin to quaile, and that thou wilt neuer leaue mee when I begin to ſhrinke from thee. Oh let me not preſume of thy loue, nor deſpaire of thy mercy.

Let remembrance of thy words wound my heart, and awake my ſleepie conſcience, that my ſoule may be caſt downe with true ſorrow, and that I may weepe, yea weepe bitterly with ſorrowfull *Peter*. Luk. 22. 62. for my ſinnes, that I may be made partaker of the benefit of thy comfortable mercie, and obtaine remiſſion of my grieuous tranſgreſſions, by true Repentance as he did.

Thou haſt left this example of the fall of thy louing Diſciple, recorded in thy holy word, not to animate vs to commit the ſinne of preſumption, but to comfort vs, that wee runne not into the pit of wofull deſperation, when wee are ouertaken with the like fault, and haue committed the like folly: therefore teach me (oh Lord) ſo to preſume of thy mercy, that I may alwaies ſtand in awe of thy Iuſtice.

I am not aſſured that thou wilt turne thine eies towards mee, as thou didſt towards him, ſo that my heart may be ſmitten with ſorrow, and mine eies ſtreame forth bitter teares of true Repentance, and that thou wilt receiue me into thy bleſſed ſeruice againe, as thou didſt him, after I haue denied thee to be my Lord and Maſter.

It was thy free mercy to afford vnto him ſuch an vnſpeakeable grace of thy extraordinary loue: he could pleade no worthineſſe of words, nor merit of workes to deſerue thy fauour.

But (oh moſt gracious Lord) if my guiltie conſcience doe at any time tell mee that I haue or doe commit the ſame offence, yet vouchſafe, that I may reſort to the euerlaſting fountaine of thy plentifull mercy, that there my thirſty ſoule may bee refreſhed with the ſweet waters of comfort, ſo that it may neither be drowned in the Sea of exceſſiue ſorrow, nor wounded with the Darts of cureleſſe deſpaire.

Now conſider thou, (oh my ſoule) the place where *Peter* was, and the conditions of the people who were with him, when hee made ſuch a fearefull defection from his gracious Lord, and failed in his loue towards his kinde and louing Maſter: He was in the Palace of the high Prieſt, *who ſate in councell* with the *Scribes* and *Phariſes*, againſt the Lord and his Anointed, amongſt a wicked crue of theſe cruell Miniſters, whoſe mindes were incenſed with furie, and hands armed with cruelty, to torment my innocent Sauiour.

Marke how ſoone he was infected by their wicked manners, how ſoone his ſoule was corrupted with their naughty conditions: for now he began to proteſt with ſwearing, and to aſſirme with curſing, that he knew not his louing Maſter, to whom not long before, hee had made a ſolemne vow, not oncly to forgoe his liberty, for his cauſe, but alſo to loſe his life for his ſake, *Luke* 22. 33.

Oh fearefull downfall of ſo great an Apoſtle! for if his louing Maſter, and mercifull Sauiour, had not beene more conſtant towards him in his loue, and tenderly compaſſionate towards him by his mercie, hee had neuer recouered himſelfe, but had periſhed for euer.

No man can touch Pitch, but hee ſhall be defiled: no man can tread vpon thornes with bare feete, but hee ſhall be pricked, nor any man hold his hands amongſt fierie coales, but they will be burned. Euen ſo, no man can remaine amongſt lewd perſons, and conuerſe in the company of the wicked, but his minde ſhall be ſtained with the ſpots of impietie: his conſcience wounded with the thornes of ſinne, and his ſoule made loathſome with the botches, and blaines of iniquitie.

But ſo ſoone as my beloued Ieſus had turned his eies towards *Peter*, and with his lookes had awakened his *drowzy memory*, then perplexed *Peter* remembred the words of his Maſter, ſo that his heart being ſurcharged with ſorrow, and his eyes flowing with teares, he left that wicked companie, and went out & wept: yea he wept bitterly, *Luk. 22.62. Teach me, oh Lord, to leaue the dangerous ſocietie of the wicked: neither let mee deſire, or delight to dwell in the Tents of the vngodly*: Let mee alſo learne, by the example of thy ſorrowfull Diſciple, to goe into ſome ſecret place, and with-draw my ſelfe from the people, when I call my ſelfe to reckning for my tranſgreſſions, (but alas, I am negligent in caſting vp this account) and begin to ſorrow for my ſinnes, and to ſhead teares for my grieuous offences, that all impediments may be remoued from mine eies, and as much as is poſſible, all vaine and wicked cogitations out of my heart, when I come before thy preſence (oh Lord) to proſtrate my ſelfe before thee, in ſubmiſſiue humility, deſiring thee to paſſe ouer mine offences, and to forgiue me my ſinnes, through thy infinite mercy.

Then (oh my good Lord) ſo deepely wound my conſcience with horror of my deteſtable ſinnes, that I may offer vp a broken and contrite heart vnto thee, becauſe thou art alwaies well pleaſed with ſuch a Sacrifice, and it ſendeth vp a ſweet ſauour into thy noſethrils.

Now conſider (oh my ſoule) that as the treſpaſſe of *Peters* deniall was great, ſo his ſorrow was grieuous : as the remembrance of his fall was *ſowre*, ſo the ſtreames of his *teares* were bitter : yet they were not ſo bitter vnto him for feare of puniſhment, as they were bitter, becauſe hee had denied ſo ſweet and ſo louing a Maſter ! the remembrance of his horrible ingratitude, was more bitter vnto him then gall, and more vnpleaſant then wormewood: his teares were bitter vnto him, in reſpect of his preſumption, who promiſed ſo much, & performed ſo little: & they were bitter vnto him, when he thought vpon the ſweet loue of his Maſter, and the great benefits hee had receiued of him.

And yet their bitterneſſe was mixed with ſweetneſſe, becauſe they were ſignes of his hearty ſorrow, & tokens of his true repentance, *for where* *true repentance goeth before, remiſſion of ſinnes alwaies followeth after, Eze. 33. 19.*

Thou ſeeſt alſo, that the lookes of the Lord did draw out teares from PETERS eies; Neither is it any wonder: for the eies of the Lord were as a flame of fire, and the eies of *Peter* as Ice, which began to melt into teares, by the influence of their heat, as true tokens of his ſorrowfull, relenting, and penitent heart.

Oh happie are thine eies, my bleſſed Sauiour, which doe ſo warme the coldneſſe of our hearts, that they may bee able to haue ſome ſenſe of thy loue, and doe ſo illuminate our dimme vnderſtanding, that we may ſee our errours, and ſeeing, may ſigh and weepe for our tranſgreſſions. Oh how ſoone doe they diſſolue the Ice, and melt the froſt of our hard hearts, and turne it into the waters of bitter lamentation, and ſorrowfull deuotion!

Oh my moſt bountifull Ieſu! Oh my moſt mercifull Lord, haue mercy vpon mee, pitty my wofull caſe, ſhut not the doore of thy compaſſion againſt mee, oh let me taſte of the ſweetneſſe of thy wonted clemency, which haue ſo often, ſo ſtubbornely renounced thee, through the peeuiſhnes of my will, ſo often denied thee by my wicked words, and moſt often forſworne thee by my wretched deeds.

Haue mercy vpon me, oh my moſt ſweet Ieſus, let the beames of thine eies make their reflection towards mee, that mine eyes may melt into teares, as the *rocke did guſh forth water, when Moſes ſmote it with his rod*, Exod. 17.5. that

I may weepe for my ſinnes, and bewaile my transgreſſions, which haue ſo often refuſed thy ſeruice, becauſe I was loth to leaue the vanities of the wicked world, or to forſake the pleaſures of the wanton fleſh.

Heale mee (oh Lord) for I am full of ſores, and my bones doe rot away with corruption. Stay me vp (oh Lord) when my feete begin to ſlide, and lift me vp when I am downe: vnleſſe thou ſupport mee, I cannot but ſlide, and vnleſſe thou doe lift me vp, I cannot riſe againe when I doe fall: I can doe nothing without thee, thou onely doeſt heale thoſe that are bruiſed, and thou alone doeſt raiſe them vp that are fallen.

Therefore looke towards mee, and haue mercy vpon mee, for I am deſolate and poore.

Neither turne away thy face from me, but let thine eies be fixed vpon me. If thou wilt vouchſafe (oh my moſt kinde and louing Lord) to ſhew me this mercy, and to regard the wofull eſtate of mee a moſt wretched creature; then, oh Lord, I ſhall call my tranſgreſſions to remembrance, and mourne for my grieuous offences that I haue committed againſt thee.

Raiſe mee vp (oh Lord) out of my dead ſleepe of careleſſe ſecurity, as thou didſt *Lazarus* out of his graue, *Iohn* 11.43,44. open the eyes of my vnderſtanding, that I may ſee to tread in the paths of thy commandements.

Be thou as a ſtrong Pillar, to ſupport and ſtay me in my weakeneſſe, for I am ſo feeble, that I cannot ſtand without thy helpe, and euery moment I ſhall be ouerwhelmed, vnleſſe thy ſtrong hand doe ſupport me.

Let thy eyes (oh my louing IESVS) be euermore turned towards mee, that I may euery day returne vnto thee, by true and hearty repentance, ſorrowing for my ſinnes that are paſt, and endeuouring by thy grace to take better heed to my waies in time to come, ſo that I may doe that which is agreeable to thy ſacred law, and aceeptable to thy holy will.

Oh my GOD, let thy ſeruant *Peter* his falling, put me in continuall minde to take heed to mine owne ſtanding, and his Repentance, arme me with ſtrong confidence in thy mercie, againſt deſperation. AMEN.

A Meditation, how Ieſus was ſent *vnto* Pilate.

Med. XI.

Math. 27.2. *Like an offender Ieſus Chriſt is bound,*
Mark. 15.1. *And ſent to* Pilate: Pilate *doth confeſſe*
Math. 27.14. *That Chriſt is guiltles:* Nothing *could be found,*
Luk. 23.14. *To proue that Chriſt, their law did ere tranſgreſſe.*

NOw let vs returne from weeping *Peter*, to meditate vpon my louing Ieſus, who remained all night in the houſe of *Cayphas*, where hee was *ſcorned* with *opprobrious words*, and *buffeted* and *beaten* wiah *cruell* blowes; no man ſpake in his cauſe, no man pleaded his caſe, hee ſuſtained their *iniuries* with meekeneſſe, hee did beare their intolerable reproches with mildneſſe.

Now *in the morning, my innocent Ieſus was brought before the high Prieſt and others, who ſat in counſell, to examine him as a pernicious traytor, not worthy to liue, but worthie of a moſt cruell death.*

And after they had reuiled him with proud words, and haled him to and fro with cruell hands, they cryed out in their madnes, and roared out in their fury, He is worthie of death, let him be led bound vnto Pilate, *that hee may pronounce iudgement againſt him, to die a moſt ſhamefull and cruell death.*

5 Oh how was my ſweet Sauiour moleſted for my ſake! how was his ſoule afflicted for my ſinnes! I was the cauſe that thou wert conuented before the Councell of the high Prieſt, and my ſinnes did ſend thee to *Pilate*.

Oh let mee weepe in the morning when I awake out of ſleepe, and make my bed to ſwimme with teares, when I lie downe to reſt, becauſe I haue beene delighted with that, as my chiefeſt felicity, which cauſed thee to abide the bitterneſſe of all their crueltie, and will be the cauſe of mine owne endleſſe miſery, vnleſſe my wounds be healed, and my ſores ſalued with the precious balme of thy ſauing mercie.

Teach me, oh Lord, to ſuffer any affliction for thy ſake, with alacritie, and to ſuſtaine the malice of perſecution with cheerefull humillity, which ſhallbe by Satan raiſed againſt me, or by his inſtruments inflicted vpon me for thy cauſe.

Let the patterne of thy perfect humility, be alwaies placed before mine eyes, let the memory of thy patience, neuer depart out of my minde. Oh ye wicked Iewes! Oh ye falſe accuſers! Oh ye lying caluminators! Oh ye periured wretches! How maliciouſly, how vniuſtly, how ſpitefully, how impudently doe yee accuſe my Lord? Ye raile vpon him, as if hee were a moſt damnable traitor; ye reuile and curſe him, as if hee had complotted ſome horrible treaſon, or inuented ſome notable miſchiefe, when as his hands were neuer ſtained with any euill action, nor his heart tainted with any wicked cogitation; his words were nothing but verity and truth, and there was no guile to be found in his mouth: who alone is good, the Author of goodneſſe, and the Fountaine of euerlaſting happineſſe.

Tell mee, ye deceitfull and ſpitefull accuſers, what euill hath he done? what wicked deed hath he committed? Enquire of them whom hee deliuered from the vncleane ſpirits wherewith they were miſerably tormented? Aske the blinde whom hee had made to ſee? Demand of the deafe whom hee made to heare? Aske the Leapers whom he clenſed, and the dead perſons whom hee reuiued? let them anſwere your falſe accuſations, and ouerthrow the forged teſtimonies of your criminall obiections? Are ye ſo wilfull that ye will not acknowledge his mercie? are ye ſo blinde that ye cannot ſee his miracles? If an vngodly man can performe ſuch mercifull deedes, then you may iuſtly accuſe him as a wicked doer, and condemne him as a dangerous malefactor. Thou ſeeſt my ſoule, what cauſe thou haſt to water thy cheekes with continuall teares, and to ouerwhelme thy heart in deepe ſtreames of wofull ſorrow, when thou doſt thinke vpon the afflictions of thy bleſſed Sauiour, and meditate on the curſed torments executed by the cruell Iewes againſt thy innocent Ieſus.

Was there euer any Traytor ſo execrable to men for his bloody deedes? or any vile wretch ſo odious for his vicious life, which ſuſtained ſo many opprobrious words, ſcornefull deriſions, bitter taunts, and grieuous torments, as the furious Iewes inflicted vpon my mercifull Ieſus?

Oh my bleſſed Sauiour and louing Redeemer, what did moue thee to ſuſtaine ſuch a heauie burthen of afflictions? what was the cauſe that thou didſt ſubmit thy ſelfe to ſo many miſeries? I know my moſt gracious Lord, it did flow from the fountaine of thy vnmeaſurable loue, in tendring the wofull eſtate of me a moſt wretched ſinner: and becauſe thou wert moued with the bowels of compaſſion towards me, a moſt forlorne and miſerable creature:

Thy exceeding loue was the cauſe of thy admirable humility; and thy vnſpeakeable mercy, the ſoueraigne medicine to cure my miſery: Therefore grant mee, my humble and lowly Ieſus, which am thy poore and moſt vnworthy ſeruant, that I may ſuffer any contempt with humility for thy cauſe, and endure any vile reproach with alacritie for thy ſake, eſteeming it my chiefeſt honour to bee ſcorned for thy loue, and accounting my ſelfe moſt happy, when I ſuffer any perſecution for thy holy name.

Poſſeſſe my heart with true humility, that my thoughts may not thirſt after vaine glory, nor mine affections hunt after worldly honour. For I know (oh Lord) that thou doeſt reſiſt the proud, and that thou giueſt grace to the humble: *Iames* 4.6. *Pro.* 15.25. and I know (oh Lord) that hee which deſireth to aſcend to the place of euerlaſting glorie, muſt aſcend vnto it by the ſteppes of humility; Therefore thou (which art onely able) teach mee that I may be truely humbled, ſo that my minde may not ſwell with pride in time of my proſperity, nor any ambitious thoughts find any harbour in my heart in the time of my peaceable tranquillity, that I may ſing with the ſweete Singer *Dauid*, *It is good for me* *that thou haſt humbled me.* And that I may more eaſily learne to leuell my thoughts by the rule of humility, inflame my heart with thy loue, for if my heart be incenſed and kindled with thy loue, my deſires will be ready to performe thy will, and I ſhall be chearfull to walke in thy wayes, which doeſt teach mee to be lowly in minde, and humble in heart.

A Meditation how *Pilate* cauſed Ieſus to be ſcourged, and how afterward he pronounced ſentence of death againſt him.

MED. XII.

Though Pilates *mouth did Ieſus iuſtifie,* Luk. 23. 4, 14.
And Pilates *wife the like did teſtifie,* Math. 27. 19.
Yet ſcourg'd he is: therewith not pleas'd, they crie: Mat. 15. 15.
His bloud on vs and ours, him crucifie. Mat. 27. 25.

WHen PILATE had ſtrictly examined my innocent Ieſus, and could finde no cauſe why the cruell Iewes ſhould ſo grieuouſly accuſe him, but knew that they had deliuered him for enuie, and did ſpite him for malice: he was willing to haue ſet Ieſus at liberty, but the furious

Iewes did ſo greedily thirſt after his innocent blood, and ſo eagerly deſired to haue him put to a ſhamefull death, that they cried out in a rage, and exclaimed in their fury: Set *Barrabas* at liberty, & crucifie Ieſus.

But when *Pilate* perceiued that nothing could calme the ſtorme of their rage, and repreſſe the violence of their madneſſe, but effuſion of his innocent blood, then he commanded that my harmeleſſe Ieſus ſhould be cruelly ſcourged, thinking that the ſtreams of bloud running downe from his ſacred body, would haue allaid the heat of their malice, and quenched the flame of their fury. But alas, it was his life that they onely ſought: nothing but his innocent death could ſatisfie their bloody mindes: yea, nothing but cruell death could tame their brutiſh rage, *Math.* 26.

But ſtay here, my ſoule, that thou maieſt reuiew againe thy innocent Ieſus, accuſed vniuſtly, reuiled maliciouſly, ſpitefully ſcorned, and cruelly ſcourged by the commandement of *Pilate*: they crowned his head ſcornefully with pricking Thornes, and did teare his tender fleſh with their cruell whips. Oh my moſt louing Lord! oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus! mollifie my hard heart, that it may be wholy diſſolued into ſtreames of ſorrow, with the memory of thy bitter ſcourging, & that my ſoule may be moued, ſo that it may ſend forth deepe groanes at the meditation of thine affliction. Grant me, oh my moſt mercifull LORD, that my thoughts and affections may be ſo ſeriouſly affected with the remembrance of thy tedious Paſſion, that my ſenſes may be made partakers of thy grieuous paines, for I my ſelfe, moſt louing Lord, am nothing able to performe that indeed, which I doe deſire, and conceiue in my minde.

I doe oftentimes purpoſe with my ſelfe to meditate on thy Paſſion, and to thinke ſeriouſly vpon thine affliction, and to ruminate in my ſecret thoughts, what *ignominious* cruelty was acted againſt thee, whē thou didſt finiſh the worke of my redemption: But (alas) my ſenſes are repleniſhed with ſuch ſtupidity and dulneſſe, that I am not tonched with any ſenſible compaſſion, becauſe my vnderſtanding is diſtempred with vaine and fond cogitations, and my heart is become ſo hard, that it is vnapt to conceiue any tender affection, while I meditate vpon the grieuous paines, and muſe on the great afflictions which thou didſt ſuſtaine, and patiently endure to ſatisfie the wrath of thy Father, due vnto mee for my ſinnes. I cannot taſte the ſweetneſſe, I cannot reliſh the goodneſſe of thy paſſion, becauſe the matter is tedious to my corrupted thoughts, and vnpleaſant to my carnall deſires. For ſo vnconſtant and inſtable is my heart, ſo mutable and variable are the motions of my minde, that they are both ſoone diſtracted, alienated & diuorced from that heauenly meditation by ſwarmes of idle fantaſies, and fooliſh cogitations. But from whence, oh Lord, doe theſe noyſome weeds grow vp in my heart? How is it that they finde ſuch a fertile ſoile in my minde? truely, becauſe my heart is not planted with thy loue, nor my minde furniſhed with thy graces. For

I can neuer haue my fill of thoſe things wherein I take too much delight: my minde cannot be drawne from their ſocietie, becauſe they haue wonne my fauour, and haue gotten my loue. Wherefore, oh my moſt mercifull Ieſus, becauſe I loue thee ſo little, & dote vpon worldly vanities ſo much, my heart ſlideth away from thee, and mine affections are diuerted from thee; and I know, oh Lord, how prone and ready I am to conſent to euery wicked motion, and how impotent and feeble I am, to goe about any good action.

Therefore I pray thee, not to correct me in thy wrath, nor to proceed againſt mee with ſeuerity of thy Iuſtice, but to haue pittie on me a moſt miſerable ſinner, and to confirme my vnconſtant heart with a ſtedfaſt delight in thy loue, and to eſtabliſh my wandring minde, according to the multitude of thy mercies: ſo that no pleaſure, be it neuer ſo ſweet, may be able to allure me to leaue thy bleſſed loue: nor any tribulation, be it neuer ſo bitter, conſtraine me to forſake thy happie ſeruice: driue all idle cares out of my minde, and purge all corrupt thoughts out of my heart, and draw me wholy vnto thee, that I may remember with a deuout compaſſion, and call to minde with a ſerious meditation, how many, what great and grieuous torments, what ſcornefull deriſions thou didſt ſuffer in thy moſt precious bodie, by the commandement of *Pontius Pilate*, who contrary to the equitie of thy cauſe, and teſtimony of his owne conſcience, *Ioh.* 19. 4. commanded thee to be ſcourged without all pittie, when as he himſelfe with his owne words had iuſtified thy innocency!

Oh what a flood of teares ſhould ſtreame from mine eies, what *groanes* and ſorrowfull *ſighes* ſhould ariſe from the depth of my heart? How ſhould all my ſenſes be ouer-whelmed with a ſea of ſorrow, when I meditate on the *flintie* hearts and cruell hands of thoſe tormentors, who ſcourged my louing Redeemer?

My heart cannot conceiue the *outrage* of their *tyranny:* my tongue is too weake to expreſſe their barbarous inhumanity: Who were as eager to lay *violent hands* vpon my poore Ieſus, as *rauenous Wolues* are greedy to *deuoure* a tender Lambe, or *hungry* Lyons to *ſeaze* vpon their prey.

They make haſte to vnbinde

his armes, and to vntie his hands, but it was not done to releaſe him of his cruell bands, or to affoord him any little eaſe: but that they might ſtrip him of his garments, to ſcourge his naked body with their tormenting whips, and to make his veines ſpout out bloud with their cruell ſtripes.

Ah *ruthfull* ſpectacle to *pitifull* eies, and able to haue made a *deepe* impreſſion of *tender* compaſſion in their hearts; if they had not beene more hard then Marble! What *ſauage thoughts* ranged in their murdering mindes? What *monſtrous indignitie* was done vnto my louing Redeemer, to be ſtripped of his garments, and to ſtand naked before ſuch vile and baſe vaſſals, who cloathed the Heauens with exceeding glorie, and *adorned* the earth with admirable beautie?

Now, when they had ſtripped him of his cloathes, they bound him to a piller, to endure their cruell ſtripes, hauing baniſhed pittie from their hearts, and imbraced cruelty with their hands: ſometime they laſh him on the backe, ſometime they ſcourge him on the breſt: Now they let their ſmarting whips flie on his ſhoulders, anon they ſtrike him on his armes: they ſuffer no part of his body to bee free from blowes, and they grieue his righteous ſoule with bitter words, whileſt yet they are executing their cruell deeds.

But what Tygers heart harboured in their breſt (oh my innocent Sauiour) which robbed them of grace, and they diſrobed thee of thy cloathes? What helliſh furie armed their hands which bound thee to a piller, and ſcourged thy bleſſed body? how exceeding execrable is their ſauage crueltie? How rare and admirable is thy ſilent patience? It was I, it was I, oh my moſt ſweet Ieſu, which deſerued to bee ſcourged with the whips of euerlaſting torments.

And thou, my moſt mercifull Sauiour, looking vpon my miſerable, wofull and diſtreſſed eſtate, with thine eye of pittie, wert willing to be ſcourged for me a moſt wretched ſinner, and being innocent, to ſuffer for mine offences, that the ſtreames of thy precious bloud, might waſh away the filthy ſtaines of my hainous ſinnes: Alas, how is the wonderfull glorie, oh my moſt ſweet Lord, of thy *ſuperexcellent beauty*, decayed? how is the gracefull *decency* of thy *amiable feature* diminiſhed?

minished? And how much is the *delighted comlineſſe* of thy moſt ſacred body diſgraced? Oh let mine eies ſend forth a ſea of teares, and let my perplexed heart breake into pieces with exceeding ſorrow, to ſee my beloued Sauiour ſtained with his owne blood, and Leopard-like beſpotted with deformitie, who did farre excell all the ſonnes of men with his glorious beautie.

Now thou ſeeſt, oh my ſoule, how the ſnow-white skin of the body of thy Sauiour, is changed into a *bloody tincture*: Thou maiſt ſee, and ſigh when thou ſeeſt, how his tender fleſh is made blacke and blue with the cruell blowes which cruell tormenters inflicted vpon him, whoſe *ſtony hearts* had no ſenſe of his *grieuous paines*, when they ſaw with their eies (and yet alas they would not pittie his wofull caſe) how the blood ran out of his veines, as water floweth out of a fountaine.

Mourne and lament, oh my ſoule, ſend forth *deepe groanes* and *ſorrowfull ſighes* at ſo pittifull a ſight. For now thou canſt not ſay, *My beloued is white and ruddy, Cant.* 1.14. as ſometimes thou mighteſt: But rather ſay, *My beloued is blacke and blue*, his precious bloud guſhing out of his veines, and his tender fleſh mangled with grieuous wounds.

Who is ſo *cruelly minded*, and ſo *ſtony-hearted*, which cannot be moued to ſhead plentifull teares, when he vieweth my ſweet Sauiour Ieſus *ſo ſauagely abuſed* without any pittie, and *ſo ſpitefully ſhamed*, and maliciouſly tormented without any mercie?

Now when thoſe curſed

Tormentors had almoſt *tired* their hands, but yet not *tamed* the *cruelty* of their hearts, they cloath him with a veſture of purple colour, ſet a crowne of ſharpe thornes on his head, and put a Reed for a Scepter into his hands, calling him King in deriſion with their blaſphemous mouthes, whom they accounted more baſe then the meaneſt abiect in all the world, *Mat.* 27. 2. Is it poſſible for thee, my ſorrowfull ſoule, to keepe backe the tide of thy ſtreaming teares, when thou doſt meditate in thy perplexed minde, and as it were, view within thy *ſecret thoughts*, how cruelly thy harmeleſſe Sauiour was tortured by those bloody tormentors, how ſpitefully he was *abuſed*, and ſhamefully mocked by thoſe blaſphemous wretches?

There was no man, oh my

ſweet Ieſu, that did afford thee ſo much as a ſigne of pittie in thy greateſt paines: thou mighteſt not haue a Chirurgion to ſtanch thy bleeding wounds; no man ſought to eaſe thy ſmart, nor to bathe thy ſcourged body: no man offred thee a cup of water to refreſh thy fainting ſpirits.

Oh let ſhowres of teares trickle downe my cheekes, & let a ſea of ſorrow ouer-flow my heart, when I enter into a ſerious meditation of the grieuous paines, deriſions, and afflictions, which my innocent Redeemer patiently endured. Oh thē let mine eies ſend forth a flood of teares, becauſe my mercifull and louing Ieſus ſuffered all thoſe *intolerable extremities* for mee, a moſt wretched ſinner, that he might pay the price of my *redemption*, & deliuer my ſoule from *euerlaſting* captiuity!

Oh how ſhould I, my bountifull Ieſu, ſound the bottomleſſe profundity of thy vnſpeakeable mercy?

And how can I ſearch the endleſſe depth of mine owne wretched miſery?

Touch my heart, oh Lord, by the vertue of thy holy ſpirit, and teach me by the ſacred documents of thine vnſearchable wiſdome, ſo that the affections of my heart may be faithfully affianced, and for euer affixed vnto thy immeaſurable loue, and my minde euermore imployed in the diuine meditation of thy holy law.

Inſtruct mee to lay vp in the ſtore-houſe of my *perpetuall* memorie, how many, how great and grieuous paines thou haſt endured for me. What ſhould I render vnto thee in *requitall* of thine *vnmeaſurable* loue? How ſhould

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I be able to demeane my ſelfe thankefully vnto thee, when of my ſelfe I am ſo vile a creature, that I cannot thinke dutifully of thee? Wherefore open mine eies (oh my ſweet Ieſu) that I may ſee the ineſtimable riches of thy *bounties*.

Infuſe thy working grace into my vnderſtanding, that I may know and acknowledge the greatneſſe of thy loue, and goodneſſe of thy gracious benefits. Grant mee ſuch a portion of thy grace, that in the *higheſt degree* of my *proſperitie*, I may meditate on thy pouertie, ſo that my minde may be brideled from *ambitious* thoughts, and my actions neuer tranſgreſſe the bounds of moderate humility.

And when I decke my body with coſtly attire, let me thinke of thy nakedneſſe, that it may aſſwage my ſwelling Pride, and induce me to abate ſomewhat of my *ſuperfluitie*, to cloath and relieue my poore brethren in their naked neceſſity.

And when my Table is furniſhed with delicate meates, and my cup filled with delicious wine, then, oh my louing Sauiour, let me remember thy hunger. Oh let me not forget thy thirſt, that I may be ſober in my diet, and temperate in my drinke, and remember to refreſh poore hungry *Lazarus*, when he lieth crying and crauing at my gate.

When I enioy my libertie, let me thinke of thine impriſonment, that I may not let mine affections runne ryot, but tame their wilde motions, before they breake forth into deſperate actions. Let not worldly pleaſure haue ſuch ſoueraigne dominion ouer my peaceable thoughts, but that I may alwaies haue ſome taſte of the paines which thou didſt ſuffer for my ſinnes with patience, and ſuſtaine for my tranſgreſsions with ſilence.

Laſtly, let me neuer deſpaire of thy potent mercy, though by my owne merit I finde I haue deſerued nothing elſe but hell and damnation. Now that this bleſſed worke of thine excellent goodneſſe (oh my gracious Lord) may be effected in mee, make a deepe impreſsion of thy loue in my bowels, and ingraue the true character of thy kindneſſe on my heart, ſo that nothing may pleaſe my taſte, nothing breed my delight, nothing affect my deſires, but onely thou my King and God, my Sauiour and my Redeemer. Kindle the fire of thy loue within my bones, that my ardent zeale may neuer be quenched towards my beloued Lord Ieſus, who did willingly abide the curſe, and die on the croſſe to pay my debt, and to deliuer my ſoule out of the priſon of eternall death.

But ſtay not here, my ſoule, turne thine eies toward thine afflicted Ieſus, view him harmeleſſe and innocent, and ſee in what ſcornefull habit iniurious *Pilate* doth preſent him to the bloudy-minded Iewes: his body is arraied in a robe of purple: his cheekes bedewed with bloud, running out of the veines of his head, wounded with a Crowne of ſharpe thornes: A ruthful ſpectacle, which might haue made their ſtonie-hearts haue melted with compaſſionate pittie.

But (alas) what can mollifie

thoſe hearts which are full fraughted with cruelty? think, oh my ſoule, thou doeſt heare *Pilate* that vniuſt and wrongfull Iudge, vttering theſe or the like words vnto muttering Iewes.

Behold, I bring him forth vnto you, that yee may know I can finde no cauſe to pronounce iudgement againſt him, but becauſe yee pretend ſome matter: Behold how I haue puniſhed the man, to calme the paſsions of your enraged mindes.

Looke vpon him with your eies, ſee how miſerable, woful, baſe, and contemptible he appeareth in your ſight! You need not ſtand in feare that he will ſeeke to rule ouer you as a King: you may ſee his power is too weake to compaſſe a kingdome: you may ſee how bitterly hee hath beene ſcourged, ſcoffed at by the people, ſcorned of the multitude, rudely haled, and roughly handled by the Souldiers: you need not dread him as a man dangerous to the State: though he had a minde, yet he hath no might to raiſe vp any tempeſt of *ſedition*: Wherefore, yee may now ſet him at libertie, after hee hath beene ſcourged, without any feare of perill, and let him goe without any dread of danger.

But conſider here, my ſoule, that although vniuſt *Pilate*, contrarie to equitie of law, teſtimony of his owne conſcience, and ſentence of his owne mouth, had extremely puniſhed my louing Sauiour, and had authoriſed his baſeſt officers to vſe him at their pleaſure, and to abuſe him in their ieſting humour: And although their taunts were *bitter* without meane, their deriſions intolerable without any ſparke of modeſtie, and their torments exceſſiue without meaſure; yet none of them, nor all of them could once delay the furie of the haſty executioner, nor allay the heat and fierie hatred of the enuious cruell Iewes, kindled in their burning breſts without cauſe againſt my innocent Ieſus: but although they ſaw him ſo deformed, ſo ignominiouſly diſgraced, and grieuouſly afflicted, yet it could not ſatiate, no, it could not ſo much as ſlake the thirſt of their bloody mindes: they were ſo farre tranſported beyond the limits of reaſon in their cholerick moode, and fretting without meaſure, to ſee his life prolonged the ſpace of a moment, that they exclaimed in their madneſſe, *Crucifie him, crucifie him*: his verie breath is odious vnto vs, *If thou let him goe, thou art not Ceſars friend,* Ioh. 19. 12. Oh ye peruerſe and peeuiſh nation! Oh yee wicked and viperous generation! was it not enough to haue ſtopped your clamorous mouthes, to haue mollified your flintie hearts!, and to haue ſtayed your bloudie hands, when ye ſaw my meeke and kinde Sauiour ſo cruelly ſcourged, curriſhly ſcorned, and pittifully tormented, as though he had beene a man dangerous to your State, and a pernitious foe to your countrie?

But although all thoſe inſupportable iniuries, and opprobrious indignities were contrarie to all pietie, and without any pittie inflicted vpon him, when as by the teſtimonie of *Pilate*, a ſterne and ſeuere Iudge, he was pronounced to bee innocent and cleare from all offences, *Ioh.* 19.6. yet ye ſuppoſed that all thoſe torments were too little, and nothing too much, which was vniuſtly done to that innocent Lambe, who opened not his mouth once to murmure or mutter againſt his cruell perſecutors.

Here haſt thou cauſe (oh my ſoule) to admire the *vnſpeakeable mildeneſſe* of my Ieſus, and to ſtand amazed at the *implacable crueltie* of the Iewes. When *Pilate* perceiued that his words could not *preuaile* to ſlake the flame of their enuious mindes, but rather added more *fuell* to their boyling furie, and that delay of his death did ſo *mad*, and vexe their *confuſed* thoughts, that they would not be quieted before they had ſhed his innocent blood: then he willing to ſatisfie their franticke humor, and to ſhew himſelfe a friend vnto *Cæſar*, preſumed againſt their *contradiction*, and care of his owne conſcience, to pronounce ſentence of death; yea of a moſt vile and ſhamefull death againſt the innocent Lambe, my louing Lord Ieſus.

Neuertheleſſe hee would make a faire ſhew to the world, that he did *acquit* him in his heart, although hee *condemned* him with his mouth: *And taking water, hee waſhed his hands before the people, ſaying: I am innocent from the blood of this iuſt man, looke ye vnto it*, Mat. 27. 24. Then all the people cryed ont aloud with open mouthes and bloody mindes, *His blood be vpon vs and our children*, Mat. 27. 25.

And indeede at laſt they found the wofull effect of their bloudie wiſh, they felt the ſmart of their *bloody* deſire, though then in the heat of their furie they *dreaded* no danger, nor *dreamed* on the day of their ſorrow, wherein their Cittie was filled with ſlaughtered bodies, and the channels of their ſtreets ſtreamed with bloud. Although my tender-hearted Sauiour had fore-told them of their wofull deſolation, and with *weeping* teares fore-warned them of their *dolefull* deſtruction: but they ſtopped their eares, and would not heare his voice, flattering themſelues in their deceitfull ſecurity, and laughed at his words in the *faire dayes* of their proſperity.

But here ceaſe a while, my ſorrowfull ſoule, to meditate on the *malicious madneſſe* of the bloud-thirſtie Iewes, whoſe clamorous voyces could not be pacified before the corrupted Iudge (curſed *Pilate*) had condemned my deare and innocent Ieſus: and conſider the hainous and hatefull condition of *Pilates* ſinne, and view the wofull horrour of his wretched ſoule, who for feare of *Cæſar*, and fauour of the people, did, contrary to the knowledge of his conſcience, and cuſtome of law, pronounce ſentence of death againſt my poore Ieſus, who neuer meant hurt, nor thought any euill.

Tell me (thou wicked Iudge) how couldeſt thou pretend any ſhaddow to couer thy ſinne? Where couldſt thou thinke to finde a place of refuge for thy guiltie ſoule?

Didſt thou more dread the diſpleaſure of the people, then the *horror* of a guiltie conſcience? didſt thou ſtand in more awe of mortall men, then of the *Eternall* God? didſt thou more regard to proteſt thy ſelfe a friend vnto *Caeſar*, (who although he were a great King, was but a feeble creature) than thou hadſt care to diſcharge thine office to God, thine omnipotent Creator?

Tell me, did not thy heart ake, and all thy body tremble, ſo ſoone as *wrongfull iudgement* had paſſed out of thy lippes againſt my innocent Sauiour? Wert thou not tormented with the ſting of thy wounded conſcience? Or wert thou depriued of all thy ſenſes, ſo ſoone as thou hadſt vttered that wrongfull ſentence? Thou didſt know that the Iewes had deliuered him of enuie: *Math.* 27. 28. and wouldſt thou be an inſtrument to ſatisfie their wicked malice? Thou wert ordained a Iudge, to execute Iuſtice, and to giue righteous iudgement, therefore how horrible was thy ſinne? How woful was the ſtate of thy guiltie ſoule, when thou hadſt condemned my innocent Ieſus?

Bitter and ſweet water doth not flow out of the ſelfe-ſame fountaine: yet thou (with the ſelfe-ſame mouth) didſt iuſtifie my Sauiour, as an innocent perſon, and by and by (with the ſelfe-ſame mouth) condemne him, as an hainous malefactor?

How odious ſhould the crying voices of murthering Iewes haue beene to thy eares? How ſhouldſt thou haue hated their bloudy hearts, deteſted their vnlawfull requeſts, and loathed their malicions deſires, when they cried out vnto thee in their furie, and exclaimed in their madnes: *Let Barrabas goe free, let Barrabas goe free: Crucifie, crucifie Ieſus?* Math. 27. 21.

Thou knewſt well enough,

that wicked *Barrabas* had made an inſurrection, diſturbed the peace, and committed murther, and that thou couldſt finde no fault, nor ferret out any offence in the life of my bleſſed Sauiour, but that the ſpitefull Iewes had accuſed him for enuie, and ſought his death, to ſatisfie their malice: for indeede his whole life was a Mirrour of excellent vertues, his hands were cleane from euill actions, his heart was pure from ſinfull cogitations: Say thine eyes were ſo blinded, that thou could'ſt not ſee the *bright beames* of his Diuinity; yet thou didſt ſee, and thy mouth did teſtifie, that thou didſt ſee *the apparant Vertues* of his innocent humanity.

What did moue thee to pronounce falſe iudgement, to ſhead his innocent blood? Wert thou ſo fond to purchaſe fauour of the high Prieſts? Didſt thou ſo dote after the loue of the people, whoſe mindes are more mutable then the winde, altering their affections euery moment, that contrarie to the ſenſe of Law, teſtification of thy conſcience, and approbation of thy owne words, thou wert ſeduced to condemne ſuch an innocent perſon?

Thy wife did admoniſh thee that thou ſhouldſt haue nothing to doe with that *Righteous man*, who ſuffered many things becauſe of him in her ſleepe, and therefore fore-warned thee by her fearefull dreame, *Math*. 27. 19.

But neither the *Caueat* of thy wife, nor the chaſtiſment of thy owne conſcience, could ſtay thy falſe iudgement, but at laſt the enuious Iewes had what they would at thy hands, and thou didſt giue them thy conſent, to execute the extreme *malice* of their wicked hearts.

What hadſt thou gotten, if thou hadſt gained the whole world, with loſſe of thy ſoule? Wofull is the purchaſe which is bought at ſo deare a rate.

Before thou wouldſt vouchſafe to giue Judgement againſt my harmeleſſe Redeemer, thou didſt make a ſolemne proteſtation before the multitude, that thou wouldſt not be guiltie with them in the *ſhedding* of his *innocent* bloud, thinking by waſhing thy hands with a little water, to take away the deepe ſtaines of thy *conſcience*. Oh how may all the world wonder at thy *madneſſe*? How may all poſterities condemne thee of follie? Well might a little water cleare the *ſpots* of thy *hands*, but all the water in the *Ocean* could not waſh away the *blots* of thy ſoule: Such pretty ſlights may paſſe without contradiction amongſt men, but alas, they cannot blinde the all-piercing eies of the Eternall Iudge, who knoweth the ſecrets of euery mans heart, ſearcheth the reines, and vnderſtandeth all our thoughts: It was horrible *crueltie*, yea, it was a curſed deed, voyd of all common humanity, to command my Lord Ieſus to be *ſtripped* out of his cloathes, and to haue his naked body *wounded* with ſtripes, when thou ſaweſt he could not be conuicted of any wicked act; nor iuſtly reproued for any euill word: and to licenſe thy lewd Officers to *gibe* at him, at their wils, and to ieaſt at him like a foole at their pleaſure, and by *aggrauating* his miſeries, to make themſelues merrie: yet ſo popular was thy minde, and thine affections ſo *glewed* to the humor of the people, that when thou ſaweſt that thoſe ſtreames of his precious bloud, could not extinguiſh the flame of their furie, thou didſt *doome* him to a moſt ſcandalous and *ignominious* death, who was honourable aboue all the ſonnes of men for his righteous life, and declared to be faultleſſe, by thy *voluntary* confeſſion, after thy ſtrict examination.

Oh happie are the eies of thoſe that ſit on the ſeat of *iudgement*, which can ſee the *deformity* of thy ſinne, that their hearts may be repleniſhed with *integrity*, and their hands with innocencie, not *ſtained* with the ſpottes of *Innocent* bloud!

Curbe thou, oh Lord, the furious paſſions of my minde, and *quench* the flame of *bloudy* wrath, when it beginneth to be *kindled* in my breſt, that my heart may not imagine to ſlay the innocent, nor my hands be *defiled* with their bloud: Keepe me, that I walke not in the councell of the wicked, when they lay *ſnares* and digge pits for the deſtruction of any of thy deare children. I know, oh Lord, that I am readie euery moment to wander aſtray, vnleſſe thou direct my feete by thy holy Spirit, and guide me in thy path, by the light of thy Word.

I confeſſe, my heart is tainted with *originall* vices, and my hands are ſtained with *actuall* offences: all my parts are defiled, yea my whole body is nothing elſe but a veſſell full of corrupted liquor.

I am *prone* to commit all euill with greedineſſe; But alas, I finde in my ſelfe not ſo much as a motion to doe any goodneſſe.

I am forward to perſecute thee, with the cruell Iewes, and to giue my conſent to ſhead thy innocent bloud, with *curſed Pilate*: yea, I daily crucifie thee by my ſinnes, and *pierce* thy bleſſed ſide, with mine iniquity: I cauſed thee to be *uniuſtly* accuſed, and wrongfully condemned: Haue not my curſed words, and bloudy oathes beene like *ſharpe* ſpeares to wound thy heart, and my *cruell* deedes, like nailes to faſten thee to the Croſſe? Wherefore wound thou my heart, that I may not lie ſtill *ſnorting* in the bed of careleſſe *ſecurity*, and continue *ſenſeleſſe* in the *lethargie* of ſinne.

Purge the droſſe of my vicious heart, with the fire of thy holy ſpirit, and purifie my corrupted cogitations, by the bright beames of thy grace.

Oh let this holy fire bee ſtill burning in my breſt, that it may conſume the corruption of mine infectious ſinne, that cleaueth ſo faſt vnto my *bowels!* Bow downe thine eare (oh my mercifull Sauiour) vnto my humble petition, and giue a gracious anſwere to my earneſt ſupplication; then I ſhall bee emboldened to come before thy Maieſtie, and to approach neere vnto thy ſeate of mercy. Oh let my morning & euening Sacrafice of thankeſgiuing (my louing LORD, and bountifull Ieſu) ſend vp a ſweet ſauour into thy noſthrils, which didſt ſuffer thy ſelfe to be ſcorned, ſcourged, & condemned by the ſentence of wicked *Pilate*, onely for my ſake, & my ſinnes, to ſet my *captiue* ſoule at libertie, & with the effuſion of thy moſt precious bloud, to pay ſo deare a price, for the purchaſe of my *Redemption.*

Grant that the remembrance of ſuch a worthy, and more then wonderfull benefit, may euermore be freſh in my memorie, and laid vp as a moſt precious Iewell, in the ſafeſt cloſet of my thankfull minde. And at the day of thy laſt Iudgement, and generall Aſſiſes, when thou ſhalt come to iudge the quicke and the dead, enter not into Iudgement with thy ſeruant, nor remember mine iniquities, but iudge me with thine elected, according to thy mercie, that I may poſſeſſe the kingdome with thẽ, which thou haſt prepared for them from the beginning of the world. Oh let my Prayer come before thy preſence, let the zeale of my heart, and *lifting vp* of my hands towards thy *Throne* of mercie, mooue thee to grant the requeſt of my humble petition. *Amen.*

A Meditation how the Lord Ieſus carrying his Croſſe on his ſhoulders, is led to Mount *Caluarie* to be crucified, and of thoſe things which happened by the way.

Med. XIII.

John 19. 17. Math. 27.32. Luk. 23.26. Mark. 15.21.

Our bleſſed Sauiour (Chriſt the perfect gaine)
Doth beare the croſſe whereon himſelfe muſt die:
Simon of Cyrene ſometimes they conſtraine
To doe it. So ſaith the Truth that cannot lie.

H*E which will come after me, let him denie himſelfe, take vp his Croſſe, and follow me,* Math. 16.24. Runne & make haſte, oh my ſoule, at the voice of our moſt ſweet Redeemer, who bearing his Croſſe on his owne ſhoulders, *Ioh.* 19.16,17. doth inuite thee to carrie thy *Croſſe,*

Croſſe, if thou deſire to follow his ſteps. Oh how *ſweet*, how *delectable*, how *delightfull* is it to carrie the *Croſſe* after my Ieſus! His *happineſſe* cannot be *vttered*, his *bleſſedneſſe* cānot be *imagined*, which doth follow thee, my Lord Ieſu, in thy *bleſſed pathes*: he walketh not in *darkneſſe*, he commeth not neere the *ſhadow of death*, but ſhall haue the *light of life*.

Come therefore, oh my ſoule, let vs follow our Ieſus, bearing his *Croſſe* on his owne ſhoulders: let vs leaue all, and follow him with *alacrity*, let nothing ſtop our paſſage, let not any thing hinder vs in our courſe. Looke vpon thy Lord, thy Creator, thy Redeemer.

Conſider his *tedious labour*, his grieuous afflictions, *his intolerable torments*, all of them without any meane, none of them hauing any moderation:

let thy whole minde be pondering on them, let them be the continuall matter of thy daily meditation.

Let thy heart be *wounded* with the *ſword of ſorrow*, and let thine eies be drowned with a flood of teares: let thy heauie *groanes* and ſorrowfull ſighes beginne in the morning, and let them not ceaſe in the euening: Oh let the feruencie of thy *lamentation*, demonſtrate the burning zeale of thy compaſſion, which thou doeſt beare to mine afflicted Ieſus.

Mourne with hearty contrition of heart for thine iniquities, and weepe with hearty ſincerity for thy ſinnes, which cauſed thy Chriſt to carrie ſo heauie a Croſſe.

Here is plentifull matter for thy meditation: heere want no *motiues* to ſtirre vp in thee a feeling *compaſſion*, for thou ſeeſt how hee is *ſcorned* and deſpiſed, how cruelly, how curriſhly hee is abuſed by the perfidious Iewes.

Who is ſo obdurate in heart, oh my moſt patient Ieſus? Who hath his *affections* ſo barren of *compaſſion*, that hee hath no ſenſe of ſorrow, when he entreth into a *ſerious contemplation* of the multitude of thine *afflictions*, and meditates on the bitterneſſe of the *paſſions* which thou didſt ſuffer, to pay the ranſome of our ſinfull ſoules, and to deliuer them out of the bands of *eternall captiuity*?

For all the night thou wert wearied with the out-cries of contumelious tongues, and tired with the *violence* of cruell hands, hurried and haled from the Garden, where thou wert with thy louing Diſciples: and although thou wert willing to goe of thy ſelfe, yet the churliſh crue of hard-hearted Souldiers were ſo froward, that their ſturdie hands were alwaies readie to tugge and pull thee forward, to vexe thy feeble body, and to grieue thy righteous ſoule. For it was their ſolace to procure thy ſorrow, it was their pleaſure to augment thy paine, and they thought euery moment a moneth before they did preſent thee to *Annas*, where thou wert *rebuked* with taunting checkes, and buffeted with vngẽtle blowes on thy tender cheekes, and after that thou hadſt with exceeding *patience*, endured the bitter tempeſt of their furie, they brought thee from thence to the houſe of *Caiphas*, there to abide another ſtorme of their *malicious cruelty*. Sometime they raile vpon thee with their curſed tongues, ſometime they thumpe thee with their cruell hands, their ſpeeches were full of odious ſpite, their words were infected with malicious venome, which they *belched* againſt thee, my louing Sauiour: their deedes were nothing elſe but deadly cruelty, their words ſauoured of nothing but *barbarous inhumanity*, they ſcoffed and derided thee with *bitter ieſts*, they defiled thy comely face with their filthie *ſpettle*. Then without any pittie (alas how ſhould they ſhew any pitty, whoſe hearts were hardned with bloud-thirſtie cruelty?) they bring thee in haſte to the Court of King *Herod*, where thou wert flouted at, reputed as a ſottiſh foole, ſcorned, contemned, and derided like a ſimple Idiot: their mirth was Bedlam-madneſſe: their ieſts were full of gall and bitterneſſe.

Now when they had acted their *outragious villanies* againſt thee, and executed their diuelliſh deuices vpon thee, my innocent Ieſus, yet all of them were too little to calme the tempeſt of their hatefull furie, but then this curſed crue doth hurrie thee from the vngracious *Court* of *proud Herod*, to the graceleſſe houſe of *Pontius Pilate*, where thou wert taunted and checked againe with cruell quips, and ſharpely ſcourged with ſmarting whips, ſtripped naked, contrarie to all humanity, and beaten with bitter blowes without any pittie: their whips were ſharpe to teare thy fleſh, their tongues were as keene as *raſors* to wound thy ſoule, they pierced thy head with a crowne of thornes, and putting a feeble reede in thy hands, flouted thee with the name of King;

and bending their knees, did worſhip thee in deriſion, offending thy ſacred eares with their curſed words, and afflicting thy wounded body with their bloudy hands, and whē thou hadſt beene ſo *ſpitefully* ſcorned, *bitterly* ſcourged, and vilely contemned, at laſt thou waſt wrongfully condemned to ſuffer a moſt ſhamefull and dolefull death.

But (oh my ſweet Ieſu) who did afford thee any comfort in thy exceeding ſorrowes? who did approach to cure thy bleeding wounds? Alas, there was no man by, which was moued with any ſorrowfull compaſſion for thy vndeſerued calamity, but euery man was forward to augment thy miſery. Now they lay a moſt huge and heauie croſſe vpon thy wounded ſhoulders, the weight of it doth make thy knees to tremble, thy legges to faile, and thy whole body to faint. And thus thou doeſt goe forward to the place of execution, guarded with a band of armed Souldiers, and hemd in on euery ſide with a *rabble* of bloudy tormentors, multitudes of the baſe and rude people doe flocke together out of euery quarter, they crowd and thruſt one another to ſee thee, but (alas) it was not to afford thee any compaſſionate pitty, but to laugh & reioyce at thy *miſery*. They proclaime out the malice of their heart againſt thee in their madneſſe, & *raile* and *reuile* thee in the heat of their *fury*: They all ſtriue like *Beares* and fierce *Lyons* to approach neere vnto thee: oh what opprobrious ſpeeches, what *hatefull* and odious rayling, what *curſed* words, what *vncharitable* deeds did my moſt humble and patient Ieſus ſuffer by thoſe wicked and deſperate people, whoſe eies were more hard then a rocke, that they could not yeeld forth one teare for pittie, and heartes more vnapt then *Adamant* to relent with any tender compaſſion, when they ſaw ſo *wofull* and *dolefull* a ſpectacle?

But for all the *venemous* ſpeeches vttered out of their rayling mouthes, and for all the brutiſh deeds done vnto thee my louing Ieſus with their cruell hands, thou didſt not once open thy mouth to contradict them in their *raging madneſſe*, or once to blame them in the *heat* and *hate* of their greateſt furie, but didſt goe forward with meekneſſe to the *dolefull* place of their *bloudy execution*, to ſuffer the painefull pangs, not for thine owne *faults*, but for mine iniquities, and that with thy precious bloud thou mightſt make a wholeſome *Bath*, to cure the ſpots, and heale the blaines of my ſinfull ſoule.

Teach me, oh my ſweet *Chriſt* and louing *Ieſus*, by thine example ſo to maſter mine affections, and to direct mine actions, that when mine enemies doe *inſult* ouer mee with ſlanderous words and ſlauiſh deedes, I may walke and tread in thy pathes with meekeneſſe of heart, and trace out thy ſteps with humility of minde, hearing their diuelliſh *curſes* with ſilence, and bearing my heauie *Croſſe* with patience, committing my *cauſe* vnto the GOD of vengeance, who heareth the cries of the ſilly *orphane*, putteth the teares of the weeping widow into his bottle, and deliuereth poore *captiues* out of priſon when they call vpon him.

But tell me, oh ye generation

of *vipers*, tell me, oh ye bloody-hearted, and bloody-handed Iewes, why were yee ſo bloodie-minded againſt my *innocent Ieſus*? What horrible conſpiracie had he plotted or practiſed againſt you, that yee were ſo eager to vndermine his life, and ſo greedie to haſten the bloodie day of his death? Is this the honour that you giue to my Sauiour? Is this the glorie you vouchſafe my *Rrdeemer*? Is this the kinde entertainement you afford to your *Prophet*, whom the day before you receiued with ſuch ioy, ſpreading your *garments* on the ground, and couering the earth with *green boughes*, when he entred into *Hieruſalem*? Oh moſt vngratefull, vnconſtant, vngracious and graceleſſe people! Is your loue ſo ſoone changed into deadly hate? Is your late courteſie conuerted into *cruelty*?

were your fauours ſo quickly turned into frownes? Is your honour altered to *ſhame*? are your *plauſible* ſpeeches changed into bitter curſes?

Doe yee to day lift him vp as high as Heauen, and to morrow throw him downe as low as Hell? Doe yee bleſſe him to day, and curſe him to morrow? Doe yee flocke after him to day (that your tongues may ſing forth his prayſes) and to morrow doe ye crowd after him to fill his eares with *reproaches*? Doe yee to day entertaine him into the Cittie (as deſirous of his life) and to morrow doe yee lead him out of the Cittie as a *malefactor, to ſuffer a ſhamefull death*? Did yee but now *like* him, and by and by doe yee *lothe* him? Is the milde complection of your *loue*, altered in a moment, into deadly hate? What was the cauſe of your *mutability?* What was the occaſion of your *inſtability?* Were the affections of your hearts ſo *mutable*, and your vnconſtant deſires ſo *moueable?*

So ſoone as you perceiued that my louing Ieſus began to bee hated of your enuious magiſtrates, and cruelly handled by their wicked miniſters, ſcorned and ſcoffed at by the *Souldiers*, taunted with proud and malicious words, beaten and buffeted with *cruell blowes*, ſcourged with whips, ſpitted vpon by the ſcumme of the people, diſdainefully contemned of the high Prieſt, and laſtly, condemned by *Pilate*: then yee began to like of their *cholericke humors*, and to play the executioners of their bloudy hate: This day ye miſuſe and abuſe him moſt *vilely*, whom but yeſterday yee honoured and exalted ſo *highly*: Now your malice towards him is without *meane*, and your cruell deeds without *moderation*. The cruell *Envy* of the high Prieſt kindled the fire, and yee caſt Oyle into it, to increaſe the flame.

Oh what extreme crueltie? what cruell extremity? What ignominious indignitie, was done vnto my *afflicted Ieſus*? Was not the edge of your malice yet rebated? Did the ſtreame of your hatred growe to bee more violent? Was there no little corner left for *pitty* to lodge in your breſts? Was there no motion of *compaſſion* within your bowels?

Tell me then, how could ye be ſo *harſh-hearted*, and hard-handed, as to lay ſo heauy and huge a croſſe vpon the ſhoulders of my poore afflicted Chriſt, whoſe bleſſed body was diſquieted for want of ſleepe, being cruelly tormented all the night, faint with loſſe of blood, and ſore with ſtore of cruell blowes?

Had Enuie ſo robbed your hearts, and diſpoiled all your ſences of common humanity, that you were now ſo poore, that yee were not able to beſtow vpon him ſo much as one *mite* of *mercy*?

What infernall Phrenſie, what *Tyrannous impiety*, what execrable *Tyranny* can be compared to this *Iewiſh cruelty*?

But alas, was there not one amongſt ſo many, which was ſo kinde-hearted, as to lend a helping hand to eaſe the weary ſhoulders of my Sauiour Chriſt, when his knees bended, and his legges trembled vnder the burthen of his heauie Croſſe? Oh let the lamentable relation of their furious *ferocity* to my Ieſus, be ſo odious vnto our eares, that it neuer finde any harbour in our hearts.

Behold, oh my ſorrowfull ſoule, the monſtrous *Atrocity* of the ſtiffe-necked Iewes, and the miraculous mildneſſe of thy lowly Ieſus! Conſider his humble *obedience*, view his obedient humility, who was euer truely obedient euen vnto death, and euer was willing to offer vp his life, as a ſure pledge of his infinite loue towards his beloued.

Behold, thou ſeeſt how mine afflicted Lord, wounded with the teeth of *Enuy*, and pierced with the *darts* of *malice*, grudgeth not at the paine, nor refuſeth the tedious labour, to carry the heauie burthen on his feeble necke, contrary to all humanity, and without any pitty, ſo *ſpitefully* impoſed vpon him.

But how ſhould my ſinnefull tongue divulgate the incomparable merit of thy admirable patience, my moſt kinde, ſweet, and humble Ieſu? How ſhould my vnworthy words vtter the worthineſſe of thy vnſpeakeable humility, which wert willing to vndergoe the burthen of ſo heauy a Croſſe, to deliuer me a moſt *wretched* ſinner from a *bitter curſe*, when the *vigor* of thy naturall *faculties* was decayed, thy humane ſtrength weakened, and thy whole body wearied, with the grieuous paines, torments and afflictions, which the wicked Iewes (not fleſhy, but flinty-hearted) without any mercy of theirs, and merit of thine, did *cruelly heape* vpon thee?

Oh let my heart be deeply wounded with *ceaſeleſſe compunction*. Let mine eyes be darkened with *continuall weeping*: Yea, let all my ſences be afflicted with *mourning*: that my *ſorrowes* may be great, becauſe my *ſinnes* are ſo *grieuous*: For they indeed were the Tyrannicall tormentors that laid ſo heauie a Croſſe on thy *tyred ſhoulders*: who out of the abundance of thy infinite loue, taking pitty on my *wretched miſerie*, didſt willingly ſubmit thy ſelfe to ſuch *ſlauiſh cruelty*, not ſparing to ſhead thy moſt precious blood, to compound of it a moſt ſoueraigne *Medicine*, to cure my deſperate *malady*.

Now what meaſure of words can be ſo great, or what *voyce ſo vehement*, as may fully expreſſe the extreme impiety of the bloudy Iewes, towards my bleſſed *Ieſus*? When ſuch helliſh fury did rule and reuell in their fiery hearts, that in the middeſt of ſo many bitter paines and *pangs* of his body, and inſupportable *anguiſh* of his ſoule, they did impoſe ſo ponderous and heauy a *Croſſe*, on his faint and feeble ſhoulders, being framed extraordinarily in reſpect of the matter, and alſo vnuſually in regard of the forme.

More gently were the two Theeues vſed, which were led along with him; who were conſtrained to endure no ſuch labor: for we may well thinke they would vſe more kindnes to thoſe wicked perſons, then to my *holy Ieſus*.

For we doe not read that they were put to the toile to beare their *Croſſes*, whoſe bodies were more able, becauſe they had nor felt one fit of the grieuous paines, nor ſuffered one iot of the great tortures, wherewith my ſorrowfull Sauiour had beene all the night before extremely vexed and cruelly tormented.

Heere thou haſt iuſt cauſe,

oh my ſoule, to cry out againſt the monſtrous inhumanity, and brutiſh cruelty of the Iewes, acted againſt thy deſpiſed Ieſus.

What imagination can ſound the botome of their ſauage *tyranny?* What tongue is able to make a perfect relation of their horrible furie? Was it not a moſt ruthfull *Spectacle*, forcible enough to haue drawn ſtreames of teares out of the dryeſt eie, and to haue incited a multitude of heauie groanes out of the *hardeſt heart*, to ſee my beloued Lord carry ſo heauie a burthen vpon his painefull ſhoulders, yet bleeding with cruell wounds, lately, without any meane, or mercie inflicted vpon them? was there euer cruelty like vnto this?

Oh my louing Lord! Oh my moſt beloued Ieſu, thou art now become a laughingſtocke to the barbarons Gentiles, and matter of deriſion to the *perfidious* Iewes.

They ſcorned, deſpiſed, flowted and derided thee, bearing thy heauy Croſſe with patience towards the place of execution, whereon thou ſhouldeſt ſuffer a moſt bloody, bitter, and ſhamefull death.

And ſo went my Lord Ieſus, with conſtant humanity towards the place where he was to ſuffer the deadly pangs of their extremeſt tyranny, whoſe knees were ſo weake, and legges ſo feeble, that they were not able to ſupport the weight of ſo heauie a burthen, which with ſuch diſdainefull indignation they had impoſed vpon him, that thereby they might ſo much the more increaſe his deriſió, and multiply his dolorous affliction. Oh ye moſt cruell tormentors, doe yee neuer ceaſe to moleſt and vexe my humbled Lord Ieſus? Could not one cruell death haue quenched the flame of your blood-thirſting malice? Oh why doe you abuſe his meeke-minded patience, by compelling him to feele ſo many deadly paſſions?

Now when thoſe malicious perſecutors ſaw that my wearied *Chriſt* was ſo ſurcharged with his heauie *Croſſe*, being ſo weightie in reſpect of the ponderous ſubſtance, and alſo ſo cumberſome, in regard of the extraordinary length, that although hee had a willing minde, yet that he had not ſufficient ſtrength to carry ſo heauie a load: then they compelled *Simon* of *Cyrene* (the father of *Alexander Rufus*) to eaſe him of his burthen, and to follow my tyred *Chriſt* with that painefull Croſſe. What, did their ſtonie hearts now begin to relent, with any motiue of compaſſion towards my poore afflicted Ieſus?

No, for the Curres were more courteous, that licked the loath-ſome ſoares of hungry *Lazarus*, that lay crying, and dying for want of foode at the gate of their churliſh Maſter, then thoſe vncircumciſed Gentiles, and ſtiffe-necked Iewes were to my innocent Ieſus.

For how ſhould their minds be affected with any ſparke of pitty, whoſe hearts were drowned in ſo deepe a ſea of impiety?

But becauſe they were loth that my Sauiour ſhould end his tedious life, before hee came where hee ſhould ſuffer a moſt painefull, pittifull, and ſhamefull death, they granted him a little eaſe, that he might goe with better ſpeed, and make a little more haſte to the place of execution, where they ſhould play, like the infernall Furies, the laſt act of their bloody Tragedy.

Oh my ſad and ſorrowfull ſoule, how canſt thou calme the waues of thy oreflowing ſorrow? How canſt thou ſtop the current of thy inſurging ſighs? to ſee thy Sauiour ſurrounded with a world of woes; to ſee his fainting ſoule ſinke vnder the painefull burthen of his heauie Croſſe, and not a man, of many thouſands, that would helpe to eaſe him: or if any did, what was it elſe but to adde increaſe vnto his future torment? Canſt thou ſee this, and not diſſolue into a flood of teares? Shall thy Sauiour ſinke, and wilt thou ſwim? thy Ieſus languiſh, & wilt thou laugh? or with the obdurate feare wilt thou become inſenſible, thereby as much (as in thee lies) to excruciate his perplexed ſpirit by thine vnkindnes? Oh no, returne, returne, my bleeding Soule, vnto thy wonted tenderneſſe: if thy Sauiour haue then no blood at all to ſhead; if his heart faint vnder the painefull croſſe, be thou already dead in heart to ſee his bitter pangs: thus ſhalt thou helpe indeed to eaſe his griefe, and (all other meanes denied) adde ſome comfort vnto his ſad ſoule by participating with him in his vnſociable ſorrow.

But alas, poore *Simon!* was there none able to beare the heauie burthen, or none bad enough amongſt that *viperous generation*, to touch that ignominious *Croſſe?* They could receiue fauours at his hands, flocke in multitudes to haue their *ſicke-ones* cured, and *demoniacks* diſpoſſeſt; nay, *nine thouſand, beſides women and children,* within a ſhort ſpace be well content to eat vp our Sauiours *loaues* & little *fiſhes*, to fill their empty paunches out of his penury, and yet not one of all thoſe *multitudes* will now extend the hand of mercy to eaſe his wofull burthen, or refreſh his fainting ſpirit: but this one poore ſtranger, he onely muſt beare the burthen; on his ſhoulders muſt lye the heauy load, till they come where the *Croſſe* it ſelfe muſt beare *the Chriſt*, and the ſenſeleſſe wood in its owne nature ſhew more pittie than the mercileſſe Iewes.

And now, oh my ſoule, *goe thou and doe likewiſe*, with *Simon*, *take vp his Croſſe and follow him*, for Chriſt hath ſaid, *He that taketh not his Croſſe, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me*: only make this difference, what he conſtrained, be thou willing to doe, offer thy ſelfe to this ſeruice, and erect thy thoughts to attaine ſo great a guerdon, as to be made worthy of thy Sauiour: but oh ſweet Ieſus, fill thou my ſoule with an holy deſire to run after thee in this thy race, and grant me the comfortable aſſiſtance of thy ſpirit, that I may patiently endure, and quietly vndergoe any croſſe or calamity for my bleſſed Sauiours ſake.

But as thou didſt goe toward the place where thou ſhouldſt offer vp thy ſelfe for a compleat ſacrifice to appeaſe the wrath of thy angry Father, and to make an euerlaſting *atonement* betweene him and vs his diſobedient children, thou ſaidſt vnto thoſe mourning women, who could not containe their trickling teares, nor detaine their ſorrowfull *ſobs*, to ſee their louing and dearely beloued Lord ſo doggedly haled and curriſhly handled: *Weepe not for me, ye daughters of Ieruſalem, weepe* *for your ſelues, and your children,* Luk. 23. 28. And now thou ſaiſt vnto me, Weepe for thy ſelfe, bewaile thy ſinnes, lament thy tranſgreſſions, for they indeed were the tyrants that compelled thee to beare ſo heauy a *Croſſe*, they vrged thee to abide the penalty of ſo bitter a curſe. Touch my heart, oh Lord, touch my heart with the ſting of a ſerious and reſtleſſe compunction, that I may no longer lie lulled aſleepe in the lap of careleſſe ſecurity: fetter my feet, that I may runne no more in the broad way of iniquity. Manacle my hands, that they may be detained from cruell and impious actions: Snaffle the vnbridled motions of my minde, that it may be reſtrained from all idle, ſcelerous, and wicked cogitations: keepe the doore of my lips, and hedge in my tongue, that it may not runne without the bounds of reaſon: Stop the paſſage of mine eares, when they are allured to liſten to any looſe or lewd diſcourſes.

Diſpell, and diſperſe the thicke clowdes of blindneſſe from mine eyes, take away the groſſe ſcales, that darken my ſight, ſo that now I may ſee the vgly and deformed ſhape of my ſinnes, that I may ceaſe to loue them, begin to diſlike and to loath them, which cauſed my Sauiour to endure the heauie wrath of his Father, which lay ſo heauie vpon his ſoule and body, that the weight of it preſſed *blood* out of his veines mingled with water, *Luk.* 22. 44. ſo ponderous was the burthen of our iniquity, ſo dolorous was the extremity of his bitter agonie: for neuer was there ſorrow like vnto this ſorrow.

Let my ſweeteſt muſicke be continuall mourning, let my *ſongs* of ioy be turned into wofull lamentations, let it be all my pleaſant melody, to muſe on the miſerie of my ſoule, and multitude of my ſinnes, which made thee deſcend from the higheſt *heauens*, and will throw me downe to the loweſt hell, where the firie lake burneth that ſhall neuer be extinguiſhed, whoſe flame is ſo fierce, that it cannot be greater by any augmentation, neither is it ſubiect to any diminution.

If all the torments which blooddy Tyrants haue inuented, could be inflicted vpon me at one time, and my body were able to feele the paines of all them at once, yet all of them would not be ſo horrible, as one ſparkle of this terrible fire: it needeth no fuell to nouriſh the flame: as it ſelfe neuer is waſted, ſo nothing iniected into it, is euer couſumed. No tongue is able to expreſſe the horrible pangs of the damned ſoules, which are tormented in this euerlaſting and vnquenchable fire.

Let the horror of it be freſh in my memory, and the meditation imprinted in my thoughts, ſo that my hands may tremble and ſhake for feare, and my whole body quiuer and quake with terror of it, when any euill imagination is hatched in my heart, or any wicked deed ſhould be acted with my hands, that I may be terrified from nouriſhing ſinne within my boſome, that laid ſo heauie a Croſſe vpon thy ſhoulders: yet when feare hath caſt me downe, let the gentle hand of thy mercy raiſe mee vp, ſo that in my laſt deadly agonie, I may ſtill lift vp my heart and hands towards the ſeat of thy mercy: and though remembrance of my haynous tranſgreſſions doe preſent nothing vnto mee, but cauſe of feare and terrour, yet let my vnfained repentance cauſe me to taſte of thy infinite loue, and boundleſſe mercy.

Teach me (oh my ſweet Sauiour) to follow thee with fearefulneſſe to the place of execution, and to take vp my Croſſe with alacrity on my ſhoulders. But if thou wilt haue mee to follow thee (oh my moſt gracious Lord) then draw mee after thee: For *vnleſſe thy Father and thou doe draw me, I am not able to follow thee. Iohn,6.44.*

I ſee mine owne infirmity, I feele the defects of my great imbicillity, the cup of affliction is bitter vnto my taſte: if it doe but once touch my lips, I am ready to refuſe it, I will none of it, I am loth to feele any paine, I couet nothing but wanton pleaſure.

Oh how doe I begin to ſtorme, if I be but croſſed with an vnkind word? Much leſſe am I able to beare the croſſe of a malicious deed.

How is my minde troubled, and the temper of my ſenſes *diſtempred*, if any thing fall out croſſe to mine expectation, or contrary to my deſire, ſo that oftentimes my mouth is filled with curſing, my heart with grudging, and all my words ſauour of nothing elſe but bitter repining? I am willing to be thy Diſciple, my bleſſed Sauiour, ſo long as I may dwell in peace, and reape a plentifull harueſt of proſperity; but alas, I am weary of thy company, if I feele but a little blaſt of aduerſity: teach me, oh my ſweet Ieſu (and I ſhall ſhal learne, if thou be my *ſchole-maſter*) to know that it is the lot of thoſe which will be trained vp in thy ſchoole, to be vnder the rodde of *correction*, and that none are worthy to receiue a Crowne, vnleſſe they be willing to take vp thy *Croſſe:* thoſe that belong vnto *ſweet ſpices*, which ſend forth alwayes the moſt *odoriferous ſmell*, when they are brayed and bruſed in the morter, they are like vnto ſtones which muſt be *hammered*, *hewed*, and *ſquared*, before they can be fit for the building of thy holy *Temple* : yea they are like vnto *gold* mixed with much *droſſe*, and can haue no glory before they be *fined* and *refined* ſeuen times, yea ſeuenty times ſeuen times, in the fire of affliction.

Arme thou my hart with Chriſtian fortitude, and my minde with conſtant *patience*, oh thou which art mine omnipotent *Redeemer*, that no *torment* may be ſo great, no affliction ſo grieuous, no miſerie ſo vnmeaſurable, but I may couragiouſly ſuffer it to publiſh the glory of thy name, and conſtantly endure it, to manifeſt the fidelitie of thy loue.

Teach me ſo to carrie thy *Croſſe* in my heart, and let the remembrance of it be ſo deepely imprinted in my minde, that I may daily crucifie my carnall concupiſcence, wanton vanities, and worldly deſires. Oh let my ſoule be ſo rauiſhed with ioy, by the ſweet meditation of thy mercie, and all my ſenſes ſo well pleaſed and ioyfully delighted with the odoriferous ſent of thy loue; that I may ſeeke nothing, thinke of nothing ſo much, or ſpeake of any thing ſo often, as of my crucified Chriſt, who, onely of his free mercy

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mercy and gracious *bountie*, died a moſt vile, painefull, and ignominious death for mee a moſt wretched, miſerable, and deſperate *ſinner*, that by his precious bloud, and bleſſed (though bitter) Paſſion, I might be made *Partaker* of Euerlaſting *Saluation*.

Graunt me, oh my ſweet CHRIST, ſome *taſte* of it here vpon earth, that I may patiently waite for the full *fruition* of it, hereafter in HEAVEN, *Amen*.

A Meditation, declaring the bitter and cruell crucifying of our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, performed on Mount *Caluarie*.

MED. XIIII.

View here the wounds of Chriſt vpon the Croſſe, Luk.23.33.
His head, his hands, his feet, alſo his ſide, Iohn 19.33.
Bleeding amaine. Conſider eke the loſſe, Luk.23.46.
Of his deare life; What more could he abide? Ioh.19.30.

NOw bleſſed Ieſus, and my beloued Sauiour, is come vnto Mount *Caluarie*, where he was to make the laſt period of all his humane miſery, by ſuffering a moſt bloudie, vile, & violent death, being cruelly nayled to that Croſſe, which of late lay ſo heauie vpon his ſhoulders, that his whole body did ſhake and

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and tremble vnder the burthen.

Oh bleſſed Mountaine! happy for thy dignitie, happy for thy *fertilitie*, becauſe it pleaſed the Lord Chriſt to ſuffer vpon thee. But who ſhall aſcend vp to the Hill of the Lord, where the Lord Ieſus is crucified? Truly he that hath innocent hands, and a cleane heart.

He which loueth the Lord Ieſus, with all his heart, with all his ſoule, with all his ſtrength, hee ſhall aſcend vp to his Mountaine, and ſhall be crucified with the Lord Ieſus. Hee which hath crucified his fleſh, and the concupiſcence thereof, ſhall be crucified and ſuffer with his beloued Ieſus. I deſire to be crucified with thee, (oh my moſt ſweet Ieſu) I long to ſuffer on the croſſe with thee, that I may be crowned by thee, but I know that firſt it is needefull for mee that the world be crucified vnto mee, & I vnto the world, *Gal.* 6. 14.

But now let vs ſee (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) how my *innocent Ieſus* was vſed by the rough-handed and cruel-hearted *tormentors*, when he was come to the place of execution, where malefactors did ſuffer grieuous puniſhment for their hainous offences.

Firſt, hauing exiled all compaſſion and pittie from their heart, they lay hold vpon him with their bloudie and polluted hands, and then they haſtily rob and diſroabe him of his garments, before a rude multitude of the baſeſt and meaneſt of the people, yea, they ſtrip him ſtarke naked, that hee might appeare more vile and contemptible in their eies.

Here haſt thou good cauſe,

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and iuſt occaſion, my perplexed ſoule, to ouer-flowe thy cheekes a freſh, with a flood of teares, and to dilate and open thy heart; that thy heauie groanes, and ſorrowfull ſighes, may haue their free paſſage, when thou ſeeſt thy louing Ieſus ſtripped naked by the hands of ſuch dogged and cruell tormentors, expoſed to the eies of the pittileſſe people, and extreme coldneſſe and roughneſſe of the weather.

Oh how was the beauty of thy excellent compoſed body obſcured with ſpots of bloud? How was the pure-white colour of thy skin made blacke and blue with bitter blowes, my moſt beautifull Ieſu?

Oh how ſpitefull and vnappeaſable was their indignation! how bitter was the miſerie? how great, yea exceeding great was the ignominy of thy grieuous paſſion, my louing Chriſt, my mercifull Ieſu? For ſo ſharp was the edge of their cruelty, ſo eager was the malice of their hearts, and inhumanity of their hands againſt thee, that thou art laid naked vpon the Croſſe, when as ſuch extremity was not vſed, but to moſt wicked, vile, and abiect perſons, who for their notorious crimes deſerued no pittie: ſuch was their damnable impiety.

But what a ſpring of bitter teares might ariſe in the weeping eyes of thy ſad and *mourning Mother*? what ſword of ſorrow did pierce her tender heart, when ſhe ſaw her dearely-louing, and dearely-beloued Sonne, ſo roughly diſrobed of his cloathes, and *nakedly expoſed* to the view of the rude, baſe, and common people,

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who came not with a relenting hearts to ſhew any ſigne of ſorrow at the execution of ſuch bloudie crueltie, but rather to ſolace themſelues, and to laugh, deride, and raile vpon thee, in this extremeſt miſerie?

Now when thoſe cruell *tormentors* had ſpeedily turned my innocent *Ieſus* out of his cloathes, they layde his naked body vpon the *Croſſe*, and firſt they nailed his innocent hands, and after his bleſſed feet, with long and ſtrong nailes; So that the ſtreames of bloud, ſpouting out of his veines, changed the hiew of *his Croſſe*, into a crimſon colour. Oh what grieuous paine, what horrible *tortures*, did thoſe wicked wretches procure to my bleſſed *Sauiour*?

Oh what infernall furie had incenſed their bloudie mindes? what diuellish madneſſe enraged their *hearts* ſo farre to degenerate from the ciuill nature of men, into the ſauage nature of beaſts? Oh *ſpectacle* full of ſorrow! oh ſight full of ruth, how grieuous would that pittifull ſight haue beene to mine eyes, when the very Meditation of it doth ſo deepely wound my heart!

Though I know that the immaculate Lambe was ſacrificed on this woodden Altar, that he might waſh & cleanſe my polluted ſoule with his precious bloud, take away the foule ſtaines of my defiled fleſh, and by ſuffering ſo vile a death on the Croſſe, to deliuer me from a bitter curſe, due vnto mee for my great and grieuous ſinnes: Yet needes muſt mine eyes haue melted (like Ice) into teares, my heart haue been conſumed with ſobs, and all my bowels

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els pained with compaſſion, if I had beene a wofull beholder of his dolefull Paſſion; vnleſſe mine eyes had beene more drie then a flint, my heart more hard then iron, and my bowels compoſed of braſſe.

But indeede, what riuers of ſtreaming teares ſhould water my cheeks? what heauy groanes, & lamentable ſighes ſhould ſound out of the bottome of my heart? How ſhould all mine affections be drowned in the waues of afflictions, when I contemplate the hidious deformities of my vgly ſinnes, and ſeriouſly meditate on the cruell tyrannie of my trayterous tranſgreſſions, which indeed were nothing elſe, but cruell hands, and a hard hammer, to driue the iron nailes into thy bleſſed hands; and innocent feet, and to craſh their tender bones, into pieces?

Wound my ſoule (oh my ſweet Ieſus) pierce my heart, that it may ſtreame forth blood: et nothing but mournfull ſighes be pleaſant vnto my weeping eyes: let nothing but voices of horror and lamentation be delightfull vnto my dolefull eares, ſo that all my ſenſes may be true mourners, to bewaile the crueltie of my ſinnes, and to ſhew ſome tokens of true repentance for the multitude of my tranſgreſſions, which ſo pittifully wounded thy ſacred body, and ſo grieuouſly vexed thy righteous ſoule.

Crucifie my heart, that it may die to wicked cogitations: Crucifie my hands, that they may haue no power to commit euill actions: Crucifie mine eyes, that they may want light (in taking delight) to gaze vpon worldly vanities:

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Crucifie mine eares, that they may be dull and depriued of hearing, when they ſhould liſten to fruitleſſe and friuolous words, vnſauoury ſpeeches, laſcuious, and wanton diſcourſes: Crucifie my tongue, that it may haue no motion to vtter any oppoſite thing to the pure Law of my God, or hurtfull to the commodity of thoſe which are godly and good. Crucifie my *Taſte*, that it may not be allured with the wanton enticements of *delicate meates*, nor ſo ouercome with the baites of pleaſant wine, that the eies of my vnderſtanding be darke with the *fumes* of gluttony, or my ſoule be polluted, or my bodie defiled with filthy adulterie.

Crucifie the old man (*ſinne*) that hath beene my Tenant ſo long, and hath had his habitation in my boſome, that being dead, he may be carried out to his graue, that my ſoule may be infected no longer with his carnall impiety, and that I may no longer wilfully loue, but willingly *loath*, and for euer leaue his damnable company.

But now (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) turne thine eies towards thy crucified *Ieſus*, meditate ſeriouſly in thy minde, and let it be the perpetuall matter of thy thoughts, to thinke how thy louing Sauiour was moſt pittifully martyred, and cruelly mangled: tortured without any pittie, ſcorned at his death with vile indignity, and thought vnworthy of any mercy or kinde humanity, that thou maieſt mourne for thy ſinnes in the morning, and repent for thy miſdeeds in the euening, which were hard-hearted, and bloudie-handed executioners,

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cutioners to crucifie thy innocent Ieſus.

Cry out, oh my wretched, and wicked ſoule, trembling at the vgly ſight of thy grieuous ſinnes, and troubled with the horrour of thy guiltie conſcience. Cry out, ſaying: Oh my ſweet Ieſu! oh my milde and *mercifull Ieſu!* how exceeding painefull are the pangs of thy Paſſion? how violent are the ſtreames of thy afflictions? how cruelly is thy body wounded, and thy ſoule preſſed with the heauie weight of my ſinnes? Oh how horrible, how deteſtable, how innumerable are my tranſgreſſions, that tormented my Sauiour with ſo many heauie afflictions? What a deare price didſt thou pay for my Redemption? At what a high rate haſt thou bought me a moſt wretched ſinner? no ſummes of gold, had they bin neuer ſo much, no heapes of ſiluer, had they beene neuer ſo great, could rid mee out of Captiuitie: It was onely thy precious bloud that might pay the price of my ranſome: It was only thy innocent death that was ſufficient to purchaſe my freedome.

How is the naked body of my louing Redeemer and kinde Reconciler, ſtretched out vpon the Croſſe, to deliuer mee from the bitter curſe which was due vnto me for my monſtrous impiety, and the *execution* of it readie to be ſerued vpon me for my intolerable iniquitie?

How firme are thy harmeleſſe *hands* fixed vnto thy Croſſe? how hard are thy innocent *feete* nayled vnto it? Thou haſt onely liberty to moue, but (Alas) no where to *lay downe* thy weake, and wearie head. Thou lieſt naked,

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obiected to the blaſts of the winde and ſtorme of the weather, thou haſt no cloathes to keepe thee warme, thou haſt no ſhelter to keepe thee from harme.

Thou wert poore indeed at thy birth, but now thou art more poore at thy death: for at thy birth thou hadſt a Stable for thy Chamber, and a Manger for thy Cradle: thou hadſt ſwathling cloathes (although they were coorſe) that might defend thee from colde, and cheriſh thy tender body. But at thy death thou art cruelly robbed of all thy *garments*, thou haſt not ſo much as a *ragge* to lay vpon thee, the *ſharpneſſe* of the aire nippeth thy skin, the *furie* of the windes ſtormeth againſt thy naked body, thou haſt no *roofe* to couer thy head from the bluſtering windes: thou haſt no place of harbour to protect thy body from the *ſtormie weather*: Oh how hard is the bed thou lieſt vpon at the houre of thy death? How hard is the pillow that lieth vnder thy head, when thou art readie to yeeld vp thy breath? How is thy bleſſed body debaſed by wretched men heere vpon the earth, which is ſo highly honoured by the *Angels* in *Heauen*? Oh how ſhould my heart faint with bleeding wounds of ſorrow for my ſinnes? How ſhould mine eies make my bed to floate with a flood of teares, when I begin to call to an audit my hainous treſpaſſes, and to caſt vp the infinit ſummes of my *tranſgreſſions*, which cauſed my Lord to paſſe thorow ſuch a great Campe of miſeries, and to abide the bitter brunts of ſo many calamities? for what hadſt thou done, oh my

moſt

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moſt ſweet Lord? what hadſt thou done, that thou ſhouldſt be ſo ſpitefully deſpiſed, ſo *maliciouſly* martyred, ſo *extremely* tortured, and ſo cruelly *tormented?* What wicked action had thy pure hands committed? nay, what good deed had they omitted, that they ſhould be ſo pittifully *wounded!* How had thy innocent feet tranſgreſſed, that they ſhould be ſo ſeuerely puniſhed? How had any little particle of thy bleſſed body offended, that it ſhould be ſo *grieuouſly tormented?* Truly, thy deeds, my bleſſed Sauiour, were alwaies acted with integritie, and thy words did vtter nothing but truth and *ſinceritie:* thy hands were alwaies cleane from ſinfull actions, thy heart was alwaies pure from wicked cogitations: It was thy maruailous loue, thy miraculous mercie, thine vnſpeakeable pittie, that did induce thee to ſuffer thoſe torments which were due vnto me for mine offences. It was I, my ſweet Sauiour, it was I my ſelfe that had ſo grieuouſly ſinned. It was thy wonderfull *charitie*: It was thy charitable mercie, to ſhead thy precious bloud, to cure the deſperate diſeaſe of my deadly miſerie.

But ſuch, oh ſuch, and ſo vile is the horrible ingratitude of my minde; ſuch, and ſo great is the dulneſſe of my memorie, ſuch and ſo hard is the *ſtupidity* of my heart, that I am vnthankfull for thy mercie, forgetfull of thy bounty, ſenſeleſſe, without any compaſſion, yea quite cold, without any zealous meditation of thy grieuous Paſſion.

Haue mercy vpon mee, oh my moſt mercifull Lord, haue mercie vpon mee. Oh let the

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ſweet dew of thy infinite mercie, diſtill downe vpon my head: yea rather let it bee infuſed into my heart, that it may mollifie the hardneſſe of mine *affections*, moiſten the drineſſe of my bowels, and fructifie my minde with the fruits of thy loue, becauſe I cannot, yea rather, becauſe I am vnwilling to ſuffer with thee, and loue thee ſo little, who hath alwaies loued mee ſo much: for I freely confeſſe, I haue no ſenſe of thy innarrable, and innumerable ſorrowes, which thou didſt ſuffer for the multitude of my ſinnes. Alas, mine eies are dry without *teares*, my kinde Ieſu, my *heart* is ſo dead, that it cannot breathe forth any heauie groanes: mine affections are ſtarke cold, without any heate of true deuotion, ſo often, yea rather ſo ſeldome, as I enter into a medication of thy bitter Paſſion, and ruminate thy tedious paines and terrible *pangs* which thou didſt feele in thy moſt precious body, to reuerſe the ſentence of *damnation* pronounced againſt me for my ſinnes, and to purchaſe a gracious pardon for my *condemned* ſoule.

But pardon me, forgiue me, my moſt mercifull Lord, I haue a heart of Iron, my bowels are more hard then Marble; vnleſſe thou mollifie them, they are vnapt to receiue any print of thy mercie, or any impreſſion of thy grace.

Take away from mee, I pray thee, my ſtonie heart, giue mee a fleſhie and tender heart, that may be wounded with the thornes of ſorrow for my rebellious thoughts, yeeld forth dolefull groanes for my grieuous ſins, and

bleed

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bleed with the wounds of compunction, when my minde doth meditate on thy heauy Paſſion.

Oh why ſhould not my heart, my wretched heart, be pinched with ſome paine for the loue of thee, which didſt willingly vouchſafe to die for the loue of mee? Wherefore haue the *ſparks* of my loue lien ſo long couered in the *embers?* Or rather, why are they almoſt extinguiſhed? Oh what ſeuere puniſhment ſhould I take of my ſelfe, for my monſtrous *ingratitude?* How is my tongue able to vtter one word, yea one ſyllable of a word, to excuſe the coldneſſe of my loue? How may I bluſh, nay how may my face be confounded with ſhame, which am ſo way-ward, and vnwilling to ſuffer any little affliction for thy ſake, who endured ſo many extreme torments for *my ſinne* ? I lie on featherbeds, couered warme with cloathes; and thou didſt lie naked, nailed to a woodden Croſſe, and that in the time of cold weather, when others doe warme themſelues at a fire.

If my head begin to ake, I lay it downe vpon a ſoft pillow, to eaſe my paine, and leſſen my griefe: But thou, oh my louing Lord, haſt not ſo much as a bolſter of ſtraw whereon thou mighteſt lay thy dying head, pierced with ſharpe thornes, and bleeding with many wounds.

When I am ſicke, my friends about mee beſtirre themſelues to eaſe my diſeaſed body, and to reuiue my fainting ſpirits. But alas (my ſweet Sauiour) there was none about thee at the houre of thy pittifull and painefull death, which would proffer thee

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thee any kinde deed, no, not ſo much as a comfortable word.

They offer thee bitter wine mixed with myrrh, and mingled with Gall. But although thy thirſt was great, cauſed by the extremitie of thy paines, and immoderate effuſion of thy blood, yet when thou hadſt taſted of it, thou didſt refuſe to drinke of their bitter potion.

How hard were their hearts? Yea how dead, without any feeling of common compaſſion, that could giue vnto my ſweet Sauiour no better then ſuch a bitter Potion?

Such was the ſuccour that they would afford thee at the houre of thy death: This was the beſt *Cordiall* they would giue thee, a little before the parting of thy breath.

What iuſt occaſion hadſt

thou, my mercifull Redeemer? Yea, what admirable patience hadſt thou, that thou didſt not bitterly inueigh againſt the bloudie Gentiles, and vnbeleeuing Iewes, who were ſo maliciouſly madded, and bloudily minded againſt thee, that all which they ſought, and all which they wrought, was to augment thy ſorrow?

But whilſt their hearts were inflamed with malice againſt thee, and their hands labouring to crucifie thee, thou wert ſo farre from accuſing them for their ſauage crueltie, that thou didſt pray vnto thy heauenly Father, that hee would remit and forgiue their iniquity, ſaying: *Father, pardon them, becauſe they know not what they doe*, Luk. 23. 34.

And this, oh my ſweet Chriſt, was the firſt words which

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which thou ſpakeſt vpon thy bitter Croſſe. Indeed they knew thee not, for their eies were blinded that they could not ſee, and their hearts were hardned, that they could not vnderſtand.

Heere maiſt thou meditate (oh my ſoule) with exceeding comfort vpon the wonderful patience, admirable mercy, & ſweet words of thy louing Sauiour, who was not ſo much grieued with paine of his owne *afflictions*, as he was earneſt to pray for the remiſſion of their ſins. Hee did not once open his mouth, to make any iuſt *Apologie* for his owne innocency, nor to denounce any deſerued malediction: No, not one bitter word againſt them, for their dogged cruelty. But in the extremeſt pangs of his bitter paſſion, his tender hart was moued with pittifull compaſſion towards them, he opened the fountaine of his mercie, that the ſweet ſtreames of his *Benediction* might flow vpon them. Hee bleſſed them that curſed him, hee ſhewed them a true token of his entire loue, for their cruell hate, he prayed for them, as if they had been his deareſt friends, when in deed they were his deadly foes.

How ſhould my feeble tongue, like a trumpet (oh my bountifull Ieſu) ſound forth the wonderfull worthineſſe of thy ſurmounting mercy? How ſhould mine vnable and barren heart conceiue the dignitie of thine vncomparable meekneſſe? How ſhould the weake ſight of my darke vnderſtanding pierce into the hidden myſteries of thy gracious mildneſſe, which ſurpaſſeth all vnderſtanding?

How affable and ineffable is the ſweetneſſe of thy cha-

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ritable prayer? how bottomleſſe is the depth of thy clemencie? how vnexhauſtible is the treaſure of thy benignitie?

How large and ſpacious, yea how infinit are the bounds of thy mercie? For with what tranquillity of minde? with what piety and pittie of heart? with what ſweet, milde, and perſwaſiue words didſt thou ſue for their pardon, who now were breathing out nothing elſe but curſes againſt thee, with their malicious tongues, and euen now acting the extremity of their Tyrannie againſt thee with their bloudie hands?

Thou wert not diſcouraged by their iniuries: thou wert not hardned with their reproches: thou didſt not rebuke them for their euill words: thou didſt not check them for their wicked deeds:

thou didſt ſeeke to ſalue their ſores, who gaue thee deadly wounds: thou diddeſt make *interceſſion* for their life, who cruelly put thee to death: thou wert full of pitty towards them, whoſe hearts were empty of all compaſſion towards thee. Oh with what wonderfull mildnes of mind, with what great deuotion of ſpirit, in what abundance of loue didſt thou cry, *Father, forgiue them*? Oh wonderfull worke of thy worthy mercy! oh rare and memorable example of exceeding pitty! oh perfect patterne of excellent charity! oh let me poore wretched ſinner, taſte the ſweetnes of this hony, reuiue my dying heart with this cordiall compaſſion, relieue my ſicke ſoule with this comfortable *confection*. Cry out ſo for me, my ſweet *Lord*, and kinde *Mediator*: commend my wo-

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full caſe, and pleade my cauſe vnto thy Father, ſaying, *Father, forgiue him.*

For in truth, I know not what I doe: loue of the world hath blinded mine eyes, deſire of carnall pleaſures is rooted in my heart, and all manner of *wanton vanities* are rife in my minde: I runne headlong in the broad way of deſtruction: I cannot finde the narrow path, which leadeth to Saluation.

Open mine eyes (oh Lord) that I may ſee to walke in thy wayes, and direct my feet, that I may tread in thy pathes.

Teach mee to follow the patterne of thy excellent patience, ſo that I may not wiſh well onely to my deareſt friends, which dearely loue mee, but alſo pray for my cruell enemies, who deadly hate mee.

But alas, how ſoone am I difdiſpleaſed ? How long is it before I will forgiue, if I be once offended ? I am prone with enuious *Cain*, to ſtaine my hands with horrible murder. I long for a day with rough *Eſau*, wherein I may ſlay my innocent brother. I oftentimes fall out with my friend for a croſſe word, ſo that oftentimes in requitall, I ſeeke to doe him a miſchieuous deed : I thinke my ſelfe the worſe when I ſee him: Oh how doe I diſdaine to ſpeake vnto him?

Teach mee to learne this hard leſſon of patience: purge the ſeed of malice out of my minde, mellow the ground of my heart with the deaw of thy graces, that it may not onely be tender, to giue my beloued poore Friends, but that it may alſo be pliable to forgiue my hatefull Foes: ſeeing that thou wert not ſo

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much touched with the ſenſe of thy owne afflictions, (and no doubt the paines of them were moſt grieuous vnto thee) as thou wert mooued with zeale to pray for thy bloodie enemies, when they made a prey of thy garments, and caſt lots for thy *vnſeamed veſture*, Ioh. 19.24.

Now though *Pilate* gaue wrongfull iudgement againſt thee, to take away thy innocent life, yet he ſeemed to honour thee at the houre of thy death, when hee wrote on the Croſſe, *Ieſus of Nazareth, King of the Iewes*, Matt. 27.37. Mar. 15.26. Luk. 23.38. Iohn 19.19. It pleaſed him to intitle thee a *King* by name, but alas, hee had no ſuch conceite of thee in his ſecret thoughts. But in deed thou wert worthy of a far more honorable Title, being not onely King of the Iewes, but alſo of the Gentiles : Yea, Creator and Gouernor of euery creature.

Neuertheleſſe, thou didſt not clothe thy ſelfe with the veſture of our Humanitie, that thou ſhouldſt bee honoured with any worldly dignity.

It was thy chiefeſt honor to do the will of thy heauenly Father; *Ioh.* 14.31. thou cameſt not to depriue *Herod* of his Kingdome, nor to gather any forces to deliuer the *Iewes*, as they fondly dreamed of their *Meſſias*, and vainely expected at the comming of their King.

Thou cameſt to deliuer the people from the Captiuity of their ſinnes, and by ſheading thy precious blood, to ſaue their ſoules. Graunt me, oh my ſweet Sauiour, that I may ſet open the dore of my heart, that thou mayeſt enter, which art the true *King of glory*, and

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that I may ſtil deſire(although I am vnable) to ſhew my ſelfe a louing and loyall ſubiect to receiue thee.

Send thy holy Spirit, as a Harbenger before thee, to giue mee warning of thy comming, and then I ſhall be prepared to entertaine my *gracious Soueraigne*, with humility of minde, and tokens of ſincere loue.

I long (oh my King) for thy comming, for I am aſſured if thou vouchſafe to enter into my cottage, thou wilt beſtow ſuch a royall gift vpon mee, that I ſhall beginne to diſdaine the pompe of the world, and account nothing ſo deare vnto mee as thy loue.

Oh would my louing Sauiour would imbrace mee betweene his bleſſed armes! Oh I wiſh to liue, I long to die betwixt thy louing imbracements:

ments: thy arms were ſtretched out on the Croſſe, as if thou wert ready to receiue any penitent ſinner; refuſe not to receiue me a wretched ſinner, who wounded with the horror of my ſinnes, doe come vnto thee as my Phyſicion; who is onely able and willing to heale my wounds. Let thy precious blood ſtop the bloody iſſue of my ſinnes: thy mercie, and nothing but thy mercy can cure my *malady*: that one, and that alone, is all my remedy.

Graunt mee (oh my ſweet Ieſu) that I may bee able to ſay with thine Apoſtle, *I am crucified with thee.* Crucifie my wanton fleſh with the nailes of thy feare: mortifie my rebellious thoughts with dread of thy Iuſtice, and Meditation of thy iudgements. Let it be the ioy of my heart; let it be the daily exerciſe of

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my minde: let it be the obiect of all my thoughts, to thinke on my Lord Ieſus, and him crucified.

I cannot wonder enough, thogh I neuer ceaſe to wonder at thee, my Ieſu, my Sauiour, and my Redeemer: yet let me neuer ceaſe to maruaile at the wonderfull worke of thy Paſſion, which thou didſt ſo patiently ſuffer, that by thy innocent death, thou mighteſt cancell the obligation of our infinite debt, and affixe it to thy Croſſe, that thou mighteſt deliuer vs poore and miſerable wretches, from the danger of the curſe, which was gone out againſt vs: Oh how can my meditations attaine to the length of thy admirable loue? how can my cogitations meaſure the breadth of thy clemency? how ſhould my deepeſt imaginations diue into the depth of thy mercy?

My eye is too dimme, to perceiue the beauty, my eare is too dull, to heare the greatneſſe, my heart is too groſſe, to conceiue the goodnes, my taſte is too weake, to relliſh the ſweetnes, my tongue is too feeble, to declare the worthines of thy loue: no words, be they neuer ſo many, can expreſſe the quantity, no eloquence, be it neuer ſo excellent, can relate the quality.

Oh with what humility of minde, with what exceeding patience. with what kinde and tender affections didſt thou ſuffer the extremeſt pangs of thy bitter afflictions?

How is my minde amazed with the bright beames of thy loue? How are all my thoughts confounded with the greatnes of thy clemency?

How is my ſoule rauiſhed with the goodnes of thy mercy?

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cy? What did mooue thee, oh my ſweet Sauiour, but thy vnſpeakeable loue? what did induce thee, but thy incomparable mercy, to pay ſo deare a price for my Redemption?

Oh let the remembrance of thy infinite bounty neuer depart out of my minde: Let all my affections be inflamed with the fire of thy loue: Let the ſweetneſſe and greatneſſe of thy mercies be my chiefeſt Meditations: Mortifie my diſobedient cogitations with thy feare, and crucifie my rebellious actions on thy Croſſe: that although ſinne muſt dwell and remaine in mee, yet it may not raigne and rule ouer mee.

A Meditation concerning the deriſions and ſcornefull ſpeeches, vttered to the Lord Ieſus, (when hee was nayled on the Croſſe) by the Iewes, and one of the Theeues which were crucified with him; and of the ſecond words he ſpake on the croſſe.

Med. XV.

Twixt Theeues Chriſt ſuffered. For no fault he ſhed
His precious bloud. The Sunne thereat aſham'd,
Ore-veild his face. The graues gaue vp their dead:
With wonders, more that cannot here be nam'd.

Mat.27.38. Mark.15.27. Luk.23.4. Iohn 19.6. Mark 15.33. Math.27.45. & 27.52.

NOw ruminate (oh my ſorrowfull and lamenting ſoule) what ſcornefull ſpeeches, what ſpitefull deriſions, and bitter reproaches, were breathed out of the mouthes of the enuious Iewes againſt my patient & ſilent Ieſus, after

they

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they had nayled his pure hands, and bleſſed feet to the Croſſe.

Call home all thy wandring cogitations, that they may be ſoly and wholy intentiue to this heauenly and diuine meditation.

Let ſtreames of teares guſh out of my melting eyes, let them penetrate into my boſome, that they may mollifie my ſtonie heart, ſo that it may be ſo deepely wounded with ſorrowfull compaſſion, as if I had beene an eye-witneſſe of his painefull Paſſion, when his innocent hands, and bleſſed feet ſtreamed forth precious blood: yet the ſtreames of it could not quench the fire of their malice, they could not calme the rage of their ſtormy mindes, nor breed any one thought of pittie in their cruell hearts: It was not ſufficient for them to torment him with their bloody hands, but now at his vndeſerued death, they raile and reuile him with their blaſphemous mouthes: for as their hearts were ſtony, not apt to take any print of compaſſion, and their hands filled with *ſauage cruelty* without mercy, ſo their words and ſpeeches were vnciuil, voyd of all modeſtie. Some cry out, *He ſaued others, let him ſaue himſelfe if he be the Sonne of God*: the Souldiers diſdainfully deride him, and ſcornfully mocke him, ſaying, *If thou be the King of the Iewes, ſaue thy ſelfe.* Alſo they that paſſe by, nod their heads at him, *reuile* him bitterly, and blaſpheme him, ſaying, *A thou which doſt deſtroy the Temple of God, and in three daies doſt build it againe, ſaue thy ſelfe: If thou be the Sonne of God, come downe from the Croſſe.* Oh how cruelly was my innocent Sauiour

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our tormented with their vnmercifull hands? oh how was his righteous ſoule wounded with their *malicious tongues?* Their words doe ſauour of Gall, and their ſpeech is more bitter then worme-wood. But ſo great was their malice, ſo grieuous was their indignation, ſo deadly was their hatred againſt my louing Ieſus, that they thought all their cruell deeds were too little to be inflicted vpon him: and that all their words were not halfe bitter enough, which their venemous mouthes did ſpue out againſt him.

But as my bleſſed Redeemer did patiently ſuffer the extreme tortures of their *mercileſſe hands*, ſo hee did meekly beare the bitter taunts of their reuiling tongues. Oh let the memory of this thy exceeding patience bee ſo deeply ſealed in my minde, that my thoughts may ſtill meditate on thy infinite loue! let my teares often (flowing out of my eyes) be true tokens of my inward ſorrow, and let my grieuous groanes be as faithfull meſſengers to declare my true repentance: For it was my horrible tranſgreſſions and hainous offẽces, my kinde and louing Sauiour, that made thee to abide the tyranny of their bloody and murthering hands, and to feele the ſting of their ſharpe and malicious tongues.

But (alas) mine eies are ſo dry, that they cannot ſhead a teare, and my heart ſo hard, that it cannot yeeld a groane, vnleſſe thou moiſten the one with the gracious raine of thy graces, and mollifie the other, by the vertue of thy ſpirit.

Now not onely the irreligious Gentiles, who were

actors

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actors of this bloody Tragedy, and the enuious Iewes, who were authors & Spectators of all their cruelty, did diſgorge the bitter choller of their malice againſt my crucified Ieſus, but alſo one of the malefactors hauing no remorſe of conſcience for his owne offences, nor pittie on my Sauiour, ſo grieuouſly taunted, and ſpightfully ſcorned of the baſeſt of the people, began to raile vpon him without modeſtie, and to vſe theſe tearmes againſt him, full of vile indignity: *If thou art Chriſt, ſaue thy ſelfe and vs,* Luk. 23. 39. But his other fellow touched with ſorrow for his ſinnes, and freely confeſſing that they had both worthily deſerued, and did iuſtly ſuffer death for their tranſgreſſions, began to reprehend him for his blaſphemous impiety, and to iuſtifie my Ieſus for his blameleſſe innocency.

And when he had rebuked his fellow for ſuch great inhumanity, he turned to my Sauiour to implore his mercie, that he might be made partaker of the ioyes of his heauenly Kingdome, vttering this ſhort and ſweet prayer: *Lord, remember me, when thou commeſt into thy Kingdome.* And hee had ſcant ended his ſhort petition, but my mercifull Sauiour made him this gracious anſwere; *Verily I ſay vnto thee, this day thou ſhalt be with me in Paradiſe,* Luk. 23. 43.

But now let vs conſider, oh my ſoule, with deuout attention, and behold with attentiue deuotion, what riches of infinite bounty, what large promiſes of vnmeaſurable liberality, what a bleſſed inheritance, my bountifull Redeemer doth promiſe vnto this

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this poore, naked, and true, though late repenting ſinner.

How might this bleſſed promiſe mitigate the ſorrow, (Oh thou ſorrowfull ſinner,) of thy perplexed minde? How might it eaſe the ſores of thine afflicted body? for as faith bred in thy heart a true contrition, and opened thy mouth to make that humble petition, ſo no doubt it ſealed ſuch an aſſurance vnto thy wounded conſcience, that thou didſt ſtedfaſtly beleeue his promiſe, and faithfully looke for the performance. But how may my ſpeech extend it ſelfe to the length of thy boundleſſe liberality (my moſt liberall *Redeemer*?) How may my words meaſure the bredth of thy vnlimitted mercy? Yea how can my thoughts ſound the bottomleſſe Sea of thy benignity? In thy firſt words vttered on the *Croſſe*, thou doeſt pray thy Father to forgiue thy cruell *tormentors*, and in thy ſecond words thou doeſt bountifully giue Paradiſe vnto a ſorrowfull ſinner.

Oh who can worthily eſtimate the dignity of the gift? who can ſufficiently extoll the bounty of the Giuer? although (my ſweet Ieſu) thy whole life was the merit of our ſaluation, yet at thy bitter death thou didſt pay the full price of our redemption. Oh happie theefe that had ſuch a ſweet taſte of thy mercy! Oh bleſſed ſoule, that wert made partaker of ſuch infinite bounty! Oh what great graces and excellent vertues were infuſed into thee, that thou didſt beleeue my Ieſus to be the true Sonne of God thy Creator? whom thou didſt ſee to die the death of a miſerable

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ſerable creature?

As thy faults were intolerable in thy diſſolute life, ſo thy faith appeareth admirable at thy ſorrowfull death. For what but faith was the motiue to moue thee to ſue to him, to be remembred in his kingdome of eternall felicity, who to thy outward eies appeared nothing elſe but a ſpectacle of wofull miſery? and as thy confidence was great, and thy loue much, ſo thy Ieſus doth ſpeedily aſſure thee to enioy a bountifull reward.

Therefore I pray thee, my moſt bountifull Ieſu, ſo to inſpire my minde with thy grace, and ſo to kindle thy loue in my breſt, that I may be contented to be crucified with thee here vpon earth, that I may be receiued by thee into thy kingdome of heauen.

And grant that I may ſo truely lament for my treſpaſſes, and ſhead ſuch bitter teares for my ſinnes, that I may faithfully ſay with this penitent theefe, *Lord, remember mee when thou ſhalt come into thy Kingdome:* For I confeſſe, O Lord, I haue beene no better then a Theefe, for I haue robbed thee of thy honor, I haue beene vntrue vnto thee concerning thy glorie. My lips are defiled with lying, my hands haue wrought the workes of deceipt, I haue often beguiled the widdow, and defrauded the Orphane. I haue ſought to make my ſelfe rich by oppreſſion. I haue beene diſobedient to my gouernours, and would not liue vnder their lawfull ſubiection. Oh Lord, remember not my great and grieuous offences, let thy mercie blot them out of thy memorie, that they may not be laid againſt me, when I ſhal be ſummoned to appeare before thee: Remember me according to the multitude of thy mercies, as thou didſt this late repenting malefactor, whom thou haſt left vnto mee as one rare example of thy infinite mercy, that I ſhould not deſpaire in regard of thy iuſtice, & that I ſhould not preſume to ſinne in reſpect of thy mercie. Oh let me remember this rare example of thy extraordinary goodneſſe, ſo that I may neither deſpaire with the heauie burthen of my ſinnes, nor preſume without feare to tranſgreſſe the bounds of thy holy Law: that although I haue run long the wild race of vnbridled iniquity, yet at laſt I may returne home vnto thee out of the way of impietie, with this faithfull and true repenting offender, and be a companion with him in thy Paradiſe of euerlaſting felicity.

A Meditation, concerning the lamentation of the Virgin Mary, beholding her Sonne, lifted vp vpon the Croſſe, ſtanding by it, accompanied with *Iohn* the *Euangeliſt*, and *Mary Magdalene.*

MED. XVI.

The bleſſed Virgin ſtanding by the Croſſe Iohn 19.25.
Of Christ our Lord; Behold thy Sonne, ſayd he Ibid. 26.
Vnto his Mother; Oh moſt grieuous loſſe,
That he muſt die, who from all faults was free! Luk. 23.14.

NOw turne thy thoughts (Oh my ſorrowful ſoule, from the blaſphemous reproches, ſcornful deriſions, and malicious ſlanders of the wicked Iewes, inſulting againſt my innocent Ieſus.

And now thou haſt heard how bountifull thy Sauiour was vnto the penitent Theefe, that was ſorrowfull for his owne iniquity, and couragious to iuſtifie my mercifull Redeemer, for his vnſpotted innocency: Meditate a while on the Lamentation of his bleſſed Mother, whoſe heart was wounded with ſorrow, to ſee her Sonne ſo cruelly tormented, when hee had neuer offended in word, nor imagined any euill in thought.

How ſharpe was the ſting of dolour to wound her heart? How intolerable was the griefe that did trouble her minde, when ſhee ſaw his body bleeding with ſo manie wounds, before her wofull eies, and heard their bitter words and diueliſh reproches caſt out againſt him, in the audience of her doleful eares?

As ſhee had cauſe to reioyce at his bleſſed Birth, ſo now ſhee had good occaſion to mourne for his cruell death.

For though no doubt ſhe was anointed with oyle of graces aboue her fellowes, yet we may not thinke ſhee was quite exempted from the paſſions of a woman, or void of the tender affections of a Mother, when ſhee ſaw the harmleſſe head of her louing and beloued Sonne bleeding with a *Crowne* of *Thornes*, and his innocent hands, and bleſſed feete, faſtened to the Croſſe with iron nailes.

Certainely ſhee knew that his Conception was ſo ſanctified by the holy Ghoſt in her wombe, that his moſt bleſſed body was alwaies free from the infection of impiety, and his fleſh neuer tainted with the corruption of iniquity.

But yet ſhee knew hee did not ſuffer without ſenſe of his paines, and although he was endued with a ſupernaturall patience, yet ſhee knew that he felt the pangs of his bitter paſſion, ſubiect by his humane nature to many infirmities as we are: yet euer hauing a pure heart and clean hands, from the ſpots of ſinne wherewith our ſoules are polluted, and our bodies continually infected.

Wherefore thinke, oh my ſoule, that as her afflictions were grieuous, ſo her lamentation was great: ſuppoſe that thou doeſt ſee her face diſcoloured with paleneſſe, diſcouering her motherly ſorrow to thy outward eies, and that thou didſt heare her mournefull tongue, telling this dolefull tale to thy attentiue eares, which ſhould cauſe thee to be a partner with her in her woe, and ſigh for thy ſinnes, which were the cauſe of her ſorrow, to ſee her beloued Sonne ſo cruelly crucified by the Gentiles, and ſo diſdainfully derided by the Iewes.

Thinke (I ſay) that thou doeſt ſee her watering her eyes with ſtore of teares, and vttering theſe or the like words, with her ſorrowfull lips to her dearely beloued Son, (which words ſhould draw out teares from thine eyes, and driue out groanes from thy heart) which ſhee pronounced with a dolefull accent in this or the like manner:

Oh what medicine, (be it neuer ſo ſoueraigne) can aſſwage the rigour of my malady? what ſalue (be it neuer ſo precious) can heale the woūds of my bleeding heart? what words (be they neuer ſo comfortable) can cheare vp my dolefull minde, when I ſee thee my beloued Sonne, ſo cruelly tormented, and ſo ignominominiouſly taunted? Alas for me poore wretch thy ſorrowfull Mother!

How intolerable is the paine? how grieuous is the puniſhment that is inflicted vpon thee? Thy death is not ſo bitter vnto mee, (and yet how loth I am to forgoe thee?) as theſe cruell torments which I ſee, doe torture thy innocent body, and doe greatly augment the ſorrow of my perplexed minde. As thy bleſſed life was the cauſe of my chiefeſt felicity, ſo will thy bitter death be the beginning of my miſerie.

Who ſhall afford mee comfort in the time of my calamity? who ſhall giue me counſell? who ſhall be my ſuccour in the time of my neceſſitie, when I am ſeparated from thee? How ſhall I ſpend the daies with ſorrowing, and paſſe thorow the tedious nights with mourning?

But thou, oh my God omnipotent, which art his eternall Father, who canſt not ſhut thine eies of compaſſion from thine afflicted Sonne, comfort mee his ſorrowfull Mother.

Thou ſeeſt the wounds of his body, thou knoweſt the ſorrowes of my heart, and becauſe thou art a Father of mercies, and a God of all conſolation, looke downe vpon me out of thy holy Sanctuarie, and as thou haſt proued me to be thy faithfull Handmaide, ſo let the ſweetneſſe of thy Fatherly loue, temper the bitterneſſe of my griefe, that although I be depriued from the humane ſocietie of my Sonne, yet the wings of thy prouidence, may ſtill ouerſhadow mee, and thy omnipotent arme ſafely protect me.

But as the Virgin *Marie*

did bewaile the cruell and bloudie death of her innocent Sonne, ſo *Marie Magdalene*, with many teares guſhing out of her eyes, began to lament the wofull caſe of him her louing Maſter, on this or ſuch like manner:

Oh my deare Maſter! oh my gracious Lord! oh my bleſſed and bountifull benefactor! I cannot liue without thy louing company! I cannot abide, without thy amiable Societie: what tongue, though it ſpeake neuer ſo dolefull, can truly relate my ſorrow? What words, be they neuer ſo rhetoricall, can eaſe thy inward griefe, when I ſee I ſhall be ſeparated from ſo louing and ſo kinde a Maſter?

Oh how tyrannous are the torments wherewith the bloudy tormentors doe torment thine afflicted body? How ſharpe are the arrowes of their malice, wherewith they wound thy righteous ſoule? How grieuous is the ſight of their cruell deedes vnto mine eyes? How odious are their dogged words vnto mine eares? Yet my conſtant loue vnto thee, will not giue mee leaue to leaue thee, (though it be a death vnto mee to ſee thy calamity) ſo long as mine eyes may behold thee.

The ſight of the bitter *pangs* of thy Paſſion doth affright me with horrour: The ſignes of thy approaching death, doth confound my ſenſes with continuall *terror*: I ſee thy head which I anointed with precious oyntment, cruelly pierced with Thornes, and pittifully bleeding with many wounds.

I ſee thy harmleſſe hands pierced with iron nayles, and thy innocent feete ſtained with bloud, which I bathed with the teares of mine eyes, and wiped with the haire of my head.

Oh how ſhould I ſufficiently bewaile the innocent death of my louing Ieſus?

How doth my heart faint with ſorrow, and my ſenſes faile me for griefe, when I ſee the torments of his body, and when I thinke vpon the affliction of his ſoule? But alas, the waues of ſorrow doe ſtop the paſſage of my words, my ſpeech faileth, and my voice fainteth for griefe.

Now thou haſt heard (my ſorrowfull ſoule) the lamentation of the Virgin *Marie*, as a kinde Mother, ſorrowing for the death of her deareſt Sonne: and the pittifull mourning of *Marie Magdalene*, ſighing for the loſſe of ſo louing and kinde a Maſter; Ceaſe not thou to ſhead teares, with thy weeping eyes, and to ſob with a broken and contrite heart, for the cruel and ſhamefull death of thy louing Sauiour, who died for thy hainous ſinnes, and ſuffered for thy horrible tranſgreſſions.

Grant me, oh my moſt gracious Lord, that my head may flowe with water, and that mine eyes may be turned into a fountaine of teares: For where ſhall I goe to draw water, but to the fountaine of my Sauiour?

Oh why ſhould I ceaſe to weepe for thy ſake, when thou didſt weepe ſo often, becauſe of my ſinnes? Thou haſt told me, that they are happy, and bleſſed, that mourne for their ſinnes, and lament for their offences, and that they ſhall be comforted in the day of their trouble, and receiue conſolation at the houre of their affliction.

Draw me (oh Lord) vnto thee, that I may behold thee, and take ſuch hold of thee, that thou maiſt neuer depart from me.

Receiue mee into the little number of thy louing and faithfull friends, who would not leaue thee in thy extremeſt miſerie, but did weepe and ſigh to ſee thy calamitie: ſo that being partaker with them of their ſorrow, by my meditation of thy bitter Paſſion, ſuffered here vpon earth, I may be made copartner with them of thine vnſpeakeable ioyes, in thy bleſſed Kingdome of heauen. Oh let thine eares be open to the petition of my lips, and let thy mercy grant the deſire of my heart.

A Meditation concerning the obſcuration and Eclipſe of the Sunne about the ninth houre, and of the fourth ſpeech which the Lord ſpake on the Croſſe.

MED. XVII.

When Chriſt upon the Croſſe for vs was nail'd, Mark 15.20.
And that his Ghoſt was readie to depart: Math. 27.50.
The Sun aſham'd his ſplendant beames ore-vaild, Luk. 23. 45.
As bluſhing to behold ſo vile a part. Mat. 27. 27.45.

NOw call to mind, my ſinfull ſoule, how the firmament was darkened, the Sunne eclipſed, and his beames obſcured at the bitter Paſſion of thy Sauiour. And maruaile not that the brightneſſe of the Sunne was dimmed, and that his golden beames did not ſhew forth their glorie, when as the Sonne of righteouſneſſe, ny innocent Ieſus had his beautie obſcured, and his glory darkened with the clowdes of his grieuous and bitter Paſſion. And if thou conſider the cruelty of his enemies, and the malice of his foes, ſo virulent in the diuelliſh cogitatiõs of their hearts, and ſo violent in the bloudy actions of their hands: thou maiſt thinke that the Sunne did as it were diſdaine to afford them his comfortable heat, or deny them his cheerefull light, that ſo their eyes might be ouerſhadowed with darkneſſe, as the light of their vnderſtanding was obſcured with malice.

But meditate not onely, oh my ſoule, on the horrible cruelty of the barbarous Gentiles, and on the execrable ſpite of the bloudy Iewes, and that their facts were ſo odious, and their deedes ſo deteſtable, that they ſeemed to depriue the Sunne of his ſplendant brightnes, and to rob the earth of her chiefeſt comfort: but more often thinke ſeriouſly of thy ſins, and meditate ſincerely of thy tranſgreſſions, which darken the light of thy minde, and eclipſe the beames of thy vnderſtanding, ſo that thou doeſt not ſee to tread in the path of harmeleſſe piety, but doeſt wander beſide it, into the dangerous waies of damnable iniquity.

Wherefore let the light of thine eyes be obſcured with weeping, and thy heart ake with groaning, as outward ſignes of thy inward ſorrow, as faithfull witneſſes of thy ſerious and true repentance: ſo that the bright beames of the comfortable loue of thy Redeemer may ſtill enlighten thy heart, and the light of his cheerefull countenance euermore

more ſhine vpon thee. Oh let not the miſtie vapours of my groſſe offences, my mercifull Sauiour, ſo obſcure the beames of thy mercy, but that their gracious influence may ſtill haue their powerfull operation in my minde, and reuiue my dead heart with the liuely motions of feruent and true deuotion. Let the vertue of thy Spirit ſo diſpell and diſperſe the thicke cloudes of my ſinnes, that my ſoule may be cheriſhed with the heat of thy loue, and ſee the brightneſſe of thy glory.

But now ceaſe thou, my ſoule, to behold the darkned Sun with thine amazed eyes, and attend to the voice of thy crying Sauiour with thine attentiue eares. What mournefful tongue can vtter the ſharpneſſe of his agony? what thought can conceiue the greatneſſe of his paine? Oh how grieuous was the extremity of his pangs, which made him lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, and his earneſt and loud voice vnto his Celeſtiall Father, crying out in this woful manner: *Eli, Eli, lammazabatani? my God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken mee?* Oh how vehement was the wrath of thy angry Father againſt thee my mercifull Ieſu, my louing Sauiour? how violent were the torments that vexed thy body? How grieuous were the afflictions that preſſed and perplexed thy minde, groaning vnder the heauie burden of our ſinnes, impoſed vpon thine innocent ſhoulders? Indeede our haynous ſinnes, our horrible tranſgreſſions, moued falſe-hearted *Iudas* to betray thee, and induced the ſtubborne-minded Iewes to reiect thee; they made thy Diſciples to flye for feare, and to leaue their louing Maſter in time of danger: they compelled thy head to bee crowned with pricking thornes, thy face to be defiled with ſpettle, thy body to be ſcourged with whippes: they pierced thy hands, and nailed thy feete, they were the hammer and nailes that faſtned thee to the Croſſe. Theſe cauſed thy Father to puniſh thee with the ſeuerity of his iuſtice, that thou being innocent, mighteſt make ſatisfaction for our treſpaſſes, ſuffering a ſhamefull and cruell death, to finiſh the great worke of our redemption, and to deliuer our bodies and ſoules from eternall deſtruction. Theſe made thy louing Father ſeeme to withdraw his cheerefull countenance from thee, becauſe thou didſt appeare ſo deformed to his eyes, and vgly in his ſight, hauing put on the filthy ragges of our iniquitie: although hee did alwaies loue thee, and could neuer leaue thee, being alwaies beautifull with the true ornaments of thy owne integrity. Oh how ſhould mine eyes water my bed with flowing teares, and my heart labor with continuall grones, to weepe for the cruelty of my ſinnes, and to lament for the tyrannie of my tranſgreſsions: which were ſuch cruell tormentors, to torture thy body, and ſuch furious tyrants to vexe thy ſoule? How great, oh my ſweet Ieſu, are the tortures which thou doeſt patiently endure for my ſake? How painefull, how ſhamefull, and curſed was the death which thou didſt ſuffer for my ſinnes? The puniſhment was great wherewith thy body was afflicted; the anguiſh was grieuous, wherewith thy ſoule was affected, the thornes were ſharpe, that wounded thy ſacred head, the whips were terrible that ſcourged thy naked body, the nailes were painefull that entred thorow thy hands, and pierced thy feete: nothing but markes of cruelty appeared to thine eyes, nothing but ſcornefull reproaches of thine enemies ſounded in thy eares. But as thy outward afflictions were vnſpeakeable, ſo thy inward ſorrow was more intolerable, when thou didſt thinke how forgetfull wee would be of thy mercies, and how vnthankfull we would be for thy benefits.

And as thou, my moſt deare Ieſu, in the fierceſt fittes of thine agonie, and foreſt pangs of thy Paſſion, didſt call, and crie to thy heauenly Father for ſuccour, ſo teach mee to lift vp my deuout heart, pure hands, and a lowde voice, towards the ſeate of mercy, when any outward affliction doth pinch my body, or any inward tribulation preſſe my ſoule: teach me oh Lord, in the ſtormie daies of my greateſt perſecutions, to meditate on thy wonted goodneſſe, and when my ſoule is moſt perplexed with the horror of my guilty conſcience, to thinke on the multitude of thy mercies.

But forſake me not, my ſweet Ieſu, when my ſtrength faileth: vphold mee, when my feete beginne to ſlide, and raiſe mee vp when I beginne to fall: thou doeſt neuer leaue them without comfort in time of their trouble, who come vnto thee with confidence of thy promiſes, and faithfully craue thy ſuccour: Oh ſuffer not my ſoule to be caſt downe with immoderate mourning, or my mouth to be filled with murmuring, when thy hand lieth heauie vpon mee. Comfort my drouping heart with ſome taſte of thy heauenly conſolation, when either the ſword of *perſecution* doth wound my body, or ſorrow for my ſinnes, doth afflict my minde. Let mee remember that thy children are in this world as the *Iſraelites* were in the deſart: they ſhall haue many cruell foes, abide hunger and thirſt, runne thorow many dangers, and drinke of the bitter waters of *Mara*, before they can come into heauenly *Canaan*, and chaw the wormewood of affliction, before they can eate of the fruit of the tree of life, more ſweet then milke, and more delicate then hony. Let me remember, that *Abraham* the Father of the faithfull, was often afflicted: that *Iacob* thy beloued, was conſtrained to flie for feare of *Eſau*, his rough-handed, and hard-hearted brother, and then vngently intreated, and vniuſtly rewarded for his faithfull ſeruice, by *Laban* his churliſh Vnkle. That *Dauid* thy choſen was often in danger of his life, purſued and perſecuted by furious *Saul*, before he was aduanced to his Kingdome. Oh let mee not forget the many miſeries, and bitter afflictions, which tumbled in heapes vpon *Iob* thy faithfull ſeruant: Let their patience calme the turbulent motions of my repining minde, and let the remembrance of their deliuerance arme my heart with a confident and ſtedfaſt reſolution, that the eye of thy carefull prouidence neuer ſleepeth nor ſlumbreth, but continually watcheth ouer thy faithfull and beloued, and that thine omnipotent arme is then ſtretched out to rid them out of perill, when they ſeeme to be in a deſperate caſe, paſt all hope, and fartheſt from ſuccour.

And let me know that affliction is the beſt hope that thy children may expect in this worldly Lotterie, but yet let the anchor of my hope take ſuch ſure hold on thy promiſes in the time of my miſery, that I may alwaies be aſſured, that thou art able, and neuer vnwilling to cure my *malady*, if I call faithfully vpon thy name, and waite thy appointed time with patience, abiding conſtant in thy loue, and confident in thy Word. Grant me, oh my Lord Ieſus, to crie out vnto thee in the daies of my trouble, and to craue thy ſtrong aide in the houre of my *tribulation*, O let mee drinke a deepe draught of the fountaine of thy mercie, when my poore heart is parched with thirſt, in this world of miſerie: Heare me from Heauen, and let my voice ſound in thine eares, that I may receiue comfort when I am diſtreſſed, helpe, when I am oppreſſed, and peace of conſcience when my ſoule is afflicted; that when I feele the ſweet taſte of thy mercie, my lips may ſhew thy praiſe, and my tongue declare thy glory, ſaying: *With my voyce I cried vnto the Lord, with my voyce I prayed vnto the Lord, and hee heard mee.*

A Meditation, concerning the fift and ſixt words, which the Lord Ieſus ſpake on the Croſſe; to wit, *I thirſt*, and *It is finiſhed.*

MED. XVIII.

Zach. 13.1. *When Christ our Lord the fountaine of all bliſſe,*
John 19.28. *Had ſaid, I thirſt; and that the houre was come,*
Rom. 4.25. *That hee to Death muſt yeeld for our amiſſe,*
John 19.30. *He ſaid: It's* finiſht now; and all is done.

HEere (Oh my ſoule) conſider not onely the woes, but mark the *words* of thy dying *Ieſus:* thou didſt heare him cry vnto his heauenly Father, with feruencie of his affection, vttering the vehemencie of his affliction, and now heare thy wofull Ieſus, ſpeaking vnto the wilfull deafe-ear'd, and dead-hearted Iewes, ſaying, I *thirſt*.

And although enuie had ſo parched vp their hearts, that they had no ſap of relenting pittie, yet let his words pierce ſo deepe into thy tender heart, that it may be wounded with true compunction, and ſtirre vp actiue and liuely motions of compaſſion within thy bowels, ſo often as thou doſt thinke on his neceſſity, and ſo often as thou doſt meditate on his calamity: but alas, thou doſt ſeldome or neuer meditate on his humane miſery.

Oh what grieuous infirmities, miſeries, diſtreſſes, and calamities, did our fraile aſſumed nature bring vpon thee, my louing, ſweet, and mercifull Ieſu?

How many great and vnſupportable torments did our ſinne, (yea my ſinnes, made thine by imputation) compell thee to ſuffer?

What did cauſe thee to doe it, my bleſſed Sauiour, but the ardent feruour of thy exceeding loue? What worthineſſe of merit was there in vs, as a motiue to mooue thee? It was thine vnſpeakeable mercie, and nothing but thine ineſtimable mercie which did induce thee.

But canſt thou (oh my ſorrowfull ſoule) containe thy teares within the little caue of thine eies, and ſuppreſſe thy groanes, and repreſſe thy ſighes within the hollow corners and cauernes of thy heart, when thou doeſt thinke on the extreme thirſt of thy louing Ieſus, and of the ſmall compaſſion that was ſhewed vnto him by the vnmercifull Iewes? Wherefore cry out with the voyce of mourning, and lament in thy crying, and ſay vnto thy beloued Ieſus, Oh my moſt louing Lord, oh my moſt gracious Reconciler, oh my moſt mercifull Redeemer, how ſhould my ſad and ſorrowfull ſoule be afflicted with heauineſſe? how ſhould all my ſences be afflicted with mourning, when my minde doth contemplate the wounds of thy body, and meditate the ſorrow of thy ſoule, afflicted with the deadly pangs of thy bitter paſſion, which inflamed thy heart with exceſſiue heat, and dried vp the moyſture of thy bowels, with immoderate thirſt? And how ſhould mine eies ſwell with weeping, and my heart be wearied with groning, to bewaile my ſinnes, which ſo ſharpened the hearts of the Gentiles, with the eagerneſſe of crueltie, and ſo ſhortened the hand of the Iewes, with the malice of impiety, that they retained no ſparke of pitty in their hearts, nor would extend their hands to giue thee any comfortable refreſhing in thy greateſt extremity? But as their hearts and bowels were filled with ſharpe, ſowre, and malicious humors, ſo they giue thee a ſowre and bitter drinke, compounded of Gall and Vineger.

Oh nefarious and horrible impiety! oh deteſtable crueltie of the perfidious Iewes, to be ſo ſtony-hearted, as not to afford ſo much as a draught of cold water to my dying Ieſus, who is able to giue water of life, which ſhall ſo plentifully ſatisfie the longing deſire of thoſe that drinke of it, that they ſhall neuer after be moleſted with thirſt, nor haue any neceſſity to drinke.

Oh would I had been there, my bountifull Ieſu, that my weeping eies might haue afforded thee ſtore of water, to haue ſlaked thy drineſſe, and quenched thy thirſt. Oh how extreme was the griefe of thy tender-hearted Mother! Oh how ſorrowfull was the ſadneſſe of *Iohn* thy louing Diſciple, who loued thee ſo tenderly, and was beloued of thee ſo intirely?

Oh how dolorous was the lamentation of *Mary Magdalene*, mourning for thee her kinde diſtreſſed Maſter, who had forgiuen her many ſinnes, becauſe ſhee had ſhewed thee much loue! Who all did behold thee with their wofull eies, and did heare thee with their dolefull eares, complaine that thou wert drie and thirſtie! and no doubt but they did all wiſh with ſighes, and deſire with heauie groanes, that they had beene able, (but alas, they might not be ſuffred) to giue thee ſome comfortable refreſhing.

When the Diuell our ancient enemy did tempt thee in the Wilderneſſe, thou wert pinched with hunger, and at thy death thou wert parched with thirſt, thy moyſture dried vp like a pot-ſhard, and thy tongue cleaued to the roofe of thy mouth.

Now what are theſe naturall wants and weake infirmities found in thy body, but ſtrong arguments vnto vs of thy true man-hood, and true teſtimonies of thy humane nature, that we might know, that although thou wert indued with exceeding patience, yet that thou being man, wert ſubiect to our paſſions: but as thy ſacred Conception was free from all carnall corruption, ſo thy pure Life was alwaies free from all ſinnefull infection.

Thou hadſt great cauſe (my

louing Sauiour) to be moleſted with drineſſe, and grieued with thirſt, when as thy body was diſtempered with *watching*, bruiſed with cruell blowes, and thy bloud exhauſted with thy *bleeding wounds*: yet ſuch as was the inhumanity, ſuch was the cruelty of the pittileſſe Iewes, that in this extremity they would not afford thee a cup of cold water. But is it credible, yea, is it poſſible, that my Sauiour ſhould be afflicted with thirſt at his death, who hath told vs (and it is true that hee hath told vs) that he hath the water of life?

Tell me, my bountifull Ieſu, how was thy moiſture conſumed? What cauſed thy thirſt? Art thou not hee which cryed, *If any man thirſt, let him come to me and drinke?* Iohn 7.37. Art thou able to ſatisfie others that are thirſty, and art thou thy ſelfe oppreſſed with thirſt? art not thou He my louing Sauiour, which ſaid to the woman of *Samaria*, that thou hadſt the *water of life*, and that he which *ſhould drinke of this water, ſhould neuer thirſt any more, but that it ſhould be a well of water in him, ſpringing vp vnto euerlaſting life?*

Thy ſpeech (my Sauiour) is veritie: and thy words are truth: thou haſt the water of life, thou art able, and as thou art able, ſo thou art moſt willing, to refreſh our thirſty ſoules with this bleſſed water, if wee will reſort to drinke of thy pure and *Chriſtall fountaine*: I will come vnto thee (my ſweet Ieſu) that thou mayeſt ſatisfie my ſoule with thine euerlaſting *bread*, and quench my thirſt with this *Water of life*: for my ſoule thirſteth after God, which is a liuing Fountaine.

I will cry vnto thee, the Lord my God, my Sauiour, my protector, and I will ſay, I thirſt, I thirſt, my bountifull Ieſu: Oh that I might haue but ſo much as a little taſte of this Cœleſtiall water! Oh how doe I long to drinke of this fountaine! Quench thou my thirſt, oh my ſweet Ieſu, with this liuing Water, for thou onely art able to quench my thirſt, becauſe with thee there is the fountaine of life.

And graunt that my ſoule may ſtill thirſt with ſuch a longing after thy *loue*, that it may make haſte to theſe waters of comfort.

Oh how dangerous and deadly were my malady? how vnſufferable were my miſery? how damnable were my ſtate? how deſperate were my caſe, if I ſhould not drink of this *heauenly Fountaine?*

But as the ſpring of theſe bleſſed and wholeſome waters doth euer flow, and as thy vnſtinted bounty (oh my mercifull Sauiour) euer aboundeth: ſo thou doeſt neuer deny any thirſtie ſoule to drinke of this Liuing water.

Wherefore let the feruency of thy loue ſo inflame my ſoule, that it may thirſt, and thirſting, may runne vnto thee, to be refreſhed with this comfortable water.

I know, oh my bleſſed Redeemer, that thou wert not onely afflicted with thirſt in thy body, but that thou wert more affected with thirſt in thy Spirit.

Heare thou, (oh my thirſty ſoule) the ſweet word of thy Sauiour! Oh with what exceeding mercy is it repleniſhed? with what ineſtimable Charity is it vttered?

He ſaith, *I thirſt:* but he

ſaith not, I am pained, grieued, or afflicted. And what doſt thou thirſt for ſo much, oh my louing Lord? Thou doſt not thirſt ſo much for wine which is preſſed out of the grapes of the Vine: or for water which floweth out of the Riuer: but thy thirſt is my ſaluation, thy meat is my redemption. Thou doeſt thirſt for my faith, my ſaluation, my ioy: this ſpirituall thirſt did more affect thy ſoule, then any naturall or humane thirſt could afflict thy body: Therefore thirſt thou (oh my ſoule) after thy louing and merciful Sauiour, as the *thirſty Hart deſireth the water*. Oh how canſt thou but thirſt after him, who hath thirſted ſo much after thee? Let all things (be they neuer ſo ſowre) be pleaſant vnto thee for his ſake: let all things (be they neuer ſo bitter) be moſt ſweet vnto thee for his loue. Refuſe not to drinke of the bitter cup of affliction for his cauſe, and hee will not faile to refreſh thee in the time of thy calamitie, his hand ſhall be ſtretched out to deliuer thee in thy neceſſitie.

Grant me, my Lord, that I may offer vnto thee the wine of my true deuotion, with the Myrrh of mortification, and Gall of hearty contrition. But as it might be dolefull vnto thee my ſoule, to heare thy louing Ieſus cry out, *Sitio, I thirſt*: ſo let it be ioyfull vnto thee, to heare him take his farewell with *Conſummatum eſt*, It is finiſhed, *Ioh.* 19. 30. Oh let the Meditation of this word be more ſweet vnto me, then the hony which *Samſon* found in the carkaſſe of the Lyon, when he was hungry, *Iudg.* 14 8. and more delectable vnto mee, then the water which hee found in the Iaw-bone of the Aſſe, when he was thirſty, *Iudg.* 15. 19. For now had my bleſſed Redeemer fulfilled the ſacred decrees of the holy Scriptures, concerning my ſaluation, and appeaſed the wrath of his Father, kindled againſt me for my ſinnes.

Now he had cancelled the Obligation of my infinite debt, and not with ſiluer and gold, but with his owne moſt precious blood purchaſed my Redemption: And by his death, conquered death, hell and the deuill.

Oh happy death, that hath redeemed mee to eternall life! Oh glorious victory, although my Sauiour obtained it ſo dearely! Therefore let mee not be careleſſe to ſell that ſo cheape, which my Sauiour hath bought ſo deare. Let mee conſecrate my ſoule and body wholly wholy to him, for they are his owne, he hath dearely bought them.

Direct my ſpirit, oh Lord, by the leuell of thy perfect Word: let the meditation of my heart be day and night in thy ſacred law, that I may offer vp vnto thee daily the calues of my vnſained lippes, ſpeaking of thy maruailous kindneſſe early in the morning, and telling of thy manifold mercies late in the euening: ſend downe a gracious raine of thy holy Spirit into the furrowes of my heart, that the memory of thine innumerable benefits, may perpetually flouriſh in my minde, and thine euerlaſting praiſes euermore ſound in my mouth: for thou alone art my Redeemer, oh Lord God of my ſaluation.

A Meditation how CHRIST gaue vp the Ghoſt, and of the wonders which were ſeene at his death.

MED. XIX.

Strange wonders at our Sauiours death were wrought, Mark 15.38.
The graues did open, and the dead came forth: Math. 27.51.
The Temple rent in twaine. Dumbe creatures ſought Luk.23. 45.
T'expreſſe to blinded Iewes, their Makers worth. Luk. 19.40.

Lift vp thine eies, oh my ſoule, and behold how the countenance of thy Sauiour is couered with a deadly paleneſſe, his ſight beginneth to faile, and his heart to faint, yet a little before the departure of his ſoule, and in his greateſt pangs, hee cried out with a lowd voice, as if he had felt no paine, ſaying: *Father, into thy hands I commend my* *my ſpirit*: and when he had ſaid thus, bowing downe his head, and cloſing his eies, he gaue vp the Ghoſt, *Luk.* 23. 46. Now ſo ſoone as his bleſſed ſoule was diſſolued from his breathleſſe body, the vaile of the *Temple* was rent into two pieces from the top to the bottome, the earth did quake, the ſtones were rent, the graues opened, and many bodies of the Saints, which ſlept, aroſe out of their graues, came into the holy Citie, and appeared to many.

Awake thou now, oh my ſoule, lie no longer ſnorting in the bed of careleſſe ſecurity: what wilt thou ſay? What wilt thou doe, oh my ſoule?

Thou ſeeſt that the earth trembleth, and quaketh, that the ſtones doe cleaue in pieces, and that the beholders are all amazed at the death of the Lord Ieſus.

Oh! why art thou ſo ſenſeleſſe, oh my ſoule, and as it were dead without motion, at the recordation of the death, and meditation of the Paſſion of thy Sauiour? Oh let the ſinnefull vaile of the temples of thy head rend into pieces, which couered the eies of thy vnderſtanding! Let thy earthly body tremble with horror, and thy ſtony heart cleaue in ſunder with terror of thine impiety: and now ariſe thou out of the graue of thine iniquity, let thine eies waſte and conſume away with weeping, and let thy heart melt away with ſighing, that thou mayeſt ſhew ſome ſignes of ſorrow for thy ſinnes, and ſome tokens of true repentance for thy tranſgreſſious, which cauſed the bitter Paſſion, and procured the cruell death of thy innocent IESVS: and crie out with the aſtoniſhed Centurion, *Verily this man was righteous, Hee was the Sonne of GOD*, Mat. 17. Lift vp thy hands and crie out with a faithfull heart, Oh my gracious Lord, my ſweet Sauiour, and louing Redeemer, how terrible were my treſpaſſes, how hainous were my tranſgreſſions, that nothing but thy precious blood could waſh out the ſtaines of mine iniquity? and nothing but thy death deliuer me out of the chaines of euerlaſting captiuity? What ſhall I doe to gratulate the greatneſſe of thy loue? How ſhall I perfectly relliſh the goodneſſe of thy mercy? How ſhall I throughly taſte the ſweetnes of thy compaſſion? For how doth thy loue exceede in greatneſſe? How doth mercy abound in goodneſſe ? And how doth thy compaſſion excell in ſweetneſſe, that thou being the true and naturall Sonne of God, ſhouldſt be made man, that we being ſinnefull men, ſhould be made the ſonnes of God? Yea, when wee were thine enemies, veſſels of ſinne, and vaſſals of Satan ? And that thou being man, ſhouldeſt be made ſubiect to the ſame paſſions, to the ſame affections, to the ſame afflictions, that we are? Yea, *obnoxious* to death, to pay our debt: but yet thy life was neuer infected with any ſinfull action : no, not ſo much as affected with any euill cogitation.

Oh my kinde Ieſu! Oh thou innocent Lambe! Oh my moſt louing Lord ! by how much the more I conſider thy calamity, by how much the more I ruminate thy mercie, by ſo much the more cauſe I finde to be faithfully affected towards thee for the greatnes of thy loue, and to be afflicted with thee for thy grieuous torments. Oh let me behold in my ſerious meditation, and ſee with the eye of mine vnderſtanding, how thy moſt ſacred body is bruſed with cruell blowes, thy tender fleſh mangled with bleeding wounds, thy venerable head perfored and pierced with a Crowne of pricking thornes, thy beautifull forehead ſpotted, and thy comely haire knotted with congealed blood, thy noſthrils offended with ſtinking ſpittle, and thy bleſſed mouth diſtaſted with gall and vinegar, thy moſt bright eyes obſcured with a veile, thy amiable face buffeted with fiſts, and defiled with duſt, thy chaſte eares filled with reproaches, thy naked body ſcourged with whips, thy weary ſhoulders ſhrinking, and thy weake knees failing vnder the heauie burthen of the Croſſe, thy moſt holy hands pierced, and thy bleſſed feet bored with ſharpe iron nailes, thy bleſſed ſide opened, and thy heart wounded with a ſpeare. Oh let the remembrance of thy grieuous torments, my louing Ieſu, let the memorie of thy bleeding wounds and ſcornefull reproaches, wound my heart with wofull compunction, and pierce into my hardned bowels, that they may relent with tender compaſſion, that I may feele ſome ſenſe of painefull ſorrow for thy ſake, ſeeing thou haſt ſuffered ſo much for my ſinnes.

But before thou paſſe any further, (oh my ſoule) doe thou not let it paſſe without earneſt meditation, how that although the hearts of the tromentors of mine afflicted Ieſus, were ſo poyſoned with impiety, and their hands ſo polluted with cruelty, that they grieued his righteous ſoule with their ſcornes and reproaches, killed his innocent body with their tortures: yet that the fury of their malicious hearts was ſo reſtrained, and the violence of their cruell hands ſo repreſſed, that they could not breake one bone of his bleſſed body, as they did of the malefactors which were crucified with him, becauſe the ſacred Scripture had ſaid they ſhould not, and therefore their hands were fettered that they could not: *Exod.* 12.46. *Num.* 9. 12. *Zach.* 12. 10. Wherefore let this meditation comfort thy drooping heart (oh my ſoule) and conſolate thy fainting ſpirits in the ſowreſt fits of any worldly miſery, and in the ſoreſt conflicts of any affliction that can betide thee: that no Tyrant, be hee neuer ſo mighty, or his heart neuer ſo malicious, can imagine more in his cruell thoughts, or act any more with his bloudy hands againſt thee, then the Diuine prouidence hath predeſtinated, and the counſell of the higheſt hath alwayes determined.

Let this reſolution be as a precious Balme to heale the wounds of thy ſorrow, and as a ſoueraigne Salue to cure thy ſores, that they may not feſter with deſpairefull repining, or rancor with impatient mourning.

Let no dread of danger throw downe the Fort of thy hope: let no Tempeſt of perſecution ſhake the foundation of thy Faith, and let no waues of affliction quench the flame of thy loue towards thy Sauiour, but let the oyle of his ſufficient grace ſo ſtrengthen the ſinewes of thy Faith, when it waxeth feeble, that thy heart neuer faile, nor thy courage quaile, when thou art moleſted with any ſickenes, or affliction of body, or moued with any malady of thy mind, being faithfully perſwaded, that no calamity can betide thee without his will, nor no danger can come neere thy dwelling, without his good pleaſure: and that no Tyrants, (although they be neuer ſo mighty) can do but ſo much, and no more againſt thee, then hee in his wiſedome knoweth to be profitable for thee.

For neither the prophane Gentiles, nor the ſuperſtitious Iewes, could doe any more vnto my innocent Ieſus, then he was willing to ſuffer, who came to die for the ſinnes of the people: they could not do one iot more then was enacted in the higheſt Court of the Cœleſtiall Parliament, determined by the ſecret Counſel of the Trinity, and confirmed by the euerlaſting Statutes of the ſacred Scriptures.

Confirme my mind (oh Lord) with a ſtedfaſt perſwaſion of thy power, and comfort my weake nature with a reſolute confidence in thy Word, that in the time of my aduerſitie, and day of my tribulation, yea, at the houre of my death, I may commend my ſpirit into thy hands, as thou didſt thine into the hands of thy heauenly Father.

Oh what a conſolation and comfort may it be vnto me in my greateſt miſery, to commend my ſoule into thy cuſtody! for there it ſhall remain in the ſafe harbor of eternal tranquillity, no more ſubiect to miſery, no more obnoxious to vanity: the ioy that it; ſhall poſſeſſe is vnſpeakable, the felicitie incomparable, the continuance of it neuer decaying, but alwayes durable without any change, or ending.

Receiue my ſoule (oh my louing Sauiour) into thy hands, that it may be ſafe, vnder the ſhadowe of thy wings: it is thine owne, it came from thee, and therefore let it returne vnto thee: receiue my gift, my bountifull giuer.

But becauſe (oh Lord) nothing that is impure may appeare in thy ſight, neither canſt thou behold any vncleane thing with thine eie, purge my ſoule with the fire of thy ſpirit, and waſh away the ſpots of it with thy precious bloud, that being beautified with the pure white robe of thy mercy, *Reu.* 12.18.

it may confidently approach vnto the Throne of thy Maieſty.

Oh let the affection of my loue be neuer defectiue towards thee, and infuſe that into me, by the gift of thy grace, which I am not able to obtaine by my owne ſtrength; captiuate all my ſences, that they may be obſequious to do thy will, and frame all the members of my body, to performe thy law, that being partaker of thy death, by true mortification of my fleſh, I may alſo be made partaker with thee of thy glorious Reſurrection, by the viuification of thy bleſſed Spirit.

A Meditation, how the Lord Ieſus was buried, and of the lamentation of his Mother, and other women, for his death.

Med. XX.

Within a Tombe, which in a Rocke was wrought, Mark 15.46.
Ioſeph *enſhrines the body of our Lord,* Mat. 27.90. Luk. 23.53.
Wrapt in a cloth, which hee of purpoſe bought. Mark 15.46.
Oh happy man, that did ſuch loue afford!

AS there was a wicked and couetous *Iudas*, (oh my ſoule) amongſt the faithfull Diſciples of thy louing IESVS, to betray him to a cruell death, ſo there was a kinde *Ioſeph* found among the Iewes, who brought him honourably to his graue.

Oh who is able to relate the lamentation, to expreſſe the ſorrow, and vtter the griefe of the Virgin *Marie*, mourning for the death of her deare Sonne, and other women, who did behold him with their compaſſionate eies, when (like an innocent Lambe) he gaue vp the Ghoſt, and bewailed his departure from them, with floods of teares!

Now thinke that thou doeſt heare the Virgin *Mary* diſcouering the inward ſorrowes of her heart, (of her grieued and wounded heart) vttered out of her dolefull mouth, paſſionate, as ſhe was a tender-hearted woman, and more compaſſionate, as ſhee was a louing Mother, when ſhee ſaw the wounded and breathleſſe body of her Sonne, taken downe from the Croſſe.

Let her ſorrowfull words penetrate thine eares, and pierce thy heart, that thou maiſt bewaile the debts of thy ſinnes, as ſhe lamented the death of her Sonne, in this or the like manner.

Oh my moſt ſweet Sonne, what is my felicity, which I had by thee in thy life? Is it any thing elſe but extreme miſerie at thy death? How is my chiefeſt ioy changed into ſorrow? My mirth into mourning? How is my reioycing turned into lamenting, my cheerefulneſſe turned into heauineſſe? nothing can mitigate my calamity, nothing can eaſe my malady:

What hadſt thou done (oh my moſt deare Sonne) what hainous crime hadſt thou committed? What odious treaſon hadſt thou perpetrated, that thou wert condemned to die ſuch a ſhamefull and bitter death?

Thy pure hands were neuer defiled with any euill actions: and thy harmeleſſe heart did neuer harbour any wicked cogitations: thine eyes were neuer bewitched with worldly vanities, nor thine eares delighted with lewd diſcourſes: thy mouth did vtter forth wiſedome, and thy tongue ſpake nothing but the truth: thy whole life was a Mirrour of piety, thy words deſerued no reprehenſion, thy deeds were without all exception! Oh how bitter was the malice? how horrible was the enuie? how blinde were the eyes? how bloody were the hearts of the cruell Iewes, to crucifie my deare Sonne, my innocent Ieſus? how dolefull is it to mine eyes, and dolorous to my heart, to behold thy bright eyes obſcured with deadly darkneſſe! thy bleſſed hand depriued of action, and thy beautifull feete ſenſleſſe without any motion! to ſee thy cheerefull countenance couered with an aſhy paleneſſe, thy skinne blacke and blue with blowes, and thy fleſh mangled with wounds!

This ſpectacle is ſo wofull, that I can no longer behold thee with mine eies, and the waues of ſorrow doe ouerflow my heart ſo faſt, that they ſtop my words, and ſtay the current of my mournfull ſpeech.

Now as *Marie Magdalen* did behold the bleſſed body of my Sauiour with his mourning Mother, ſo ſhe did not ceaſe to lament his death, who had beene ſo kinde a Maſter vnto her in his life: What a plentifull ſtreame of teares ranne downe her cheekes? What a ſpring of ſorrow aroſe in her heart?

How did her ſorrowfull ſighes ſecond her heauie ſobs? How did her dolefull ſobs preuent her lamentable ſighs? Thinke, thou doeſt ſee her kiſſe his ſenſleſſe hands: thinke thou doeſt ſee her kiſſe his breathleſſe feete, ſpeaking vnto her louing Maſter, with her trembling voice being dead, as if he did heare her, and were aliue, bathing them with her teares, and giuing a little eaſe to her ſore diſeaſed heart, by vttering theſe or the like words, with her feeble lips:

Mary Magdalens lamentation for loſſe of her Maſter.

Alas (my ſweet Maſter) alas my moſt louing Lord, the ſtaffe of my ſtay, the onely ioy of my heart, the ſole comfort of my perplexed ſpirit; Alas for me, how comfortleſſe doeſt thou leaue mee? How ioyfull was I made by thee? How ſorrowfull ſhall I bee by being without thee?

To whom ſhall I haue recourſe for comfort in the ſtraightneſſe of my ſorrow? To whom ſhall I goe for ſuccour in time of my trouble?

How lamentable is the view of thy wounded head vnto mine eies? How grieuous is the view of thy ſacred hands and feet vnto my ſight, pierced with iron-nailes, and depriued of ſenſe, which I ſo carefully anointed, bathing them with the teares of mine eies, and drying them with the haires of my head? *Iohn* 11. 2. and 12. 3. *Mat.* 26. 7. But now alas, in ſtead of odoriferous oyntment, they are mangled with wounds, and ſpotted with blood: Oh wretched woman, oh miſerable creature, becauſe I am depriued of ſuch a louing and welbeloued Maſter.

Where ſhall I find one who

will loue me ſo dearely, and regard me ſo entirely? Thou art hee which didſt often vouchſafe to come into my cottage, and to ſit downe at my Table, and didſt vouchſafe to honour my poore houſe with thy gracious preſence, when alas I was not able to afford thee any ſuch entertainement as might in any ſort requite thy kindeneſſe, or recompence thy loue, *Iohn* 11. 28. Oh my moſt ſweet Ieſu, thou didſt defend me from the Phariſe who diſdained me for my treſpaſſes, and loathed me for my ſinnes. Thou didſt kindely excuſe mee, ſpeaking in my cauſe, and pleading my caſe, when my ſiſter began to be angry with me, and to conceiue diſpleaſure againſt mee: Thou didſt commend me when I did anoynt thee with a precious oyntment, waſhing thy feete with my teares, and wiping them with my haire, thou didſt mitigate my ſorrow, thou didſt remit my ſins, thou didſt kindely aske for mee when I was not preſent with thee, and commanded my ſiſter to call me vnto thee.

Oh what great and how many demonſtratious of thy loue, how many tokens of thy kindneſſe, how many ſignes of thy charity, how many arguments of thy mercie, Oh my moſt ſweet Lord, haſt thou ſhewed vnto mee? what a rich treaſure of thy bounty haſt thou conferred vpon mee? When thou didſt ſee my mourning for the death of my Brother, thou didſt comfort mee in my ſorrow, thou didſt aſſwage my griefe, thou didſt weepe with me: ſuch was thy kinde affection towards my louing brother, ſuch was thy tender compaſſion towards mee his ſorrowfull ſiſter: and thou didſt not onely ſhead teares, as ſignes of thy loue, but thou didſt raiſe my dead brother out of his graue for my conſolation, and reſtored him to life againe for my comfort: *Iohn* 11. 35. *Ibidem*, 43. As nothing was more ſweet and pleaſant vnto me, then to enioy thy bleſſed company, ſo nothing can be more ſowre and ſharpe vnto me, then want of thy comfortable ſocietie.

But alas, ſorrowfull words are too weake a medicine to cure my maladie: and although I haue cauſe to ſay much, yet extremity of griefe will ſuffer mee to ſay no more.

Now thou haſt heard, oh my ſoule, the lamentation of a tender Mother, deploring the death of her Sonne, and alſo the pittifull mourning of a faithfull ſeruant, bewayling the want of him, who was her louing Maſter, and bountifull benefactor: canſt thou be ſo ſtonie-hearted, that thou art moued with no feeling compaſſion? Is thy heart ſo hard, that it cannot giue a groane? Are thine eyes ſo dry, that they will not yeeld a teare, at the meditation of the death and buriall of thy Sauiour, who died for thy ſinnes, and was ſlaine for thine iniquities?

I flie vnto thee, my moſt mercifull Lord, that thou maiſt mollifie and moyſten my hard, and dry heart with plentifull ſhowres of thy graces: turne my head into a ſpring of water, and change mine eyes into a fountaine of teares.

I know not how to excuſe my ſelfe, becauſe I haue beene ſo vnthankfull for thy benefits, ſo forgetfull of thy mercies, and ſo vnkinde vnto thee for thy loue.

What ſhall I ſay but woe and alas fot me, a moſt wretched and wicked ſinner? Who can meaſure the quantity of mine infelicity? Who can deſcribe the horrour of my miſerie? Who can quiet the troubles of my minde? Who can pacifie my troubled conſcience, becauſe my hard heart hath not beene touched with any compunction, nor my bowels moued with any compaſſion, when I did thinke on thy cruell death, and meditate on thy bitter Paſſion?

Oh wretched man thut I am! Oh miſerable creature! For when others doe mourne at the meditation of thy Paſſion, ſhed teares, and ſend forth ſighes at the remembrance of thy death: my heart is ſo ouer-growne with hardneſſe, that it cannot be touched with ſorrow, and mine eies are ſo dry without moiſture, that they will not ſend forth a teare. Oh why doe I not ſigh, ſob, and weepe in my Meditation of the bitter Paſſion of my Sauiour, my gracious and bountifull benefactor, who did abide ſo many painefull torments and reproachfull taunts for my ſinnes, and ſuffered a moſt ſhamefull and cruell death on the *Croſſe* for my tranſgreſſions? How can I excuſe the coldneſſe of my loue? How ſhould I cleare my vnthankfull minde? If Death take away my Father, or depriue me of my Mother, I water my cheekes with teares, and weary my heart with groaning. I can weepe for the death of a Brother, and wring my hands for ſorrow at the buriall of my ſiſter: I cannot but mourne when I follow my friend to his graue, my teares doe teſtifie my loue, my voice doth vtter words of lamentation; my heart is ſadde with ſorrows, and all my ſences are diſordered with griefe.

But alas, how is the moiſture of mine eies conſumed, that they cannot yeeld one teare! How obdurate is my heart, that it will not groane, when I thinke on the deadly pangs of my Sauiour, and when I meditate on the grieuous paſſion, and bitter death of my Redeemer, who hath beene more beneficiall vnto mee then any louing Father, and more kinde then any tender-hearted mother! what kindneſſe of a Brother, or mild affection of a Siſter, can equall his loue? What friend can be ſo glad for my proſperity? Who of miue acquantance can be ſo ſad for my aduerſity? Who can be ſo conſtant vnto me in affection? Who can be ſo faithfull vnto me in compaſſion, as my mercifull Sauiour? My Parents gaue me my fleſh, polluted with ſinne, and defiled with vices: I receiue from my Sauiour, Memory, Will, Vnderſtanding, and Reaſon: yea, what is there in me which is good, but it commeth from my GOD? My Parents haue beene an occaſion to throw me downe into hell, but my Redeemer did ſhed his precious bloud to bring mee into the Kingdome of Heauen: therefore why doe I not ſigh and lament for the death of my Lord my Sauiour, my Redeemer, who is my ſolace in time of ſorrow, my conſolation in my meſery, and my refuge in the houre of my neceſſity? But oh my moſt bountifull Ieſu, father of mercies, I mourne with ſorrow, and lament with teares, when death doth rob mee of my Parents, or depriue mee of my friends : becauſe I loue them without meaſure, and affect them without any meane. Therefore becauſe I did neuer loue thee faithfully in all my life, I am not able to be grieued for thee when I meditate on thy death. Wherefore oh my ſweet Ieſu, enflame my heart with thy loue, that my ſoule may make haſt to come vnto thee, which art the Liuing Fountaine which can quench my thirſt. Blow vp the ſparkles of mine affections with the breath of thy ſpirit, which lie ſmothered in my breſt, that they may begin to burne with thy loue: let the meditation of thy loue, be the ſweeteſt pleaſure of my minde : let it be the beginning, let it be the ending of all my deſires. Looke downe vpon me from heauen, oh Lord, and viſit mee from thy Sanctuarie: Teach me to bewaile my ſinnes: touch my heart with true ſorrow for my tranſgreſſiós, which made thee to deſcend from heauen out of thy Fathers boſome, to die a ſhamefull and cruell death on the Croſſe for me a moſt wicked and wretched ſinner.

Oh what haſt thou done for mee, my moſt bountifull Ieſu? Let my heart be ſtill raviſhed with the admiration of thy loue: let my minde ſtill feede on the ſweetneſſe of thy mercy: let my memory keepe a perpetuall Regiſter of thy exceeding bounty.

Teach mee to meditate fruitfully on thy bitter Paſſion: teach mee to thinke comfortably on thy bleſſed Reſurrection and glorious Aſcenſion, that I may daily wiſh for thy comming to Iudgement, that I may be freed from all worldly miſery, and be made partaker with thee of eternall felicity. *Amen.*

A Meditation of the Lord Ieſus his Reſurrection; of his appearance to his Diſciples, of his Aſcenſion into heauen, and of his comming to Iudgement.

MED.XXI.

Mark 16.12. *Two* Maries *come to ſeeke*
their Lord in graue:
Math. 28.56. *To whom an Angell bright*
appeares, and ſaith,
Luk. 24.56. Amongſt the dead your
Lord you cannot haue:
Mat.28. 9,10,20, 14. *Then Chriſt himſelfe appeares*
to arme their faith.

AS yet (my ſorrowfull) ſoule, thou haſt had matter to draw out ſtreames of teares from thine eies, and lamentable motiues, to driue out deepe groanes from thy heauy heart, when thou didſt meditate in thy troubled minde, and ponder in thy ſecret thoughts, on the malicious enuie of the bloudy Iewes, the horrible Treaſon of deſperate *Iudas*, the wrongfull and cruell ſentence of death, pronounced by curſed *Pilate*, the bitter taunts and brutiſh torments breathed out againſt, and inflicted vpon my louing Ieſus, by thoſe murthering tormentors, and cruell Tyrants.

But now, oh my ſoule, be cheerefull, caſt away penſiue thoughts, conſolate thy perplexed minde, and comfort thy troubled ſpirit: let thy ſorrow be turned into ſolace, thy mourning into mirth: let thine eies ceaſe to ſhead teares, and thy heart to yeeld forth any more heauie groanes: let thy tongue be a *Herauld*, to proclaime the exceeding ioy of thy reioycing minde, and lift vp thy voice, to ſing ioyfull ſongs of thy great deliuerance, when thou doeſt meditate with a zealous cogitation, and ſerious affection, on the powerfull Reſurrection, and triumphant Aſcenſion of thy bleſſed Sauiour. For although he willingly died on the *Croſſe* for thy ſinnes, and felt the bitterneſſe of a heauie curſe for thy ſake, yet as he had a deſire to lay downe, ſo hee had a power to take vp his life againe. And though the cruelty of the Iewes had put him to a curſed death, and afterwards vſed what policie they might to containe his body ſtill in the graue: yet their policy proued but folly, their ſealed Sepulchre could not hold him one minute beyond the appointed houre, but the ſtone was remoued, the earth trembled, and the Souldiers were amazed, that watched the Sepulchre, at the time of his

Reſurrection. But not onely the vnbleeuing Iewes, though they ſaw many ſtrange wonders at his death, doubted of his ſpeedy riſing againe vnto life: But alſo thoſe tender-hearted women, who beheld him hanging on the *Croſſe*, with their weeping eyes, and did lament his bitter *Paſſion*, with ſorrowfull hearts, did thinke to haue found him encloſed in the graue, *Matth.* 28.1. and therefore came earely in the morning, after the *Sabbath*, to embalme his bleſſed body with precious oyntments after his death, whom they loued ſo dearely, and eſteemed ſo highly in time of his life.

I am perſwaded, they could hardly ſuffer their eyes to entertaine any ſleepe, or the temples of their heads to take any reſt, but that ſometime in the night they thought on the pittifull wounds they ſaw in his body, and the grieuous afflictions he had felt in his ſoule: ſometime they thought on the hardneſſe of their hearts, and bloudie cruelty of their hands, that without any ſparke of pittie, or motion of mercy, did cruelly naile him to the *Croſſe*.

Sometime they doe meditate on the incomparable meekeneſſe of his minde, and admirable humility of his heart: they did no doubt often thinke vpon the excellencie of his pacience, and extremity of his *Paſſion*: they thought it long till the morning appeared, they might performe ſome kindeneſſe of loue, vpon his bleſſed body laid in the graue after his death, who had ſhewed ſo many tokens of extraordinary fauour towards them in time of his life.

But alas, how were their hearts ſurpriſed with ſorrow, and their mindes ſuppreſſed with griefe, when they came early to ſeeke, and could not finde the body of my Sauiour in the graue? *Iob.* 10. 12. But the Lord, who often trieth, but neuer tireth his children, with greater afflictions then they are able to beare, did comfort them in their amazed thoughts, and cheare vp their ſorrowfull hearts, by their ioyfull tidings, that his heauenly Ambaſſadors did declare vnto them, ſaying: *Why ſeeke yee the liuing among the dead? hee is not heere, but he is riſen, Luk.* 24.5. *Iob.* 20. 12.

Oh how did theſe comfortable words eaſe their heauie hearts! How did that welcome newes driue away the clowdes of ſorrow from their affrighted mindes! For now they began to remember what my Sauiour had told them, (while he was in *Galile* with them) concerning his Paſſion, and what hee ſpake vnto them, concerning his Reſurrection the third day, *Mat.* 17. 23.

But when they reported to his eleuen Diſciples what they had ſeen with their eies, and heard with their eares, the matter ſeemed ſo ſtrange vnto them, that they were doubtfull of their ſpeech, and gaue little credit vnto their words, vntill the Lord Ieſus did appeare himſelfe vnto them, and opened their eyes, that they might know him to be their true Lord and louing Maſter, *Iohn* 20. 19. *Mar.* 16. 14. *Luk.* 24. 36.

Oh how ſhould I, my ſweet Sauiour, which am of ſuch groſſe and dull vnderſtanding, perceiue the truth of thy powerfull Reſurrection, vnleſſe thou open mine eyes, confirme my faith, and take away my vnbeliefe? Oh let mee neuer ceaſe to admire thy greatneſſe, teach mee to comprehend the goodneſſe, and taſte of the ſweetneſſe of it. Oh how comfortable may the meditation of it be vnto my ſorrowfull ſoule, when I am caſt downe vpon my bed of ſickneſſe? what can better aſſwage my paines, or mitigate the horrour of my deadly pangs, when death approacheth, then faithfully to hope, and conſtantly to belieue, to be made partaker of thy ioyfull Reſurrection?

But how ſhould I reape any profit by thy pittifull Paſſion, or receiue any benefit by thy powerfull Reſurrection, vnleſſe I die, and be crucified with thee by mortification of my ſinfull fleſh? Let my ſoule (oh my ſweet Sauiour) lie no longer buried in the graue of iniquity: quicken me by thy ſpirit, and raiſe me vp by thy power, that I being made partaker of thy death, may alſo be raiſed vp with thee vnto euerlaſting life.

Oh let me remember, that as by the tranſgreſſion of *Adam*, I was made ſubiect to death, 1 *Cor.* 15.22. ſo by thy Reſurrection I am reſtored to life. Thou art a God, not onely *Omni-ſcient*, that knoweth all things, but alſo *Omnipotēt*, that can do all things. For, as thou wert able to forme the firſt man out of the earth, and to breathe into him the ſpirit of life, *Gene.* 7.2. ſo I am now reſolued, and certainely belieue, that thou wilt, and art able, to reuiue and raiſe my dead body out of the graue, though it be rotten, and conſumed to duſt:

Oh death, where is thy ſting? Oh graue, where is thy victorie? For now my Sauiour hath ſubdued your forces, my powerfull Redeemer hath conquered your Kingdome.

Wherefore (oh my ſoule) let this Meditation be as a medicine to cure thy miſerie, as a ſalue to heale thy ſorrow, as a precious Balme to medicate thy wounds, and as a ſoueraigne Lenitiue, to eaſe thy woes: for though the world entertaine thee with frowns, and many bloudy Tyrants be thy cruell foes, yea, though death ſeparate thee from my body, thy louing companion, with whom thou haſt liued ſo long, and from whom thou art ſo loth to depart, yet the ioyfull day will come, when ye ſhall both be reunited together, with the bands of perpetuall amitie, and with a league of an euerlaſting ſoci-

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etie: then ſhall thy loſſe be changed into gaine, thy pouertie into plentie, thy want into wealth, thy ſorrow into ioy, thy deformity into beautie: thou ſhalt be no more ſoyled with ſinne, nor ſpotted with the ſtaines of iniquitie.

For then, the body ſhall no more be a receptacle of vices, or a cage of vncleannes, no longer a Vaſſall to impietie or a Veſſell of impuritie: no more ſubiect to varietie: nor obnoxious to vanity: no more obiected to miſerie: no longer ſubiected to mutabilitie: yea, no more allured with baites of Satan, nor caught with the ſnares of ſinne: the minde ſhall be no longer afflicted with feare, or affected with hope. For thou, oh my ſoule & my body, ſhall be both poſſeſſed with a bleſſed fruition of an euerlaſting inheritance.

My fleſh ſhall no more be

ſubiect to corruption, the beauty of it ſhall neuer faile, it ſhall enioy health without any ſickeneſſe, ſtrength without any weakeneſſe, pleaſure without any paine: for it ſhall be combined together againe with thee (oh my ſoule) and liue for euer with the God of Eternity, in the glorious manſion of his *magnificent Maieſtie*, and *euerlaſting Tabernacle* of his infinite glory.

For as my bleſſed Sauiour did once deſcend downe vpon the earth, ſo hee is now aſcended vp into heauen, *Act.* 19.10, 11. where hee ſitteth vpon the Throne of Maieſtie, at the right hand of God his Father: hee is our faithfull aduocate, he is our louing mediator, and maketh continuall interceſſion for the remiſſion of our ſinnes. Hee craueth no golden fee for his paines, nor any reward for his labour, if we ſue vnto him with an humble heart, and a lowly minde: his eares are alwayes open to our peticions, hee is neuer vnwilling to graunt our requeſts, if wee faithfully call vpon him, confidently truſt in his Word, and conſtantly beleeue his promiſes.

Wherefore oh my louing Redeemer, what reaſon; yea, what treaſon is it againſt the diuine Maieſtie, for vs to ſupplicat and beſeech thy Mother to ſue vnto thee for our pardon, when ſhe hath no facilitie to heare vs, nor faculty to helpe vs in the time of our neceſſitie, or day of our miſery? Why ſhould we ſue vnto any of the departed Saints, to be earneſt ſutors for vs, who haue no poſſibility to heare our petitions, nor power to graunt our requeſt, nor merit to ſaue themſelues? Oh that ſuch doltiſh folly ſhould poſſeſſe our hearts, or any ſuch blockiſh ignorance blinde our mindes! For haſt thou not commaunded vs to come vnto thee? Haſt thou not promiſed to eaſe vs, whenſoeuer any heauy burthen of ſinne *doth preſſe our ſoules, or any outward affliction oppreſſe our bodies? Mat.* 11. 28. Why ſhould wee be ſuch timorous perſons, or rather ſuch trecherous Teaytors, as to attribute that vnto men, which is onely due vnto God? to honor an impotent creature, and to diſhonour our omnipotent Creator, when we haue libertie to draw neere vnto his ſeate of vnmeaſurable Mercie, without any hopeleſſe feare of his infinite Maieſty? wee beleeue, oh my ſweet Sauiour, and bountifull Redeemer, that thou art aſcended, and locally ſeated in the highest Heauens, in reſpect of thy humanitie: but that thou art euery where, by the vertue and power of thy diuinitie. And that none of the departed Saints, be they neuer ſo holy, can haue any feeling of our wants, or compaſſion of our woes: no, no, it is onely thou that canſt heare vs, it is onely thou that muſt helpe vs.

Oh happy were thy diſciples, that did ſee thy glorious Aſcenſion with their eies! *Act.* 1.9, 10, 11. Oh happy are they alſo that doe faithfully beleeue it in their hearts. Wherfore, let the morning and euening dew of thy graces deſcend downe vpon vs, that we may lift vp pure hearts, and cleane hands, toward thy holy Sanctuary. Now, oh my penitent ſoule, as the remembrance of the powerfull reſurrection, and admirable Aſcenſion of my Sauiour (who when he aſcended, led *Captiuitie* captiue, and gaue gifts vnto men) may comfort thy heart with hope, that thou ſhalt once againe be knit vnto the body, though death for a while make a ſeparation betweene you and it, & lie couered in the womb of the earth, and not in the graue: ſo the expectation of his glorious comming to Iudgement, when as he hath promiſed in his ſacred Word he will reward euery man according to his workes, may animate thy minde with patience to fight couragiouſly vnder his ſtanderd: for though hee was content to take vpon him the forme of a ſeruant for thy ſake, and then to ſuffer a cruell and ſhamefull death for thy ſinnes here vpon earth; yet hereafter hee ſhall appeare with ſuch vnnincible power, and exceeding Maieſtie, that the Sunne ſhall be darkned, and the Moone obſcured with the brightneſſe of his glory.

But how dreadfull, how dolefull, how darke and gloomy ſhall the great day of his comming be vnto the wicked and vngodly, when the ſecrets of all mens conſciences ſhall be diſcloſed, and the very thoughts of their hearts openly diſcouered? Then ſhall traiterour *Iudas*, who treacherouſly betrayed him, curſed *Pilate*, that wrongfully condemned him, and the vnrepenting *Iewes* that cruelly crucified him, ſtand trembling at the Barre, before his Maieſty, deſpairing with terrour, and confounded with horrour, when ſentence of euerlaſting death ſhall be pronounced againſt them: then it will be too late to wiſh that the Mountaines might fall vpon them, or that the Hils might couer them: then they ſhall finde no couerture wherewith to ſhrowd their ſinnes, nor flie into any corner, wherein they may hide their heads. Oh how terrible ſhall the glorious countenance of my Sauiour appeare to their eyes? how dolefull ſhall his words ſound in their eares, when he ſhall ſay vnto them, *Depart ye hence, oh ye wicked, into the lake of brimſtone, which burneth with vnquenchable fire?* Then ſhall their eyes, which haue roued after worldly vanities, ſee nothing but hideous ſights that may affright them, and burning flames that do afflict them: then their eares, which haue beene delighted with pleaſant melodie, ſhall heare nothing but moſt ſorrowfull ſighes, lamentation and howling, they themſelues crying out in their miſery, and hearing others mourning, which are tormented with the like extremitie.

Their dainty pallate which

could not be pleaſed without varietie of delicate diſhes for their meat, nor without choyſe of delicious wine for their drinke, ſhall then be ſo ſcorched with burning, and inflamed with fire, that faine they would, if they could, giue the poſſeſſion of a kingdome for one drop of cold water: but the Ocean is not able to ſlake their heat, nor the water of all the Riuers in the world, ſufficient to quench their thirſt.

But how ſhould my tongue fully vtter one iot of theſe infernall tortures? yea, how ſhould our thoughts conceiue the greatneſſe of thoſe helliſh torments? The number of them is innumerable, the weight of them inſupportable, and the paine of them intolerable: neuer ceaſing, without any one moment of intermiſſion, alwayes vnmeaſurable,

ble, without any hope of mitigation. But how doe thy faithfull ſeruants deſire, oh my ſweet Sauiour, how doe they long for thy comming? for then they will lift vp their heads to behold the glory of thy face, their hearts ſhall bee filled with ioy, and their toungs ſhall neuer ceaſe to ſing ioyfull ſongs for their deliuerance: then ſhall they triumph ouer their foes, and ſee the deſtruction of their enemies: For thou ſhalt come vnto them, not as a Iudge to condemne them, but as a louing Father to embrace them: thou ſhalt wipe away all teares from their eyes, and take away all heauineſſe from their hearts: they ſhall neuer any more be pinched with hunger, or pined with thirſt; for thou wilt receiue them to dwell in thy Cœleſtiall Citie, which is ſtored with all abundance:

dance: But who can deſcribe the beauty, or demonſtrate the glory of this heauenly Hieruſalem? for it is made of *pure gold, the foundation of precious ſtones, the walles of Iaſper, and the gates of pearle. It needeth no Sunne to giue light vnto it in the day, or any Moone by night: for the glorious preſence of the Lord doth fill euery place with his ſhining brightneſſe,* Reuel. 21. 18,19,20,21,23.

What eye hath ſeene one ſparke of the gliſtering cleerneſſe? what eare hath heard one tittle of the greatneſſe? what heart can conceiue ſo much as a graine of the goodnes of this eternall Citie? Oh happy are the people that ſhal enter into thy beautifull gates! Oh happy are the Citizens that ſhall dwell within thy precious walles! for they ſhall liue with the Angels in eternall peace and ſecurity, and ſee

God in his glorious Maieſtie! Entertaine me (oh Lord) into thy gracious ſeruice, and graunt me grace, that I may ſerue thee all the dayes of my life in feare, and honour thee with my loue: that whin I haue ſerued out my time as thy faithfull ſeruant here on earth, I may be incorporated into this heauenly Citie, and admitted into the freedome of this bleſſed ſocietie. Come (oh my Lord Ieſu) come vnto vs quickly, and receiue vs to dwell with thee eternally, *Amen.*

FINIS.

Soli Deo gloria.

Bernard

MOST DEVOVT and Diuine MEDITATIONS OF Saint BERNARD:

Concerning the knowledge of humane Condition:

Seruing as ſo many Motiues to MORTIFICATION.

LONDON,
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t. Bernard

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FINIS.

Of the ſimilitude of Man to GOD.

MOTIVE I.

Many know many things, & know not themſelues: they pry into others, & leaue themſelues. They ſeeke God by thoſe outward things, forſaking their inward things, to which God is neerer, and more inward. Therefore I will returne from outward things, to inward, and from the inward I will aſcend to the Superiour: that I may know from whence I come, or whither I goe; who I am, and

Falſe knowledge.

The ready way how to know God.

St. Bernard

and from whence I am: that ſo by the knowledge of my ſelfe, I may be the better able to attaine to the knowledge of God. For by how much more I profit, and goe forward in the knowledge of my ſelfe, by ſo much the neerer I approach to the knowledge of God. Concerning the inward man, I finde three things in my ſoule, by which I remember, behold, and couet God. But theſe three things are, the *Memory, Vnderſtanding, Will*, or *Loue*. By the *Memory*, I remember him: by the *Vnderſtanding*, I behold him: by the *Will*, I imbrace him. When I remember God in my Memory, I finde him: and in him I am delighted, becauſe hee vouchſafeth to giue himſelfe to mee. By the Vnderſtanding, I view and contemplate what God is in himſelfe, what hee

Three things in vs, wherby we remember, behold, and deſire God.

hee is in the Angels, what he is in the Saints, what hee is in Men, what he is in the Creatures. In himſelfe, he is incomprehenſible, becauſe he is the beginning and end, and the beginning without beginning, the end without end. By my ſelfe, I vnderſtand how incomprehenſible God is, when as I cannot know, and vnderſtand my ſelfe, whom he hath made. In the Angels he is deſireable, becauſe they deſire to behold him. In the Saints hee is delectable, becauſe being happy in him, they reioyce continually. In other creatures hee is admirable, becauſe he createth all things powerfully; gouerneth all things wiſely, diſpoſeth all things bountifully. In men hee is amiable, becauſe he is their GOD, and they are his people. Hee dwelleth in them, euen as in

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Motiues to moue vs to loue God.

his *Temple*, and they are his *Temple*. Hee diſdaineth neither particular, nor vniuerſall. Whoſoeuer is mindefull of him, and doth both know, and alſo loue him, hee is with him. Wee ought to loue him, becauſe hee hath firſt loued vs, and hath made vs after his Image and ſimilitude, which thing he would not impart to any other creature. Wee are made according to the Image of GOD, that is, according to the vnderſtanding and knowledge of the Sonne, by whom we vnderſtand, and know the Father, and haue acceſſe vnto him.

So great is the affinity betweene vs and the Sonne of God, as that wee are the image of him who is the image of God. Which affinity alſo, the ſimilitude doth teſtifie: becauſe wee are not onely made according to his ſimilitude,

litude, but alſo to his likeneſſe. Therefore it behoueth, that that which is made according to his Image, doe agree with his Image, and not participate onely a vaine name of the Image. In which regard, let vs repreſent, and expreſſe his Image in our ſelues, in the feruent deſire of peace, in the beholding of truth, and in the loue of Charity.

Let vs hold him in our memorie, let vs carrie him in our conſcience, and let vs adore and worſhip him euery where, who is preſent euerie where. For our vnderſtanding in that ſame reſpect, is the image of him, in which it is capable of him, and may bee partaker of the ſame. The minde (or ſoule) is not therefore the Image of him, because the minde remembreth it ſelfe, vnderſtandeth

How the ſoule is ſaid to be the Image of God.

St. Bernard

and loueth it ſelfe: but becauſe it may be able to remember, vnderſtand, and loue him of whom it was made. The which when it doth, it becommeth wiſe.

The three faculties of the ſoule, *to wit*, Memory, Will, and Vnderſtanding: reſembling the Trinity.

For nothing is more like to that moſt excellent and higheſt Wiſdome, then a reaſonable Soule, which through Memory, Vnderſtanding, and Will, conſiſteth in that vnutterable Trinity.

But it cannot conſiſt and abide in the ſame, vnleſſe it remember, vnderſtand, and loue the ſame. Let it therefore remember her God, loue and worſhip Him, after whoſe Image it was made, with whom it may alwaies bee bleſſed. Oh bleſſed Soule, with whom GOD hath found reſt, in whoſe Tabernacle hee dwelleth and remaineth! Bleſſed, which may ſay, *And hee which created mee, reſteth in my Tabernacle*: For hee cannot denie the reſt of HEAVEN vnto her. Therefore why doe wee forſake our ſelues, and ſeeke God in theſe externall and outward things, who is at home with vs, if we will be with him?

How the ſoule is ſaid to be truely bleſſed.

Verliy he is with vs, and in vs, but as yet by faith, vntill wee ſhall ſee him face to face. *Wee know* (ſaith the Apoſtle) *that Chriſt dwelleth in our hearts by faith.* Becauſe Chriſt is in our Faith, Faith in our Vnderſtanding, our Vnderſtanding in the heart, the heart in our breſt.

How God dwelleth in vs.

Through Faith I call God to minde (as a Creator) I adore him as a Redeemer, I attend and wait for him as a Sauiour, I beleeue to behold him in all his Creatures, to haue him in my ſelfe, and that

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that which is more pleaſant, and bleſſed then all theſe (vnſpeakeable) to know him in himſelfe. For to know the Father, Sonne, and the holy Ghoſt, is life Euerlaſting, perfect bleſſedneſſe, chiefeſt pleaſure.

What life euerlaſting is.

The eye hath not ſeene, the eare hath not heard, neither hath it entred into the heart of man, what great loue, what great ſweetneſſe, and what great pleaſantneſſe doth remaine vnto vs by that viſion, when we ſhall ſee God face to face. Which is the light of thoſe which doe inlighten, reſt to the labouring, a Countrey to them that returne from exile, life to the liuing, a Crowne to the conquering. Therefore in my vnderſtanding, I finde the Image of that moſt high and ſupreme Trinity: to the which moſt ſupreme Trinity alwayes to bee remembred, looked vpon, and to be loued, that I may remember it, be delighted with it, embrace and view it, I muſt referre and employ that time which I liue.

The minde is the Image of GOD, in which are theſe three things, *Memory*, *Vnderſtanding*, and *Will*, or *Loue*. Wee attribute to the *Memory*, all which wee know, although we thinke not of it. Wee attribute to the *Vnderſtanding*, all which we finde to bee true in thinking, which wee alſo commit vnto *Memory*.

The faculties of the ſoule reſẽbled to the Father, the Son, and the holy Ghoſt.

By *Memory*, wee are like to the Father, by *Vnderſtanding* to the Sonne, by *Will* to the holy Ghoſt. Nothing in vs is ſo like to him, as *Will*, *Loue*, or *Charity*, which is a more excellent will. For Loue or Charity, is the gift of God.

So

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So that no gift of GOD is more excellent then this: For the loue which is of GOD, and which is alſo GOD, is called properly the holy Spirit, by whom the loue of God is diffuſed in our hearts, by whom the whole *Trinity* doth inhabite and dwell in vs.

Of the miſery of Man, and the examination of the laſt Iudgement.

MOTIVE. II.

Concerning the outward man, I proceed from thoſe parents, which made me to be worthy of damnation before I was borne, Sinners begot a ſinner, and nouriſhed mee with ſinne: the miſerable brought a miſerable creature into the miſery of the light. I haue nothing from them but miſery, ſinne, and this corruptible body which I carry about mee. And I haſten to goe to them, which through the death of the body, are departed from hence. When I looke vpon their Graues and Sepulchers, I finde nothing in them but aſhes, wormes, ſtinke, and loathſomneſſe. What I am, they haue beene, and what they are, I ſhall be.

What am I? Man, proceeding from a liquid humour: For in a moment of conception I was conceiued of humane ſeed, afterward, that froth congealed, increaſing a little, was made fleſh, and afterward crying and lamenting, I was deliuered to the baniſhment of this World: and behold, now I die, full of iniquities and abominations. Now, euen now I ſhall appeare

Mans corruption.

appeare before a ſeuere and ſtrict Iudge, to render an account of my workes. Woe bee to mee miſerable wretch, when that day of Iudgement ſhall come: and the Bookes ſhall bee opened, in which all my actions, and cogitations ſhall be recited, in the preſence of the Lord.

Then hanging downe my head, with confuſion of an euill conſcience, I ſhall ſtand in iudgement before the LORD, trembling and ſorrowfull, to wit, reckoning vp my wicked deeds which I haue committed: and when it ſhall be ſaid of mee, Behold the man, and his workes: then I ſhall reduce and bring againe before mine eyes all my ſinnes, and offences. For it ſhall be brought to paſſe, by a certaine diuine power, that good and euill workes ſhall be recalled to the remembrance

The conſcience of the wicked ſhall be their owne accuſer.

membrance of euery one, and ſhall be ſeene in the view of the minde, with a wonderfull ſpeede and celerity, that the knowledge of them may accuſe, or excuſe the conſcience; & that ſo both euery man ſeuerally and generally, may be iudged to together. Euery man ſhall be iudged for his deeds. And all the ſecrets of all men ſhall appeare and lye open vnto all. For that which wee are aſhamed, and bluſh at to confeſſe now, ſhall then be manifeſt and apparant to all. And there the reuenging and deuouring fire ſhall burne and conſume whatſoeuer heere wee cloake and flatter by diſſembling. The ſwift fire ſhall rage, and raigne euery where, hauing gotten free ſcope and liberty.

At the Day of Iudgement, all things ſhall be made manifeſt.

And by how much the longer the Lord doth wait, and

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and tarry for our amendement; ſo much the more ſtrictly hee will iudge vs, if we ſhall abuſe and neglect his patience.

Why therefore doe wee ſo earneſtly couet this life, in which the longer wee liue, the more we ſinne? For by how much the more the dayes of our life are lengthened, by ſo much the more our faults and tranſgreſſions are augmented. For euill things doe daily increaſe, but good things decay and are diminiſhed; Mans ſtate doth neuer ſtand at a ſtay, but is continually changed by proſperity and aduerſity, and hee knoweth not when he ſhall die.

Nothing more mutable then humane condition.

For as a blazing ſtarre in the ſkie runneth ſwiftly, and vaniſheth away ſuddenly; or as a ſparkle of fire is ſuddenly extinguiſhed, and turned

into

The ſhortnes of mans life ſhadowed out by a double ſimilitude.

into aſhes : ſo wee may ſee this life quickely ended, and ſuddenly conſumed. For while man tarrieth willingly, and liueth moſt pleaſantly in this World, and ſuppoſeth that hee ſhall liue long, and purpoſeth many things to be done in long time, hee is ſuddenly ſnatched away by death, and the Soule is taken from the body, before hee beware of it. Yet the ſoule is ſeparated with great feare, much paine, and bitter griefe from the body. For the Angels come to take her, that they may bring her before the Tribunall ſeat of a moſt fearefull Iudge; then ſhee calling to minde her euill and moſt wicked workes, which ſhee hath done day and night, trembleth, and ſeeketh to ſhunne and auoyd them, and to deſire a truce of them, ſaying; Grant

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me the ſpace, yea but of one houre.

Our workes will follow vs to Iudgement.

Then her workes, as it were, ſpeaking together, ſhall anſwere, and ſay; Thou haſt made vs, wee are thy workes, we will goe forward with thee to Iudgement. Vices alſo ſhall accuſe her with many and manifold crimes, and ſhall bring many falſe teſtimonies againſt her, although one ſufficeth to her damnation. The Deuils alſo ſhall terrifie her, with their gaſtly countenance and horrible aſpect: they ſhall perſecute her, and take hold of her, as terribly, ſo alſo horribly, deſirous to retaine her, vnleſſe there be one who can deliuer her from them.

Then the Soule, finding the eyes ſhut, the mouth, and other ſences of the body, by which ſhee was wont to haue paſſage, and to bee delighted in theſe outward things cloſed, ſhall returne to her ſelfe, and ſeeing her ſelfe alone, and naked, ſtricken with exceeding horrour, ſhee ſhall faint in her ſelfe, and fall downe with deſperation.

The ſtate of a damned ſoule.

And becauſe for the loue of the world, and pleaſure of the fleſh, ſhee forſooke the loue of God, ſhee wretched ſhall be quite forſaken in the houre of ſuch great neceſſity, and ſhall be deliuered to the Deuils to be tormented in Hell: So the ſoule of a ſinner, in the day wherein hee is ignorant, and houre in which hee knoweth not, is ſnatched away of death, and is ſeparated from the body, and proceedeth forward full of miſeries, trembling and ſorrowing; and when ſhee hath no excuſe, which ſhee

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may alledge for her ſinne, ſhee fainteth, and faileth with dreadfull feare, to appeare before GOD; ſhee is ſhaken, and quaketh with exceeding horrour, and is toſſed and troubled with manifold tempeſts of perplexed thoughts, and deſpairefull cogitations; the diſſolution and ſeparation of the fleſh grieuing her, and all being remoued out of her ſight, ſhee conſidereth her ſelfe, and that time to which ſhee approacheth, and after a little while, ſhe findeth in that, that which can neuer be altered nor reuerſed. Shee conſidereth throughly how ſeuere the eternall Iudge commeth, and what ſtraight accounts ſhe muſt make before the ſeuerity of ſuch great Iuſtice.

For although ſhee haue eſcaped all the workes which ſhee could vnderſtand, yet for all that, comming before a ſtrict and ſeuere Iudge, ſhe dreadeth thoſe more, which ſhee vnderſtandeth not in her ſelfe. Feare increaſeth, when ſhee thinketh ſhee could not paſſe thorow the way of this life without a fault, neither that time, which ſhe hath liued commendably, is without offence, if it be iudged, pitty and mercy excluded. For who is able to conſider how many, and how great euils wee commit in moments of times, and what great good things wee neglect to doe? For as the commiſſion of an euill thing is ſinne, So the omiſſion of a good thing is an offence.

Sinnes are of two ſorts, of commiſſion and omiſſion.

For great is the loſſe and damage, when wee neither doe, nor thinke good things, but ſuffer our heart to wander and ſtagger abroad, through vaine and vnprofitable things.

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Neuertheleſſe, it is a very hard and difficult thing to bridle the heart, and keepe it from an vnlawfull cogitation. Alſo it is a thing ouer-hard, to execute earthly affaires without ſinne. Wherefore no man can perfectly comprehend and diſcerne himſelfe. But being buſied and toyled with many thoughts, and cogitations, he remayneth in ſome meaſure vnknowne vnto himſelfe, that hee knoweth not all thoſe things which he tolerateth. Wherefore, his departure out of the world beiog inſtant, and preſſing him, hee is terrified with a more exact feare, becauſe, although he remembreth that hee hath not omitted thoſe things which he knew, yet he dreadeth thoſe things which he knoweth not.

Of the dignity of the Soule.

MOTIVE III.

OH ſoule, ſealed with the Image of God, adorned with his ſimilitude, betrothed to him by Faith, endowed with the Spirit, redeemed by bloud, aſſociated with Angels, capable of Beatitude, heire of Goodneſſe, partaker of Reaſon, what haſt thou to doe with the fleſh, of whom thou ſuffereſt ſo many euils?

Excellency of the Soule.

Becauſe of the fleſh, the ſinnes of another are imputed to thee, and thy vertues reputed as a ſtained and filthy clout, and thou thy ſelfe art brought to nothing, and reputed as nothing. The fleſh is no other thing, with which thou haſt ſo great ſociety, but a fome, become fleſh, clotted with beautie, fraile, and euery moment decaying. But it ſhall be truely, it ſhall be a miſerable and rotten carkaſſe, and meate for the wormes. For how much ſoeuer it be decked and adorned, it is alwaies fleſh.

If thou doeſt conſider, what iſſueth out by the mouth, noſthrils, and other paſſages of the body, thou ſhalt neuer ſee a more filthy dunghill. If thou wilt reckon vp all her miſeries, thou ſhalt finde how ſhee is fraughted and laden with ſinnes, prouoked with vices, itching with concupiſcences, poſſeſſed with paſſions, polluted with illuſions, alwaies prone vnto euill, and bending towards all kinde of vices, full of all confuſion and ignominy. By the fleſh, man is made like vnto vanitie, becauſe from it he hath drawne the vice of luſtfull concupiſcence, by which hee is held captiue, and abaſed, that hee loueth vanity, and worketh iniquity.

Conſider, oh man, what thou art from the firſt beginning, and day of thy birth, vnto thy latter end, and day of thy death, and what thou ſhalt be after this life.

The beginning of a proud man.

Truely, thou haſt beene that which in time afore thou wert not, afterwards made of baſe matter, and wrapped in a homely cloth, thou waſt nouriſhed with vnclean bloud in thy mothers wombe, and a thinne skin was thy beſt Garment: thou cameſt vnto vs, being ſo cloathed and attired, neither art thou mindfull of thy baſe, vile, and contemptible beginning: beauty, fauour of the people, youthfull heat and riches,

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Mans vileneſſe.

haue ſtolne from thee the knowledge to know what man is. For man is no other thing but corrupt ſeed, a veſſell of vncleanneſſe, and meate for the Wormes. After hee is a man, hee becommeth a Worme, after the Worme, commeth ſtinke and lothſomeneſſe: So euery man, is turned into no man. Wherefore is man proud, whoſe conception is ſinne, whoſe birth is puniſhment, whoſe life is a turmoyling labour, and death an ineuitable neceſſity? Why therefore art thou proud, oh man? Conſider what thou wert in thy Mothers wombe, how afterwards thou wert expoſed and obiected to the miſeries of this life, and to ſinne: and after that to, become a Worme, and Wormes meate in the graue. Why art thou proud, duſt and aſhes, whoſe con-

Meanes to pull downe pride, to humble vs.

conception is ſinnefull, whoſe birth is miſery, life a puniſhment, and death, anguiſh and calamity? Wherefore doeſt thou feed, and pamper thy belly with delicate meate, and decke thy backe with ſumptuous cloathes, which within few dayes after, the Wormes ſhall deuoure in the graue? But thou doſt not adorne thy ſoule with good workes, which is to bee preſented vnto God, and his Angels in Heauen. Why doeſt thou baſely eſteeme thy Soule, and preferre the fleſh before her? That the Miſtriſſe ſhould wait and play the Maid, and the Maid beare all the ſway, like the Miſtriſſe, is a great abuſe. The whole world verily cannot counteruaile the price and value of one ſoule. Therefore the price of the Soule is far dearer, and is at an higher rate,

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which could not bee redeemed but with the bloud of Chriſt.

The ſoule of man invaluable.

What wilt thou giue for exchange to redeeme thy ſoule, which doeſt giue her for nothing? Did not the Sonne of GOD, when hee was in the boſome of his Father, deſcend from his royall *Throne* for her, that hee might deliuer her from the power of the Deuill? The which when hee ſaw fetterd with the ropes and chaynes of Sinnes, and forthwith to bee deliuered to the Deuils, that ſhee might be damned to perpetuall death, hee wept ouer her, which knew not to weepe for her ſelfe. Neither did he onely weepe, but ſuffered himſelfe to bee ſlaine, that hee might redeeme her with the precious price of his bloud.

Behold, oh mortall man,

for whom ſuch a Sacrifice is giuen. Acknowledge (oh man) how noble thy Soule is, and how grieuous her wounds were, for whom there was ſuch neceſſity, that the Lord *Chriſt* ſhould be wounded. If her wounds had not beene to death, and to euerlaſting death, the Son of God would neuer haue dyed to haue cured them.

The haynouſnes of ſinne.

Doe not therefore careleſly eſteeme the paſſion of thy ſoule, to whom thou ſeeſt ſuch great compaſſion to be yeeled from ſuch a great *Maieſty*. He powreth forth teares for thee: waſh thou alſo euery night thy bedde with compunction of thy heart, and continuall ſtreames of thy teares. Hee powred forth his bloud for thee, ſhead thou alſo thine, rather then for any worldly affliction to ſtart from thy Christi-

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an profeſſion.

Doe not regard what the fleſh will, but what the ſpirit may: then ſhall the ſoule be glorious, when ſhe ſhall returne to her God. Yet ſo, if ſhe ſhall carry no ſinne with her from the body, and ſhall wipe away all filthineſſe. But if thou ſay, This is a hard ſaying, I cannot deſpiſe the World, and hate my fleſh. Tell mee, where are the louers of the world, which were with vs a little while agoe? Nothing remaineth of them, but aſhes and wormes: marke diligently what they are, and what they haue beene.

Motions to deſpiſe the fleſh.

They haue beene men, as thou art, they haue eate, drunke, laughed, and ſpent their dayes in proſperity, and in a moment are gone downe all to the Graue, many to Hell. Heere their fleſh is bequeathed to the wormes, and there their Soule to the fire: vntill they two being bound againe with an vnhappy coniunction, be ouer whelmed in euerlaſting flames, which were before companions together in vices. For one puniſhment doth entangle them in the end, whom before one loue had bound together in a wicked deed. What hath vaine-glory auailed them, their ſhort ioy, worldly power and authority, the pleaſure of the fleſh, deceitfull riches, their great houſehold, and euill concupiſcence? Where is their laughter? Where is their boaſting? Where is their pride and arrogancie? Of ſuch great mirth, what great mourning? After ſo little pleaſure, how grieuous miſery? They are fallen from that exceeding reioycing, into

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great miſery, into great ruine and grieuous torments. Whatſoeuer is happened to them, may happen to thee, becauſe thou art a man of the ſame earth, ſlime of the ſame ſlime.

A good caution.

Thou art from the earth, thou liueſt of the earth, and thou ſhalt returne into the earth. When that laſt Day ſhall come, which will come ſuddenly, peraduenture it ſhall be to day. It is certaine that thou ſhalt die, but it is vncertaine when, or how, or where, becauſe death doth alwayes attend and waite vpon thee euery where. Thou alſo, if thou wilt be wiſe, ſhalt looke for death euery where. If thou wilt follow the fleſh, thou ſhalt be puniſhed in the fleſh: if thou art delighted with the fleſh, thou ſhalt bee tormented in the fleſh.

The certainetie and vncertainty of death.

Thoſe which fulfill the luſts of the fleſh, muſt bee puniſhed with the fleſh.

If thou ſhalt require fine

and coſtly apparell, in ſtead of thy braue garments, the Wormes ſhall be ſpred vnder thee, and the Wormes ſhall be thy couering. For the Iuſtice of God can iudge and determine no other thing, but that which our workes doe deſerue. For hee which loueth the world more then God; a place of pleaſure, more then the Houſe of Prayer; gluttony more then abſtinency; letchery more then chaſtity; followeth the *Deuill*, and ſhall goe with him to euerlaſting puniſhment.

The markes of a wicked worldling.

What mourning doe you thinke there ſhall be then? What lamentation, what ſorrow and ſadneſſe, when the wicked ſhall be ſeparated from the fellowſhip of the righteous, and from the ſight of God, and ſhall bee deliuered into the power of the Deuils, and ſhall goe with them

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them into euerlaſting fire, and ſhall be there with them alwaies without end, in perpetuall mourning and lamentation? Becauſe being baniſhed farre from the bleſſed Countrey of *Paradiſe*, they ſhall be tormented in the place of neuer-ceaſing torments, neuer to ſee the light any more, neuer to obtaine any releaſment, or refreſhing: but by thouſands of thouſands of yeeres to be tormented in Hell, neuer to be deliuered from thence, where the tormentors are neuer tyred nor wearied: neither hee which is tormented euer dyeth. For the fire there ſo conſumeth, that it alwaies preſerueth. The torments are ſo acted, that they are alwayes renewed. But euery one ſhall endure paine of torment, according to the quality of the fault; and they that are guilty of

The quality of the paine ſhall be fitted to the quality of the offence.

of the ſame ſinne, ſhall be ſorted and ioyned to their like, to be tormented. No other thing ſhall be heard there, but weeping and mourning, groaning and howling, lamentation, and gnaſhing of teeth. And nothing ſhall be ſeene there, but Wormes, and the terrible faces of the tormentors, and moſt hidious monſteros of the *Deuils*. Cruell Wormes ſhall bite the innermoſt parts of the heart; heere ſhall be paine, there feares, ſighing, aſtoniſhment, and horrible terrour. And they being miſerable and wretched, ſhall burne in euerlaſting fire for euer; and beſides, they ſhall be tormented in the fleſh by fire, in the ſpirit by the Worme of conſcience: there ſhall be intolerable ſtinke, death both of ſoule and body, without hope of pardon or mercie. Neuertheleſſe,

The condition of the damned after death of the body.

theleſſe, they ſhall ſo dye, as they may alwayes liue, and ſhall ſo liue, as they may alwaies die. So the ſoule of a ſinner is tormented in hell for his ſinnes, or being conuerted from her ſinnes, is placed iu Paradiſe.

The difference of a repenting and an obſtinate ſinner.

Now therefore let vs chooſe one of the two, either alwaies to be tormented with the wicked, or to liue in ioy with the righteous. For good and euill, life and death, are ſet before vs, that wee may put forth our hands to which we will. If torments cannot terrifie vs, at leaſt let rewards allure vs.

Of the reward of the heauenly Countrey, the which all Chriſtians ought to endeauour to obtaine.

MOTIVE. IIII.

IT is a reward to ſee God, to liue with God, to liue of God, to be with God, to be in God, which will be all things in all: To haue GOD, which is the chiefeſt good; where the chiefeſt good is, there is the chiefeſt felicity, chiefeſt pleaſure, true liberty, perfect charity, eternall ſecurity, and ſecure eternity: there is true ioy, full knowledge, all beauty, and all beatitude. There is peace, piety, goodneſſe, light, vertue, honeſty, ioyes, mirth, ſweetneſſe, euerlaſting life, glory, praiſe, reſt, loue, and ſweet concord. So the man ſhall be bleſſed with GOD, in whoſe conſcience ſinne hath not beene found.

The exceeding ioyes of the righteous.

Hee ſhall ſee God at his deſire, he ſhall haue him at his pleaſure, hee ſhall enioy him to his euerlaſting delight.

He ſhall flouriſh in eternity, hee ſhall be glorious in truth, hee ſhall ſhine in glory, he ſhall reioyce in goodneſſe, ſo hee ſhall haue eternity of continuance, ſo hee ſhall haue facility of knowledge and wiſdome, and felicity of reſt and quietneſſe. For he ſhall be a Citizen of that Holy City, of which the Citizens are *Angels*, God the Father the *Temple*, his Sonne the glorie and brightneſſe, the Holy Ghoſt the loue and charity.

A deſcription of the celeſtiall Citty.

Oh heauenly Citie, ſecure

Manſion, fertile and ample Countrey, thou containeſt all which delighteth, the people liue without mourning, the Inhabitants are quiet and peaceable perſons, hauing no want,or neceſſity: How glorious things are ſpoken of thee,oh Citie of God! So that the Habitation of all which reioyce, is in thee. All reioyce with mirth, and exceeding ioy: All are delighted and made ioyfull by God: whoſe lookes are beautifull, face faire and comely, ſpeech ſweet, and delectable: hee is delightfull to be ſeene, pleaſant to be drunke, ſweet to be enioyed: He pleaſeth by himſelfe alone, he both ſufficeth of himſelfe for deſert, and alſo ſufficeth of himſelfe for reward: neither is any thing ſought without him, becauſe it is wholly found in him, whatſoeuer

ſoeuer is deſired.

In God is all good.

It is alwaies pleaſing and delightfull to behold him, alwaies to bee delighted in him, and alwaies to enioy him. In him the vnderſtanding is clarified, and the affection is purified, to know and loue the truth. And this is the ſole and whole good of man: namely, to know and loue his Creator. Therefore what madneſſe of vices doth moue vs, to thirſt after the bitter Wormewood of this World, to follow the ſhipwracke of this ſliding life? To ſuffer calamity, to endure the Dominion of a wicked *Tyranny*: and not rather to flye & flocke together to the felicity of the Saints, to the ſociety of the *Angels*, to the ſolemnity of ſupernall and heauenly ioy, and to the pleaſantneſſe of a contemplatiue life, that wee may enter into the Dominions of the LORD, and ſee the ſuperaboundant riches of his goodneſſe?

There we ſhall be freed from toyling cares, and ſhall ſee how ſweet the Lord is, and how great the multitude is of his exceeding ſweetneſſe. We ſhall ſee the beauty of his glorie, the brightneſſe of his Saints, and honour of his Royall Maieſtie. We ſhall know the power of the Father, the wiſdome of the Sonne, the moſt liberall clemencie of the Holy Ghoſt: and ſo wee ſhall haue knowledge of the moſt high Trinity.

The happy eſtate of the iuſt in heauen.

Now we ſee bodies by the bodie, alſo we ſee the Images of bodies by the Spirit: but then wee ſhall ſee the Trinity with the pure ſight of the minde. Oh happie viſion to ſee God in himſelfe, to ſee him in vs, and to ſee vs in him. In which viſion, with happie pleaſure, and pleaſant happineſſe, wee ſhall haue all whatſoeuer we ſhall deſire, deſiring nothing elſe beſides, and wee ſhall loue whatſoeuer wee ſhall ſee: bleſſed with the loue, bleſſed with the ſweetneſſe of the loue, and pleaſantneſſe of the contemplation. This ſhall be the end of that contemplation, this ſhall be the ſumme of that felicity. Becauſe the ſincere Diuinity ſhall be vnderſtood to be in his purity, the incomprehenſible Trinity ſhall be comprehended in it.

The Myſteries of the Diuinity ſhall be made manifeſt, God ſhall be ſeene, and ſhall be loued. Alſo this viſion and delight, filling and ſatisfying the whole heart of man, ſhall be the whole perfection, & ſummarie conſummation of that bleſſedneſſe. All ſhall ſpeake with one tongue and language : there ſhall be reioycing without weariſomeneſſe : one affection : Loue eternall. Truth ſhall appeare openly, charity ſhall fill them immeaſurably, and there ſhall be a perfect and ſound ſociety of body and ſoule. The Humanity being glorified, ſhall gliſter like the Sunne, the fellowſhip of the fleſh and Spirit ſhall be quiet and peaceable, and there ſhall be one ioy of men and Angels, one feaſt, one ſpeech and communication. Loue ſhall not languiſh, nor charity melt away, all good things being preſent. There ſhall be no affliction of delay, becauſe the bleſſed preſence of the Diuine Maieſtie, ſhall be all things vnto all; and there ſhall be a common omnipotencie of wiſdome, peace, righteouſneſſe, and vnderſtanding vnto all. There ſhall not be a diuerſity of tongues in that eternall peace, but a peaceable and tuneable concord of manners and affections.

A deſcription of perfect peace.

In that flood and ſtreame of felicity, aboundant ſatiety ſhall couet nor deſire nothing elſe: there ſhall be great happineſſe, for there ſhall be a heaped ſtore of felicity, glory euermore encreaſing, and ioy ſuperaboundant: but who ſhall be fit for theſe things? Verily, the true *Penitent*, the good *Obedient*, the louing Companon, and faithfull Seruant. For a true *Penitent* is alwaies in labour and griefe, he is grieued with things that are paſt, he laboureth to preuent and auoyd euils to come. For it is true repentance, without omiſſion of time, to be grieued for our

Who is capable of heauenly happines.

What true repentance is.

ſinnes and offences. And he repenteth truely, which doth ſo bewaile his treſpaſſes committed, that hee doth not afterward commit things to be lamented: hee is a ſcoffer, and not a true *Penitent*, which doth that ſtill, which hee may repent, and that may grieue him. If therefore thou wilt be a true *Penitent*, ceaſe from ſinne, and offend no more. Becauſe that repentance is vaine, which afterwards is ſtained with ſome enſuing treſpaſſe. Euery good *Obedient*, yeeldeth vp his conſent and deniall, that he can ſay, *My heart is ready, oh God, My heart is ready.* Readie to doe whatſoeuer thou haſt commanded, ready to obey at thy becke. It is prepared to attend vpon thee, to miniſter to my Neighbours, to keepe and watch my ſelfe, and to reſt and dwell in the

A good Obedient.

the contemplation of heauenly things.

A louing Companion.

A louing Companion, is dutifull and beneficiall to all, burdenſome to none. Hee is dutifull to all, becauſe hee is deuout before God, kinde towards his Neighbour, ſober towards the World, the Seruant of the Lord, the Companion of his Neighbour, the Lord of the World. Hee hath things that are aboue him, for his ſolace; things that are equall to him, for his fellowſhip; things that are beneath him, for his ſeruice: he is a burthen to none, but reduceth thoſe things which are beneath, to the profit of the meane, and to the honour of the ſuperiour; following ſuperiour things, drawing the inferiour, poſſeſſed of the former, poſſeſſing the latter: he is a faithfull ſeruant, in the Meditation and contemplation of God, and in the care and cuſtodie of himſelfe. Therefore firſt vſe all diligence, to keepe and watch thy ſelfe, afterward vnderſtanding that thou canſt not be able to keepe and preſerue thee by thy owne induſtrie, humbly entreat for the ayde of the Diuine clemencie. Therefore that thou maiſt behold the good, well-pleaſing and perfect will of thy Creator in thee, faithfully in thy prayers ſollicite him, that his royall Campe of Angels may pitch their Tents round about thee. Deſire zealouſly the protection of Chriſt thy Redeemer.

We muſt flye vnto God in the time of neceſſity.

Crie vnto him and ſay, Behold, a poore ſinner ſtandeth at thy doore of mercie, open to him that knocketh, open thou, oh ſweet Sauiour, which haſt ſaid, *Knocke, and it ſhall be opened:* that I may declare vnto thee all my miſeries and neceſſities which I ſuffer. Powre out the ſecrets of thy *heart* before him, and craue pardon for thy tranſgreſſions, by a ſorrowfull and true Confeſſion. Let Ieſus Chriſt keepe the doore of thy heart. For, when Ieſus Chriſt keepeth the doore of the heart, and is the Porter, ſo that all of the Houſhold of the heart, enter in and come out by him, thouſands of Angels forthwith are preſent, reioycing at the gates of the outward ſences: ſo that no Stranger dare breake into thoſe terrible Armies, becauſe of the reuerence and Maieſtie of the Dore-keeper, and the Watch and Ward of the Angels.

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How a man ought to examine himſelfe.

MOTIVE. V.

THou being a curious and ſtrict examiner of thy integrity, examine thy life by a diligent and daily inquiſition. Marke carefully how much thou doeſt profit and goe forward, or how much thou doſt decay, & goe backewards: what thou art in manners; what thou art in affections; how like thou art to God our Redeemer and Sauiour, or how vnlike, how nigh, or how farre, not by diſtances of places, but by affections of manners.

Endeauour with all thy forces and all thy induſtry, to know thy ſelfe; becauſe thou art much better, and more laudable, if thou know thy ſelfe, then if thy owne ſelfe being neglected and not regarded, thou ſhouldeſt know the courſe of the Starres, the vertue of hearbes, the complexions of men, the natures of beaſts, and ſhouldſt haue the ſcience and knowledge of all celeſtiall and terreſtriall things. Therefore reſtore thy ſelfe to thy ſelfe, and if not alwaies or often, at leaſt ſometime. Rule thy affections, direct thy actions, and correct thy foote-ſtoppes: let nothing remaine in thee, which is not rectified with neceſſarie Diſcipline: place all thy tranſgreſſions before thy eyes: place thy ſelfe before thy ſelfe, as it were before another, and ſo bewaile thy ſelfe. Lament thy iniquities and immeaſurable ſinnes, with which thou haſt offended thy God, declare vnto him thy miſeries, ſhew vnto him the malice of thy aduerſaries. And when thou ſhalt humble thy ſelfe with teares before him, I pray thee that thou be mindefull of mee. For I, ſince the time I haue knowne thee in Chriſt, doe loue thee, and ſend vp mention of thee thither, where both an vnlawfull thought doth deſerue puniſhment, and an honeſt thought is not vnrewarded. For when (like a ſpirituall Prieſt) I offer vp the calues of my lippes, and a ſorrowfull heart, vpon the Altar of God, I doe remember thee.

How we ought to be mindfull one of another in our prayers.

Thou alſo ſhalt doe the like office for me, if thou wilt loue me, and make me partaker of thy prayers: I deſire and court to be preſent there with thee by remembrance, when thou powreſt forth deuout Prayers before God for thy ſelfe, thy familiar acquaintance, Parents, and Friends.

The iuſt are al the Image of God.

Neither maruaile, if I haue ſaid, I deſire to be preſent, if thou loue mee; and therefore doeſt loue me, becauſe I am the Image of God, I am as preſent to thee, as thou art to thy ſelfe: for whatſoeuer thou art, I am the ſame ſubſtantiall.

For euery reaſonable ſoule is the Image of God: wherefore he which ſeeketh the Image of God in himſelfe, doth as well ſeeke his Neighbour as himſelfe. And hee which ſhall light vpon it, and finde the ſame Image by ſeeking, knoweth the ſame in euery man. For the ſight of the ſoule is the vnderſtanding, therefore if thou ſeeſt thy ſelfe, thou ſeeſt mee, becauſe

cauſe I am no other thing then thou art. And if thou loueſt the moſt righteous and great GOD, thou loueſt me, being the Image of God: And alſo I, if I loue God, doe loue thee. And ſo while wee ſeeke one thing, and bend and encline to one thing, we are alwayes preſent together, but in GOD, in whom we loue one another.

The loue toward God, appeareth in the loue of our brethren.

That a man ought to be diligent and deuout in ſinging of Pſalmes, and in performing other Diuine exerciſes in the Church, or elſe-where.

MOTIVE VI.

WHen thou ſhalt enter into the Church to pray, or to ſing, leaue the tumultuous, and diſquietfull

Cares of externall things ſtop the paſſage of our prayers, that they cannot aſcend into Heauen.

motions of thy wauering cogitations without dores, and vtterly forget the care of externall things, that thou maieſt bee at leaſure to God alone. For it cannot bee, that hee can talke with God at any time, which holding his peace, doth alſo prattle to the whole world. Be therefore earneſt and deuout towards him, which is earneſt and intentiue towards thee: heare him ſpeaking to thee, that hee may heare thee ſpeaking to him. And this ſhall be effected, if thou ſhalt bee preſent at the performing of Diuine praiſes, and holy exerciſes, with due reuerence, and diligent carefulneſſe, and attend to the diuine Scripture. I doe not ſay, that I can doe theſe things, but that I would, and it repenteth mee, that I haue not done them, and it doth nor grieue me to doe them. But thou, to whom greater grace is granted, by vowes and deuout prayers, turne the kinde eares of the Lord to thee, with thy teares and ſighes, and entreate him gently, for thy grieuous tranſgreſſions, and with ſpirituall ſongs, laud, and glorifie him *in his workes*.

For the heauenly Citizens are delighted in nothing ſo much as to behold it, nothing can be performed more pleaſant and delightfull to the King of Kings, as hee doth teſtifie: *The Sacrifice of praiſe ſhall honour me.*

A Comfort of heauenly Muſicke.

Oh how happie ſhouldeſt thou be, if thou mighteſt once behold with ſpirituall eies, how the Princes goe before, ioyned to the Singers, in the middeſt of the *Damoſels*, playing on the *Timbrels*! Thou ſhouldeſt ſee without doubt, with what care, with what dancing and reioycing, they are preſent among the Singers: with what care and dancing they are preſent to them which are ſilent, to them which meditate; They are preſent with them which are ſilent, they rule ouer them which prouide and gouerne all things in order.

Angels reioyce for the ſaluation of men.

For the ſupernall powers doe loue their fellow-Citizens, and they all doe ſeriouſly reioyce together for them, which receiue the inheritance of ſaluation: they comfort, furniſh, defend, and prouide for all. For they deſire our comming, becauſe they expect, the ruines of their Citty ſhall be thereby repaired. They diligently enquire, and willingly heare good things of the good; they runne carefully to and fro, in the midſt of vs, betweene God and vs, carrying our ſighes and groanes to him moſt faithfully, bringing backe againe to vs, his grace and fauour moſt deuoutly. They will not diſdaine to be our companions, which are made our ſeruants, wee make them to triumph with ioy, when we are conuerted to repentance.

Therefore let vs make haſt to fulfill their ioy by vs. Woe vnto thee, whoſoeuer thou art, which doeſt deſire to goe againe to thy vomit, and to returne to the mire. Doeſt thou thinke thou ſhalt haue them pacified and pleaſed at the day of Iudgement, whom thou wilt depriue of ſo great, and ſo long hoped for ioy? They exceedingly reioyced, when we came to the profeſſion of true Religion, euen as for them whom they did ſee called backe from the verie gate of Hell.

What will it be then, when they ſhall ſee vs returne from the gate of Paradiſe, and that they ſhould goe backwards againe, which had one foote in heauen? For although we haue our bodies here beneath, yet wee may lift vp our hearts aboue. Therefore let vs runne, not with the ſteppes of the body, but with the affections, but with the deſires, but with ſighs of the ſoule, becauſe not onely the Angels, but alſo the Creator of the Angels doth waite for vs. GOD the Father doth waite for vs, as children and heires, that he may put vs in poſſeſſion of all his good.

The Sonne of God doth waite for vs as Brethren, and co-heires with him, that hee may offer vs to GOD the Father, the fruit of his Natiuity, and price

Gods election irreuocable.

of his blood. The holy Ghoſt doth waite for vs, for hee is loue and benignity: in which we are predeſtinated from Eternity, and there is no doubt, but hee will haue his predeſtination to be accōpliſhed. Therefore becauſe all the heauenly Court doth expect, and deſire vs, let vs deſire it with as great deſire as we can.

For he ſhall come to it with confuſion and bluſhing, whoſoeuer doth not vehemently deſire to ſee it. But whoſoeuer is conuerſant in the ſame, by continuall prayer and daily meditation, hee doth both depart from hence without griefe, and is alſo receiued into it with great ioy. Therefore, whereſoeuer thou ſhalt be, pray within thy ſelfe. If thou ſhalt be far from the place of prayer, thou thy ſelfe art a place. If thou ſhalt

St. Bernard

ſhalt be in thy bed, or in ſome other place, pray thou: and where the Temple of prayer is, thou muſt pray often, and the body being bowed down, the minde is to bee lifted vp to GOD. For as there is no moment, in which man doth not vſe, or enioy the goodneſſe and mercie of GOD: So there ought to bee no moment, in which hee ſhould not haue him preſent in memorie. But you will ſay, I pray daily, and ſee no fruit of my prayer: but as I come to it, ſo I returne from it: no body doth anſwere mee, no body ſpeaketh, none giueth any thing at all, but I ſeeme to haue laboured in vaine. So ſpeaketh mans fooliſhneſſe, not marking what the *Truth* afterward promiſeth: ſaying, *Verily I ſay unto you, that whatſoeuer yee aske praying, beleeue that you ſhall receiue it, and it ſhall*

What geſture is to be vſed of him which prayeth.

A fooliſh obiection of a faithleſſe petitioner.

ſhall be performed to you. Doe not therefore make ſlight account of thy prayer, becauſe he to whom thou prayeſt, doth not make ſlight account of it, but before it paſſeth out of thy mouth, he willeth that it ſhould be written downe in his Booke. And we muſt vndoubtedly hope for one thing of two, that eyther he will giue vs that which we aske, or that which he knoweth to be more profitable for vs. Thinke therefore the beſt, whatſoeuer thou canſt, of God, and the worſt of thy ſelfe that thou maiſt; thou oughteſt to beleeue of him more copiouſly and amply then thou canſt thinke. Make account that thou haſt loſt all that time in which thou doſt not thinke of God. For all other things are none of our owne, but the time onely is our owne.

God giueth that he knoweth to be beſt for vs.

There-

St. Bernard

Therefore finde leiſure to ſerue GOD, and whereſoeuer thou ſhalt be, there be thou ſafe without danger. Doe not wholy deliuer vp thy ſelfe to worldly affayres, but vſe the world as if thou vſedſt it not. In what place or ſtate ſoeuer thou doſt conſiſt, caſt thy thoughts vpon God, and ponder ſomething belonging to thy Saluation in thy minde. Therefore with all facility, gathering thy minde together, dwell freely with thy ſelfe, and walke in the latitude and bredth of thy heart, there prepare, and make ready a large ſupping parlor for CHRIST: for the minde of a wiſe man is alwaies with God. Wee ought to haue him alwaies before our eyes, by whom wee are, liue, and vnderſtand. For we haue him our Creator, that we ſhould be; wee alſo

We muſt relie onely vpon God.

alſo ought to haue him our Teacher, that we ſhould be wiſe, and the giuer of inward ſweetneſſe, that wee may be bleſſed, and in this wee know his Image in vs, that is, the Image of the moſt high Trinity. For as he is, he is both wiſe and alſo good; ſo alſo we, according to our ſmall meaſure, both are, and know that wee are, and both loue to be, and to know the ſame. Therefore vſe thy ſelfe as the Temple of GOD, becauſe of that which is in thee like to God. For it is the greateſt Honour which can be performed to GOD, to worſhip and to imitate him. Thou doeſt imitate him, if thou art godly: for a godly minde is a holy Temple to God, and the heart of a godly man, the beſt Altar. Thou doeſt worſhip him, if thou art mercifull, as he is mercifull vnto all.

St. Bernard

He worſhippeth God truly, that doth the deeds of charity.

God is preſent euery where.

all. For it is an acceptable ſacrifice to God, to doe good to all in regard of God. Doe all things as the childe of God, that thou maiſt be worthy of him, who hath vouchſafed to call thee childe. But in all things which thou doſt, know that God is preſent. Beware therefore, that neither thy eyes, nor thy thoughts, be fixed on that which breedeth a ſinfull delight: neither ſay nor doe that which is vnlawfull, although it like thee, neither offend God by any deed, or geſture, which being preſent euery where, beholdeth whatſoeuer thou doeſt any where. Thou hadſt need to watch and looke to thy ſelfe narrowly, becauſe thou doeſt all things before the eyes of a Iudge, which ſeeth all things cleerely. Neuertheleſſe, thou needeſt not to ſtand in dread of him, but art ſecure with him, if thou prepare thy ſelfe to be ſuch a one, as he may vouchſafe in fauour to be preſent with thee; but if hee be abſent by grace, yet is he preſent with thee by reuengement. But woe be to thee, if it be ſo with thee: yea, rather woe be vnto thee, if he be not ſo with thee. For God is angry with him whom he ſcourgeth, not when he ſinneth, for he condemneth him in time to come, perpetually, whom hee doth not amend by ſcourging, when he liueth wickedly.

God correcteth them whom he loueth.

A Conſideration of Death.

MOTIVE VII.

IT is certaine that Death threateneth thee euerie where, the Deuill lieth in waite, that hee may ſnatch away thy ſoule when it departeth out of thy body, but feare thou not, for GOD which dwelleth in thee (if hee yet dwell in thee) will deliuer thee from death, and from the Deuill. For hee is a faithfull friend, neither doth hee forſake them which truſt in him, vnleſſe he be firſt forſaken of them. But hee is forſaken, when the heart, through wicked, vile, and vnprofitable cogitations, roaueth hither and thither with

God forſaketh none but ſuch as willingly forſake him firſt.

with a wandering vnderſtanding.

Therefore thou muſt with all carefulneſſe and vigilancy watch and keepe it, that God may reſt and remaine in it. For in euery Creature, which is buſied and toiled in the vanities of the world vnder the Sunne, nothing is more excellent then mans heart, nothing more Noble, nothing is found more like vnto God, wherefore hee requireth no other thing of thee, but thy heart. Therefore clenſe the ſame by pure and ſincere confeſſion vnto God, and continuall Prayer, that thou maiſt ſee God with a pure and clean heart, by a continuall looking vpon God.

Nothing in the world more noble then the heart of man.

How to purifie the heart.

In euery place be thou ſubiect and intentiue to him, and frame thy manners, that he may be pleaſed in thee. Loue all men inwardly, and ſhew thy ſelfe louing to all, that thou mayſt be a peace-maker, and the childe of God. So thou ſhalt be a good childe, like vnto thy heauenly Father, alſo holy, humble, and righteous. And when thou ſhalt be ſuch a one, be mindfull of mee, to commend mee to GOD in thy prayers. Woe bee to mee which ſay thoſe things, and doe them not, and if I doe them ſometime, & continue not long in them, I haue thoſe things in my memory, and doe not obſerue them in my life; I haue them in my words, and not in my conditions; I ruminate and ponder the Law in my heart and my mouth all the day, and doe things contrary to the law; I read of Religion in it, and I loue Reading more then prayer.

Good words muſt be ſeconded with good deeds.

Notwithſtanding, the holy Scripture doth teach me no other thing, but to loue Religion, to preſerue Vnity, and to haue Charity. Some body waiteth and attendeth for mee, deſirous to ſpeake to mee concerning his want and neceſſity, but I take ſome idle booke or other, which this man or that man commends vnto me, I read in it, and by immoderate reading, I loſe the practice of the fruits of Charity, the affections of piety, the lamentation of compunction, and hearty ſorrow, the profit of the holy Sacraments, and contemplation of heauenly things. Neuertheleſſe, nothing is found more ſweet in this life, nothing is receiued more delicious, nothing doth ſo ſeparate the vnderſtanding from the loue of the world, nothing doth ſo fortifie the minde againſt temptations, nothing doth ſo ſtirre vp man,

Immoderate reading muſt not let the practice of Charity, nor the exerciſe of Meditation.

St. Bernard

The profitable fruits of deuout meditation.

man, and further him to euery good worke and labour, as the Grace and benefit of diuine meditation, and heauenly contemplation.

In what manner a man ought to pray deuoutly.

MOTIVE VIII.

HAue mercy vpon mee, oh God, becauſe I offend there moſt, where I ought to amend my ſinnes. For while I pray often, in the place of prayer, I doe not marke what I ſay, I pray truely with the mouth, but my minde wandring abroad, I am depriued of the fruit of prayer. With my body I am within, but with my heart I am without.

And therefore I loſe that

I ſay. For it profiteth little to ſing, or pray with the voyce onely, without the deuotion of the heart. Therefore it is great fooliſhneſſe, yea, rather great madneſſe, when wee doe preſume to ſpeake with the Lord of *Maieſty* in prayer, and being without vnderſtanding, doe turne our minde from him, and turne our heart, I know not to what fooleries and toyes. It is alſo great madneſſe, and grieuouſly to be puniſhed, when moſt vile and baſe duſt, doth diſdaine to heare the Creatour of the whole world ſpeaking to it.

It is preſumption to pray, without hearty & true deuotion.

St. Bernard

But it is an vnſpeakeable grace of the Diuine goodnes, which doth daily behold vs vnhappy wretches, turning away our eares, hardning our hearts, and neuertheleſſe cryeth out to vs, ſaying: Returne yee Tranſgreſſors with your heart, attend and ſee, becauſe I am God.

God ſpeaketh to me in a Pſalme, neither yet, when I ſay a Pſalme, doe conſider whoſe Pſalme it is: wherefore I doe great iniury to God, when I pray to him to heare my prayer, which I doe not heare my ſelfe, who doe vtter the ſame.

The prayer of the wicked is turned into abomination.

I intreat him that he attend to mee, but I neither attend to my ſelfe, nor to him, but that which is farre worſe, by thinking filthy and vnprofitable things within my heart, I bring an horrible ſtinke before his ſight.

Of the inſtability and wandering of the heart.

MOTIVE. IX.

NOthing is more vnconſtant, inſtable, and fugitiue in me, then my heart, the which ſo often as it leaueth me, floweth and fleeth away by euill cogitations, ſo often it offendeth God. My heart, great heart, wandring, vnſtable while it is led by his owne will, cannot remaine conſtant in it ſelfe, but being more moueable then any moueable thing, is diſtracted and drawne through infinite things, and runneth vp and downe, hither and thither, through innumerable matters.

The heart of man is toſſed to and fro in the ſtreames of euill cogitations.

St. Bernard

And while it ſeeketh reſt and content by diuers things, it cannot finde the ſame: but continueth in the labour and turmoyle of miſerie, voyd of reſt & contentment. It agreeeth not with it ſelfe, it iarreth with it ſelfe, it reboundeth & leapeth from it ſelfe, it altereth deſires, changeth Counſels, buildeth new things, deſtroyeth old things, buildeth againe; things before pulled downe it altereth, and eſtabliſheth the ſame things againe and againe: now after one manner, and by and by after another manner, becauſe it will, and it will not, and doth neuer continue in the ſame ſtate.

The mutability of Mans heart.

For as a Mill is turned about ſwiftly, and refuſeth nothing, but grindeth whatſoeuer it hath put into it, but if nothing be put into it, it conſumeth & waſteth it ſelfe, ſo my vnſtable

A ſimilitude.

ble heart is alwayes in motion, and neuer reſteth: but whether I ſleepe or wake, it dreameth and thinketh vpon that whatſoeuer commeth to it. And as ſand doth put the Mill out of his courſe, if it be put into it, pitch doth defile it, chaffe doth toyle it: ſo a bitter thought doth trouble, an vncleane thought doth defile, a vaine cogitation doth diſquiet and weary my heart: ſo my heart, while it doth not regard the ioyes to come, neither ſeeketh the Diuine ſuccour and aſſiſtance, is ſeparated farre from the loue of all heauenly things, and is buſied and toyled in the loue of earthly matters.

And when it ſlideth away from the former, it is wrapped and entangled in the latter: *Vanity* poſſeſſeth it, *Curioſity* leadeth it away, *Luſt* inticeth it, *Pleaſure* ſeduceth

An enumeration of vices, which pollute and diſquiet the heart.

St. Bernard

it, *Concupiſcence* polluteth it, *Enuy* tormenteth it, *Anger* doth diſquiet it, *Sorrow* and *Sadneſſe* doth vexe and moleſt it; and ſo by miſerable chances, it is ouerwhelmed with all vices, becauſe it hath forſaken, and let goe one God, who had beene ſufficient for it: It is diſperſed and ſcattered through many things, and ſeeketh here and there, where it may reſt, and findeth nothing which may ſuffice it, vntill it doth returne to him backe againe, who gaue it.

It is led from cogitation to cogitation, and it is altered and changed, by diuers imployments and affections, that at leaſt it may be filled with variety and change of thoſe things with whoſe quality it cannot any way poſſibly be ſatisfied.

The heart reuolting from

So the heart is troubled

with it's owne illuſions and fantaſies ; the Diuine grace being remoued and ſubſtracted. And when it is returned to it ſelfe, and diſcuſſeth and examineth that which it thought, it findeth nothing, becauſe it was not a worke, but an vnſauoury and vnſeaſonable thought, which compoundeth and frameth many things of little or nothing at all.

God, can finde no reſt, vntill it returne to God.

All that we haue, is Gods owne, yet hee ſaith, Giue me thy heart.

And laſtly, imagination deceiueth it, which the illuſion of the Deuill formeth and ſhapeth. God commandeth me that I giue him my heart, and becauſe I am not obedient and ſubiect to God commanding, I am rebellious, and contrary to my ſelfe. Whereby I cannot be brought in ſubiection to my ſelfe, vntill I ſhall be ſubiect to him, and ſerue my ſelfe, with an euill will, which would not ſerue him with a good will. Therefore my heart plotteth, endeauoureth, and goeth about more things in one moment, then all men are able to performe in a yeere; I am not vnited with God, and therefore I am diuided in my ſelfe. I cannot be truly vnited with him, but by *loue*: neither be ſubiect to him, but by *humility*: neither can I be truly humble, but by *truth*.

It is expedient therefore that I examine my ſelfe in Truth, and know, how vile, how fraile, how vnconſtant and ſlipperie I am. Afterwards, when I ſhall know all my wants and miſeries, it is needfull that I cleaue vnto him, by whom I am, and without whom I am nothing, and can doe nothing: and becauſe I haue departed from the Lord by ſinning, I cannot returne vnto him but by true confeſſion. Therefore I muſt now confeſſe in truth and ſinceritie, becauſe I haue neuer confeſſed my ſinnes, in that meaſure and manner, in which I haue ſinned, neither haue I remembred all; either becauſe of the antiquitie or multitude of them. But if I haue confeſſed them, I haue not ſincerely confeſſed them, but haue flattered the fleſh in my confeſſion, and haue dealt falſely in caſting vp the ſum of my great and grieuous tranſgreſſions. And it is a curſed diſſimulation, to make but a ſlight and counterfeit confeſſion of our rebellions towards GOD, and of our iniurious and vncharitable actions towards men, and onely to pare the outſide of ſinne away, and as it were, to waſh our hands with a little water, and not to plucke vp ſinne by the rootes, that it may neuer afterwards grow vp in our hearts.

Our Confeſſion muſt bee true and ſincere.

For confeſſion is not profitable, but in the Truth and puritie of the heart, that there may be three which may beare vs witneſſe in Heauen: The Father, and the Sonne, and the holy Ghoſt. And as men haue beene beholders of our manifold tranſgreſſions, ſo let vs make them witneſſes of our humble repentance, & hearty contrition. And although we muſt, and ought to acknowledge GOD alone to be All-ſufficient to grant vs free pardon and abſolution, yet we ſhould not refuſe to ſhew forth manifeſt teſtimonies to men, of our true and ſincere Humiliation. To which, the Apoſtle St. *Iames* doth counſell and perſwade vs, ſaying: *Confeſſe your ſinnes one to another,* For it is very conuenient, that we, which haue beene ſtubborne and rebellious by ſinning againſt GOD, ſhould be humble alſo towards men, whom we haue offended, either by the euill example of our wicked life, or elſe by our wrongfull dealing and falſe deeds.

For it is moſt healthfull to the ſoule, that a man repent in heart, and acknowledge his fault with his mouth, ſo that God, which is preſent in *Mercy* and *Grace*, may pricke his heart by compunction and bitter repentance, and afterward may be alſo preſent and ready to giue him full pardon of his ſinnes. But if a ſinner doe truely repent, and yet by ſome accidentall neceſſity be preuented that hee cannot make any acknowledgement to ſuch men as he hath offended, we muſt confidently beleeue,

St. Bernard

leeue, that whatſoeuer is defectiue in him concerning ſuch acknowledgement, is fulfilled by *Chriſt*, who hath made a full ſatisfaction. For GOD accepteth that as done, which a man hath beene willing, although not able to performe.

That Sinne is not to be excuſed.

MOTIVE X.

An vnrelenting ſinner will either cunningly excuſe or flatly denied his ſinne.

IN the account of my ſinnes, where I ſhould haue amended, I haue augmented my ſinnes, and added ſinnes to ſinnes. When I haue beene accuſed of them, I haue either by ſome meanes excuſed them, or wholy denied them, or that which is worſt, I haue maintained & defended them, and haue anſwered impatieutly, when indeed there is no ſinne with which I am not, or may not be polluted. It is iuſt therefore, all occaſion being remoued, that I promiſe amendment, howſoeuer or of whatſoeuer I am accuſed, to the end that I may be deliuered from ſinne committed or to be committed.

What a great euill it is, not to correct or reprehend others.

MOTIVE. XI.

I Greatly dreading the multitude of my owne iniquities, haue beene afraid to reprehend the tranſgreſſions of others, and therefore haue beene the Author of death, becauſe I haue not expelled the poyſon, which I might haue

By ſilēce we make our ſelues guilty of other mens ſinnes, when we ought to admoniſh or correct them.

St. Bernard

haue purged by crying out vnto them.

I haue ſtormed againſt others, and haue beene incenſed with fury, when they haue reprehended me for my vices, and I haue hated them whom I ought to haue loued: I deſired that thoſe things might not be, which did hurt or diſpleaſe me.

Good things are made euill by abuſe.

Neuertheleſſe, I did know that in their owne Nature they were good, and made of a good Maker; and therefore they did hurt mee, becauſe I was euill, and did vſe them euilly. For nothing is contrary or hurtfull to my ſelfe, but I my ſelfe. For that is with mee and in mee, whatſoeuer, is able to hurt mee, and I my ſelfe am a burthen to my ſelfe.

I wiſhed alſo that God might not know my ſinnes, or that hee would not, or could not puniſh them, and ſo I would haue God to be fooliſh, vniuſt, and impotent. Which if hee were, hee were not a God. There is no *Pride* aboue my *Pride*, therefore the words of my tranſgreſſions are farre from my ſaluation: For *Pride* is ſuſpected and hatefull to GOD, neither can it be, that it may returne into fauour with him. They lodge in diuers Innes, neither doe they dwell together in one and the ſame minde, which might not dwell together in Heauen. Shee was borne in Heauen, but being as it were vnmindfull, by what way ſhee fell from thence, ſhe hath not been able to returne thither afterward.

Pride and God cannot dwell together.

When as the Ayre hath beene at ſometime troubled with Raine, or elſe with too much could or heate, I murmured

St. Bernard

mured wickedly againſt God. For all things which we receiued for the vſe of life, we reuert, or rather peruert, to the vſe of wickednes. Wherefore it is iuſt, that wee which haue ſinned in all things, be ſmitten and wounded in all things. Oftentimes in ſinging diuine Pſalmes, I was more delighted with the tune of my voyce, then in the compunction of my heart. But God, to whom nothing is hidden, which is wickedly committed, doeth not ſo much require the ſweetneſſe of the voyce, as the purity of the heart. For while the Singer doth tickle and delight the people with melodious voyces, he moueth God to wrath, with his euill conditions.

God more reſpecteth a true mourning heart, then a ſweet melodious voice.

I haue oftentimes extorted of my Gouernours and Rulers licenſe to ſpeake, or to doe ſomething by ouermuch importunity, or by crafty ſubtilty, not conſidering miſerable wretch, that hee conſenteth and deceiueth himſelfe which laboureth priuily, or ſecretly that the Magiſtrate or Miniſter may enioyne him that which may beſt ſort and moſt pleaſe his corrupt deſire. I haue often coueted and deſired a Needle or a Knife, or ſome baſe thing, and I haue not beene touched with any ſenſe of ſorrow for my couetous deſire, becauſe I did not eſteeme it a ſinne, by reaſon of the baſeneſſe of the matter. But there is no great difference, what ſubſtance ſo euer be deſired, baſe or precious, if the affection be equally corrupted. For the Knife is not in fault, but the couetous deſire of the Knife is to be condemned. Neither is Gold in fault, but the greedy deſire of Gold is

Concupiſcence not to be iudged by the eſtimation of the thing, but by the corruption of the deſire.

is vicious and ſinnefull.

In my labour, I haue not laboured ſo much as I ſhould, or ſo much as I could.

In ſilence alſo I haue beene idle, which is a moſt great ſinne. For in ſilence no man ought to be ſo idle, that in the ſame leaſure he thinketh not on the profit of his Neighbour: nor ſo buſied, that he require not the Meditation, and contemplation of God. For hee doth not profit himſelfe much, which doth not profit another when he may.

I haue boaſted my ſelfe of my Vices, thinking that to be a ſigne of Vertue, which was a criminall Treſpaſſe. Of Vertues alſo I haue made Vices. For Iuſtice, while it exceedeth due mediocrity and meaſure, ingendreth the Vice of all bad and hatefull cruelty: and too much pitty, bringeth forth the diſſolution and ouerthrow of diſcipline, and neceſſary correction: ſo oftentimes that is vice which is ſuppoſed to be vertue. So careleſſe remiſneſſe, is ſuppoſed to be gentle mildneſſe, and the vice of ſloathfulneſſe doth imitate the vertue of quietneſſe. I fained my ſelfe to be that which I was not, or that I would not doe that which I would, ſaid one thing with my mouth, and willed another thing in my heart, and ſo vnder the skin of a Sheepe, I ſhrowded the conſcience, indeed of a ſubtill Foxe. *For indeed a lukewarme conuerſation, and a more naturall and corrupt cogitation, ioyned with a fained confeſſion, a ſhort compunction, obedience without deuotion, prayer without earneſt intention, reading without edifying, ſpeech without carefull circumſpection, are proper-

Vices are taken, (or rather miſtakẽ) for vertues.

* Notes of a deceitfull Conſcience.

perties of a Fox-like and crafty conſcience. Oh how hard are theſe things to mee which I ſpeake, becauſe I ſmite and wound my ſelfe by ſpeaking them! notwithſtanding, becauſe I doe not denie my ſelfe to be a ſinner, but doe acknowledge my ſinne, peraduenture the acknowledgment of my faults, ſhall be the obtaining of my pardon with GOD, a mercifull and pittifull Iudge. Therefore I will declare my miſery, if peraduenture his kindneſſe and pittie may moue him: I will confeſſe my ſinne, becauſe the acknowledgement of ſin, is the beginning of ſaluation. I carry my ſelfe kindely towards men, I exceed not in my garments, I am carefull to obſerue Eccleſiaſticall Orders, to pray and ſing at houres appointed, but my heart is farre from my God. I looking vpon

The confeſſion of ſinnes is a ready way to obtaine remiſſion.

vpon the outward part, thinke all things are ſafe and well to me, not feeling the inward Worme which gnaweth the inward bowels. As it is recorded in the ſeuenth Chapter of *Oſeas, Strangers haue eaten vp my ſtrength, and I knew it not.*

And therefore, wholy occupied and imployed about thoſe things which are without, and altogether ignorant of the things within me, I am powred out like water, and brought to nothing, forgetting things paſt, neglecting things preſent, not fore-ſeeing things to come: I am vnthankfull for benefits receiued, prone to euill, and ſlow to good.

St. Bernard

How euery man ought to conſider himſelfe.

MOTIVE. XII.

IF I doe not looke vpon my ſelfe, I know not my ſelfe, but if I looke vpon my ſelfe, I cannot tolerate or endure my ſelfe, becauſe *I* finde ſuch great things in my ſelfe, which are worthy of reprehenſion and confuſion: and by how much the more narrowly & more often *I* examine my ſelfe, by ſo much the more are the abominations I finde in the ſecret corners of my heart. For from the very firſt moment I began to ſinne, I could not let one day paſſe without ſinne.

Neither as yet doe I ceaſe to ſinne, but from day to day, I adde ſinnes to ſinnes, and I haue them before mine eies.

I behold them, yet I doe not groane nor ſigh for them. I ſee things to be bluſhed at, neither doe I bluſh: I looke vpon things to be grieued at, neither am I grieued: which thing is a ſigne of death and a token of damnation. For a member, which feeleth not the paine, is mortified and dead, and a diſeaſe inſenſible, is alwayes incurable. I am vnconſtant, and diſſolute, neither doe I reforme my ſelfe, but I returne daily to the ſins I haue confeſſed: neither doe I take heed of the Ditch, into which I wretched creature haue fallen, or into which I haue made or ſeene another fall into. And when I ſhould haue wept and prayed for the euils I committed, and for the good things I neglected (oh griefe) it turned to mee into the contrary: For I was luke-warme, and I was quite cold from the feruent heat

When we ſinne without ſenſe of ſin, our ſoule is ſicke, euen vnto death.

St. Bernard

heat of prayer, and now haue remained cold without ſenſe; and therefore I cannot bewaile my ſelfe, becauſe the grace of teares is departed from me.

Of the preſence of the Conſcience euery where.

MOTIVE. XIII.

I Cannot conceale my ſins, becauſe whereſoeuer I go, my conſcience is with me, carrying with it whatſoeuer *I* haue laid vp in it, either euill or good. It keepeth the pledge which it hath receiued from me, being aliue; it will reſtore the ſame to me being dead. If I doe euill, it is preſent. *If I* ſeeme to doe well, and therefore am lifted vp, it is preſent. *I*s preſent to me being aliue; it followeth mee being dead: there is inſeparable confuſion to mee euery-where, according to the quality of the pledge it hath receiued. So, ſo, in my owne houſe, and from my owne family, *I* haue mine Accuſers, Witneſſes, Iudge, and Tormentors.

A ſinner hath his accuſers within himſelfe

My *Conſcience* doth accuſe me, my *Memory* is the witneſſe againſt mee: *Reaſon*, the *Iudge*: my *Will*, the *Priſon*: *Feare*, the Excutioner: and my delight the *Torment*.

For how many wicked delights there haue beene to procure my carnall pleaſure, ſo many Torments there ſhall bee in my grieuous puniſhment: for we are thereby puniſhed, from whence we delighted.

Of the three Enemies of Man.

MOTIVE. XIIII.

The fleſh the firſt enemie of man.

HElpe me oh my God, becauſe mine enemies haue beſieged and compaſſed my ſoule round about, namely the *Body*, the *World*, and the *Diuell*. I cannot flie from the body, nor driue it away from me. I muſt needes carrie it about mee, becauſe it is faſt tyed and bound vnto me, I may not deſtroy it, *I* am compelled to nouriſh and ſuſtaine it. And when *I* make it fat, *I* nouriſh mine aduerſarie, againſt my ſelfe. For if *I* ſhall pamper my ſelfe, and that *I* ſhall be luſtie and ſtrong, the health and ſtrength of it doth trouble and moleſt mee. Likewiſe the world doth hemme mee in, and beſiege me on euery ſide, and

The world the ſecond enemie of man.

and by fiue gates(to wit) by the fiue ſenſes of the body; namely, the ſight, hearing, taſting, ſmelling, and touching, doth wound me with his arrowes, and *Death* entreth by my windowes into my ſoule.

Mine eye looketh backe, & turneth away my Vnderſtanding. Mine eare heareth, and turneth aſide the intention of my heart. Smelling hindereth my deuout cogitation. My mouth ſpeaketh, and deceiueth. By touching, the burning of Luſt is ſtirred vp, by any ſmall occaſion, and vnleſſe it be quenched, it ſuddainely poſſeſſeth, burneth, and inflameth the whole body.

Firſt, it tickleth the fleſh a little with thought, afterward it defileth the minde with filthy delight, and at laſt it ſubiugateth and captiueth the minde by conſent vnto wickedneſſe.

The Deuill, the third enemie of man.

Further, the *Deuill* whom I cannot ſee, and therefore can the leſſe be warie of him, hee hath bent his Bowe, and made readie his Arrowes in it, that he may ſuddainely wound me: Hee hath declared that hee would hide his Snares, and hath ſaid, *Who ſhall ſee them?* He hath laid a ſnare in gold & ſiluer, and in all things which wee abuſe, with them wee are euilly delighted, and are enſnared. Hee hath not onely layd a Snare, but alſo Birdlime.

The Deuill vſeth gold and ſiluer for alluring baits, to procure the ſouls bane.

The Deuils Birdlime.

The loue of poſſeſſions is Birdlime, the affection of kindred, the deſire of Honour, and the pleaſure of the fleſh, by which the ſoule is glewed and entangled, that it cannot flye thorow the ſtreetes of *heauenly Sion*, with the wings of *Contemplation*. The Arrowes and Shafts of the *Deuill* are, *Anger*, *Enuie*, *Concupiſcence*, and other vices, with which the

The Arrowes of the Deuill.

the ſoule is wounded. And who is he which is able to quench his fiery Darts? Oh lamentable griefe! a faithfull ſoule is often wounded with theſe Darts, & ouercome with theſe temptations. Alas for me, becauſe I ſee warres prepared for me on euery ſide, Darts flie about euery where, on euery ſide aſſailements, on euery ſide dangers, whereſoeuer I ſhall turne my ſelfe, there is no ſafety, no ſecurity: I feare both thoſe things which delight me, and alſo thoſe things which make me ſad, and moleſt me. I feare all things: Hunger and refection, ſleepe and watching, labour and reſting doe fight againſt me: Ieſting is no leſſe ſuſpected of me then anger: for I haue giuen offence vnto many by ieſting: Neither doe I leſſe feare proſperity then aduerſity: For proſperous things, with their ſweetneſſe, make me careleſſe, and deceiue me: but aduerſe and contrary things, becauſe they haue ſome bitterneſſe, as bitter Potions, doe make mee ſuſpitious and fearefull. I feare the euill more which *I* doe priuily, then that which *I* doe openly. For the Tempter commeth boldly to the euill, which no man ſeeth, which no man comprehēdeth, & where no man is feared which ſhould finde fault with it, & ſo iniquity is more eaſily committed.

Truely, there is Warre on both ſides, danger on both ſides, to be feared on both ſides. And euen as they which remaine in the Land of their enemies, muſt looke on this ſide, and that ſide, and muſt turne their head about at euery noiſe: So the fleſh ſuggeſteth pleaſant things to me, the world vaine things, the Deuill bitter things, becauſe ſo often as a carnall cogitation doth importunately moue and aſſaile my minde, concerning meate and drinke, ſleepe, and other like things, belonging to the care and prouiſion of the fleſh, the fleſh ſpeaketh to me. When a vaine thought is buſied in my heart concerning worldly Ambition, bragging and boaſting, it proceedeth from the world: But when *I* am prouoked to anger and wrath, and to bitterneſſe of minde, it is a diuelliſh ſuggeſtion, the which *I* muſt reſiſt no otherwiſe, then the Deuill himſelfe, neither muſt *I* any otherwiſe take heede and beware of it, then of damnation it ſelfe. *It* is the office of Deuils to bring in falſe ſuggeſtions: it is our duty not to conſent to them; For ſo oftē as we reſiſt them, ſo often we ouercome the *Deuill*, wee glad the

Angels, we honour God. For he doth exhort and encourage vs that wee may fight: hee helpeth vs, that wee may ouercome: hee beholdeth vs fighting: he ſuccoureth vs fainting: he crowneth vs conquering.

From whence the fleſh of Man proceedeth, and what it bringeth forth.

MOTIVE. XV.

Three cruell enemies of man.

MY fleſh proceedeth from the clay, and therefore I haue voluptuous thoughts from it, vaine and curious cogitations from the world, euill and malicious ſuggeſtions from the Deuill. Theſe three enemies doe aſſaile and perſecute me, ſometime openly, ſomtime ſecretly, but alwaies ma-

maliciouſly: For the Deuill truſteth moſt in the helpe of the fleſh, becauſe a domeſticall enemie doth moſt hurt, and procureth greateſt harme. For ſhe hath entred a league with him for my ruine, ouerthrow, and deſtruction: to wit, being borne of ſinne, and nouriſhed in ſinne, corrupted with vices from the very beginning: but made a great deale more vicious by euill cuſtome. From hence it proceedeth, that ſhe coueteth and luſteth ſo eagerly againſt the Spirit, that ſhe continually murmureth, and cannot abide good diſcipline & wholſome correction, becauſe ſhe ſuggeſteth vnlawfull things, will neither obey reaſon, nor is brideled with any feare. That wretched Serpent approacheth to her, hee aydeth her, hee vſeth her, being the old and deadly enemie of mankinde:

Fleſh is corrupted by birth, nurture, and cuſtome.

who hath no other deſire, no other buſineſſe, no other exerciſe, but to deſtroy our ſelues. This is hee which imagineth miſchiefe continually, ſpeaketh ſubtilly, ſuggeſteth artificially, deceiueth craftily. Hee inſpireth wicked and vnlawfull motions, raiſeth warres, nouriſheth hatred, ſtirreth vp gluttony, incenſeth luſt, pricketh forward the vnbrideled deſires of the fleſh, and prepareth baites and occaſion of ſinne, and alſo aſſaulteth without ceaſing, the hearts of men with a thouſand ſlights, to hurt and deſtroy them. From hence it falleth out, that he beateth vs with our owne ſtaffe, bindeth our hands with our owne girdle, and cutteth our throat with our owne knife, ſo that the fleſh which is giuen to vs for a helpe, becommeth to vs ruine and hurt, and is as a blocke in our way,

The continuall practice of the Deuill.

to make vs to ſtumble. *It* is a grieuous combat, and a great danger to fight againſt ſuch a domeſticall *enemie*, eſpecially, ſeeing wee are ſtrangers, and hee a Citizen; hee inhabiteth his owne Country, we are baniſhed men and ſtrangers. *It* is alſo great perill and danger to endure ſo often, yea rather ſuch continuall conflicts of his diuelliſh policie, whom, as well ſubtill nature, as long exerciſe of his inueterate malice, hath made ſo politicke and crafty.

Of the ſhort life of man.

MOTIVE. XVI.

THe day of man is as it were a ſhadow, or rather a ſhadow vpon earth, it hath no continuance : and then it is properly nothing, and more

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vaine then any thing, when it ſeemeth to ſtand ſureſt, and to reſt vpon a ſound foundation.

The folly of rich men.

Therefore why doth a couetous man hoord vp treaſure here vpon earth ſo greedily, when both hee himſelfe muſt paſſe away ſo ſuddenly, and alſo the treaſure which he hath ſtored vp ſo carefully? And in truth (oh fooliſh man) what fruit canſt thou expect in the world, whoſe ſweeteſt fruit is vtter ruine; whoſe end is death and wofull deſtruction? Would to GOD thou wert wiſe, could vnderſtand and carefully prouide in thy ſhort life, againſt the day of thy certaine and vncertaine death. I know one who many yeeres hath liued familiarly with thee, hath ſit downe at thy Table, hath receiued meat from thine owne hand, hath ſlept in thy boſome,

A notable deſcription of the olde man of ſinne.

ſome, and when he would, hath had priuate conference with thee.

He by hereditary law is but thy ſeruant. But becauſe from his tender yeeres, thou haſt pampered him delicately, brought him vp very wantonly, and haſt ſpared the rod fooliſhly, hee is now become ſtubborne and rebellious againſt thee.

Hee hath lifted vp his heele aboue thy head, he hath brought thee into ſlauiſh bondage, and doth cruelly tyrannize ouer thee. But peraduenture thou wilt ſay; *Who is he?* *It* is thy old man, which treadeth and trampleth thy Spirit vnder feet, who diſdaineth, contemneth, and reputeth leſſe then nothing that bleſſed Land, which is ſolely & wholy to be deſired, becauſe nothing can giue a ſweete taſte, or procure a pleaſing relliſh

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to his corrupted humour, but onely ſuch things as may pleaſe the wanton fleſh, and her vntemperate deſires. This man is blinde and deafe from his *Natiuity*, dumbe, ancient with dayes many and euill, rebellious againſt vertue, oppoſite to verity, an Enemie of the Croſſe of Chriſt. Hee ſcorneth, derideth, and flowteth the innocent, and that man which walketh vprightly in truth and ſincerity. He buſieth himſelfe, and intermedleth with great and wonderfull matters, which doe farre exceede his weake capacity; and much ſurpaſſe the ſhort reach of his dull and doltiſh vnderſtanding. His arrogancy and impudent boldneſſe, is more then all his fortitude and forces: he dreadeth none, nor ſtandeth in awe of any: but ſaith proudly in his doting fooliſhneſſe, *There is no God.*

God. Hee pineth & conſumeth with good things, he is alſo fed and nouriſhed with other mens euils, hee is fatted and cheriſhed with vncleane thoughts, and impure cogitations, he is neuer tyred, nor wearied with them, rebelling & tranſgreſſing euen vnto the end; hee diſperſeth and ſcattereth abroad his owne, like an vnthrifty and waſting Prodigall: he coueteth and raketh to himſelfe other mens goods, like a couetous and greedy Miſer; he heapeth vp to himſelfe *I*gnominy and foule reproach, by his odious fraud and diſſimulation, and through his malicious ſubtilty, kindleth the wrath of God againſt him, and daily addeth more fewell to augment the flame.

This man was conceiued, bred, and borne in ſinne, and ſo being nurtered, and nuzzled in ſinne, is become a friend of iniquity, the childe of death, the veſſell of wrath, expoſed to contumelious reproach, and finall deſtruction. Who, although hee be ſo corrupted with wicked manners, depraued with vile conditions, and depriued of all commendable vertues, yet hee vttereth forth the ſacred Iuſtice of God, with his diſſembling words, and taketh his holy couenant in his prophaned mouth. He hateth diſcipline, and ſcorneth correction, he diſhonoureth his ſoueraigne Lord, & caſteth his commandements contemptuouſly behind his back.

When he ſpieth a Thiefe, hee entreth a league of ſociety, and runneth to miſchiefe with him, he ſhareth and hath his portion with filthy and vncleane Adulterers, he is wholy delighted with their ſcandalous amity, he alwaies frequenteth their damnable ſociety.

ery. Hee forgetteth many falſe accuſations and criminall obiections againſt the ſonne of his owne and onely mother; hee alſo treaſureth wrath vpon thee againſt the day of wrath & vengeance, to worke and contriue thy wofull and eternall perdition: he would rob and quite depriue thee of thy rich and royall inheritance, and would baniſh thee for euer from thy heauenly and moſt happy Country, to dwell in a land of perpetuall darkneſſe, full of euerlaſting woes and lamentations.

Yet thou art ſo blinded with ſelfe-conceited folly, and ſo beſotted with thy doting affections, that thou wilt not lift vp ſo much as thy little finger, to reuenge ſo great, ſo notorious, and grieuous an iniury, but art content to diſſemble thy hurts, and to put vp all his wrongs hee hath done

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done vnto thee, to hold thy tongue, and ſo to let them paſſe away in ſilence; neither doeſt thou ſpeake an vnkinde or froward word, nor ſhew him a frowning or foule looke, but thou ſmileſt vpon him with a ioyfull face. When he flattereth and ſootheth thee in thy dangerous follies, thou doeſt ſport, play, dally, & ſolace thy ſelfe with a ſcornfull mocker, thou knoweſt not that it is a deriding *Iſmael*, which ſporteth and playeth with thee.

This is no Childiſh ſport acted in ſimplicity, and qualified with harmeleſſe innocency: but the beginning of it is bloody perſecution, and the end of it euerlaſting death and damnation: hee hath tumbled thee downe headlong into the deepe pit which hee digged and made for thy eternall deſtruction: now thou art become an effeminate Coward, and haſt loſt the vigor of thy manly forces, now thou being a wretched Captiue, preſſed downe with the grieuous yoke of moſt miſerable and ſlauiſh bondage, art baſely deiected, trampled, and trod vpon vnder his feet.

O wretched, wofull, and miſerable man, who ſhall deliuer, reſcue, and redeeme thee from the heauy band and bondage of this ignominious, and opprobrious Nick-name? Let God ariſe, and let that armed man fall downe to the ground, let him fall flat on the ground, and let that direfull foe, and bloody Tyrant be beaten into pieces, as ſmall as the duſt, to be ſcattered abroad with the violence of the ſtormy windes. A proud contemner of God, and all that are good; a worſhipper of himſelfe; a friend of the world, a ſeruant of the deuill. What

If God be on our ſide, wee need not care who be againſt vs.

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What thinkeſt thou? What is thy opinion? How inclineth thy minde and affection? If Reaſon be thy Pilot to direct the courſe of thy opinion, and Wiſedome, the Maſter to ſtirre the helme of thy vnderſtanding, thou wilt ſay with mee, Hee hath committed moſt vile and horrible treaſon againſt the higheſt Maieſtie, hee is guilty of death, let him be crucified, and let him ſuffer (as he hath well deſerued) the extreme rigor of moſt bitter and painefull Torments of the fleſh.

Doe not therefore play the Hypocrite, and maske thy counterfeiting affections with the vizard of diſſimulation, deferre not his execution from day to day, by a fond repriuall, ſpare him not for fooliſh pitty, but ſpeedily, boldly, and inſtantly crucifie that ſinfull and guilty Traytor, euen on the Croſſe of Chriſt, by whoſe death wee are reſtored and raiſed to life, made coheyres with him of his glorious Kingdome, and of euerlaſting Saluation: to whom if thou ſhalt cry with a ſorrowfull compunction of a groaning heart, and with the deepe ſighes of a grieued and penitent minde:then thy *crucified Christ* wil heare thee ſpeedily, anſwering thee kindly; To day thou ſhalt be with me in Paradiſe.

Oh wonderfull pitty of Chriſt, a moſt louing Sauiour! oh vndeſerued, nay vnexpected Saluation of a great & grieuous Sinner! So bountifull, ſo gracefull, and ſo delightfull is the exceeding loue of God: ſo admirable is his ſweetneſſe, ſo farre beyond our opinion is his faueurable kindneſſe, ſo immeaſurable is his meekeneſſe, that his eares are alwaies open to heare the complaints of his people: he is alwaies at leiſure to receiue with kindneſſe, and to anſwere with ſpeedineſſe, the humble petitions of thoſe which in time of their diſtreſſes, will faithfully call vpon him, and with contrite and relenting hearts, wil reuerently approach neere vnto him, becauſe his mercy toward vs, is without meaſure, and his tender compaſſion knoweth no bounds.

How pleaſant is the freedome of ſinne.

Oh how great, worthy, and wonderfull is the mercy of our gracious God! Oh how vnutterable is the powerfull alteration of the right hand of the higheſt? Yeſterday I was faſt fettered in Priſon of darkneſſe, vnder the checke of a cruell and mercileſſe Murtherer: to day I am in the hand of a pitifull and mercifull Mediator. Yeſterday I was in the gate of deuouring hell, on euery ſide affrighted with feare, & afflicted with miſery:to day I am in the pleaſant *Paradiſe* of eternal delights & pleaſure, totally repleniſhed with neuer-decaying ioy, endleſſe delight, and euerlaſting felicity. But how may theſe Letters of admonition preuaile? how may they profit? vnleſſe thou raze out of the Booke of thy Conſcience, the blacke letters of thy bloody death, and ſinnefull debt? How can theſe ſentences affoord thee any ſolace, procure any profit, or bring any comfort when they are read and vnderſtood, vnleſſe thou read thy ſelfe truely, know and vnderſtand perfectly? Doe thy beſt diligence, afford thy chiefeſt indeauours to internall and mentall reading: that thou maieſt read thy ſelfe truely, looke into thy ſelfe circumſpectly, and know thy ſelfe throughly.

The true end and vſe of reading bookes.

Reade,

St. Bernard

Reade, that thou mayeſt loue God vnfainedly, that thou mayeſt fight, and hold out vntill the end of the battell couragiouſly, and that thou maieſt ouercome the world, and euery cruell enemy victoriouſly: ſo that thy toyling labour may be turned into eternall reſt and quietneſſe: thy wofull mourning into mirth and gladneſſe, thy ſtreames of teares, into riuers of comfortable waters: and that when Death hath quite put out the twinckeling Lampe of thy daily conſuming life, thou maiſt ſee the bright and glorious appearing of that euer-ſhining Morning; whoſe euer-gliſtering Sunne ſhall neuer ſet, nor his golden beames be euer obſcured with any cloudy Euening.

And that thou mayeſt alſo ſee with thy cleere-ſighted eyes, neuer wearyed in beholding, to thy Soules eternall Solace, to the infinite ioy of thy triumphing minde, and conſtant delight of all thy purified ſences, the reſplendent and radiant beames of the gliſtering Sunne of conſpicuous righteouſneſſe, in which thou mayeſt behold the bountifull, the beautifull, the glorious *Bridegroome*, the Lord *Ieſus Chriſt*, vnited with his euerlaſting, moſt deare, beſt, and onely beloued Spouſe, whom he hath decked with his rich and royall Robes, adorned with ſuper-excellent and admirable beauty, hauing with his owne precious Bloud, yea, his Heart-bloud, waſhed, cleanſed, and rinced her from all the foule ſtaines, ſpottes, and blemiſhes of her former ſinnefull deformity: Hee that is one, and

Wee are clēſed by Chriſts bloud.

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the ſame Lord of Eternall glory, who liueth and raigneth, by Tymes which are without any bounds of meaſure, and whoſe euer-durable continuance ſhall neuer haue any ending.

FINIS.

A moſt zealous and deuout Lamentation of bleſſed *Anſelmus*, ſometime Archbiſhop *of* Canterbury, *for the loſſe of* his Soules virginity, appliable vnto the ſoule of euery mortified Chriſtian.

OH my ſoule, ſorrowful ſoule! Oh miſerable, wretched, & contemptible Creature! Ariſe out of the bed of ſenſeleſſe ſecurity, & narrowly examine the particulars of thy great and grieuous tranſgreſſions, rouze vp thy drowzie vnderſtanding, let the

Iob 14.1, 5,7. *Eccleſ*.1 13. & 3. 10.

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Great ſins deſire and deſerue great ſorrowes.

ſence of thy haynous ſinnes wound thy heart with ſuch a dolefull compunction, that thy deepe-fetcht ſighes may pierce the skies with the ſharpe accent of thy ſorrowes. Let the greatneſſe of thy [b] wickedneſſe affright thee with diſmaying horrour, and deepely wound thee with intolerable dolour. Thou, I ſay, which ſome-time being made as white as Snow with the [c] celeſtiall Fountaine and Lauor, endowed with the holy Spirit, bound by a ſacred oath to maintaine thy Chriſtian profeſſion, being a Virgin haſt beene obedient, eſpouſed to Chriſt thy glorious [d] *Bridegroome.*

[b] *Ezech.* 18.4.5.

The terror of a wicked conſcience.

[c] *Eph.*2. 22. *Rom.*3. 25.*and* 5. 10.

[d] *Mat.* 19.15.& 25.1.5.6.

Alas! too well I remember it. Oh whom haue I named? Verily not ſo kinde a Spouſe of my chaſt Virginity, as a terrible [e] Iudge of my odious impurity! Alas, wofull is the remem-

[e] *Wiſ.*17.1 *Mat.*16. 27. *Rom.* 2.1.

remembrance of my decayed pleaſure. Why doeſt thou more and more increaſe the ſorrow of the poſſeſſor? How miſerable is the lot of wicked and haynous offences, to whom both good and euill, doe breed nothing elſe, but torment and torture? For an euill [f] Conſcience doth trouble and vexe mee, and horrour of that vnquenchable fire doth terrifie me, in which I feare I ſhall burne continually, and neuer be conſumed. The remembrance of a good Conſcience, and of the rewards of it, doth afflict and and affright me, which I know I haue loſt, and ſhall neuer repoſſeſſe or recouer.

Woe is me to loſe, to loſe that without hope of recouery, which ſhould haue been carefully [g] preſerued for euer. Oh comfortleſſe ſorrow, to loſe that which doth not onely depriue mee of good things, but doth alſo multiply my torments? Oh Virginity, now not beloued of mee, but loſt & departed from me, thou art now not my onely ſolace and felicity, but alone my onely ſorrow, and incurable miſery; how is thy former beauty changed into diſdainefull deformity? Into what deepe pit of calamity haſt thou deiected me?

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[f] *Wiſ.* 17. 10.

[g] *Acts* 23.16.

Oh thou hatefull Fornication, which haſt defiled my minde with thy contagious vncleanneſſe, and infected my ſoule with deadly diſeaſes; how and from whence didſt thou creepe into my wretched boſome, to vexe and moleſt mee? From what glorious and delightfull ſtate of Felicity haſt thou tumbled me headlong, to languiſh in continuall miſery? On this ſide bitter ſorrow doth ſting mee, on the other ſide extreme pangs and terrible feare doe torment mee, while my minde is diſtracted with heauy meditations vpon my vnrecouerable loſſes.

And as my loſſes are voyd of hope and conſolation, ſo my torment will admit no moderation; and a Sea of woes doth ouerflow mee. But if that which is good, and that which is euill doe both alike puniſh, and iuſtly afflict me, ſo that I often feele the horror of death, while I liue in this wretched life, my guilty conſcience doth tell mee, and my perplexed thoughts teach mee, that I haue worthily deſerued it.

For thou my Soule, diſloyall, periured againſt God thy Creator, and become a filthy ſtrumpet, to the diſhonour of Chriſt thy louing Lord & Redeemer, art wofully throwne downe from thy glorious and high eſtate of vnſpotted Virginity, into the bottomles lake of loathſome Adultery. Thou, ſometime eſpouſed to the King of Heauen, art now become an Harlot to the tormentor of Hell.

Alas for thee that art caſt out of the fauour of God, who did ſo kindely regard thee, and art expoſed to the malice of the deuill, who will moſt cruelly torment thee! Nay, rather thou which haſt caſt away God, and embraced the deuill. For thou being changed moſt miſerably from a vertuous Virgin, to a vicious ſtrumpet, and an impudent Harlot; thou firſt haſt offered an vnkinde refuſall of thy firſt loue to God, thy gracious Creator: and wilfully and willingly haſt proſtituted thy ſelfe to the luſt of the deuill, a cunning deceiuer, and thy cruell murtherer.

therer.

Oh damnable exchange, moſt miſerable, and more then moſt miſerable alteration! Alas, from what an high ſeat of bleſſedneſſe art thou throwne downe? Into what deepe dungeon of curſedneſſe art thou ouerwhelmed? Alas, how kinde and louing a Husband haſt thou treacherouſly reiected? how malicious, mercileſſe, and dreadfull a Tyrant haſt thou accepted! Ah, what haſt thou done, thou furious madneſſe of my doting vnderſtanding, thou doting vncleanneſſe, and vncleane impiety, what haſt thou done? Thou haſt vtterly forſaken thy chaſte & faithfull Spouſe, who gloriouſly raigneth in Heauen, and haſt eagerly followed the Author of thy odious vncleanneſſe into hell: and in that deepe gulfe of euerlaſting darkeneſſe, haſt not

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prepared for thy ſelfe a Bridechamber, to ſolace thy ſelfe with thy true and chaſte Beloued; but a filthy Brothelhouſe, where thou mayeſt be defiled, and polluted with incurable vncleanneſſe.

What wonderfull horror doth attend vpon thee? what peruerſe will and luſtfull deſires haue bewitched thee? Oh horrible wonder, oh voluntary madneſſe!

How, oh God, am I fallen into the corruption of ſuch great impiety? How, oh Lord God, ſhall I make ſatisfaction vnto thee for my grieuous iniquitie? Throw thy ſelfe downe, thou miſerable and curſed Creature, into the depth of immoderate mourning and miſery, who haſt willingly caſt thy ſelfe downe into the Gulfe of immeaſurable and horrible iniquity. Let the waight of thy wickedneſſe ouerwhelme thee, let the heauy burthen of thy vnſupportable ſorrow wholy depreſſe thee, which art willingly tumbled into the filthy mire of infernall ſtinke, and helliſh ſauours: bee thou ouerwhelmed with the horrible darkneſſe of comfortleſſe and inconſolable ſorrow, which haſt wittingly caſt thy ſelfe downe into a gulfe of ſuch beaſtly and luxurious pleaſures. Wallow thou in the whirle-poole of bitterneſſe, which haſt ſpotted and delighted thy ſelfe in the puddle of laſciuious filthineſſe. Oh yee horrible terrour, terrible ſorrow, vncomfortable mourning, muſter your ſelues againſt me, aſſault, ouerwhelme, vexe, couer, trample vpon me. It is iuſt, it is iuſt, my wicked deeds haue deſerued it.

I haue with impudent boldnes diſdained and contemned your

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your forces, and with ſhamefull ſenſuality haue procured your diſpleaſure: yea, rather I haue prouoked God, and not you, and now with lamentable repentance I deſire you to powre your full meaſure of vengeance vpon me. Torment and torture the guilty, that my ſoueraigne Lord may be auenged, whom I haue ſo highly offended. Let the vicious Fornicatour feele before-hand the Torments of *Hell*, which he hath deſerued: let him taſte beforehand, that which hee hath prepared: let him haue ſome ſmacke of thoſe tormenting pangs and paſſions, which hee ſhall abide and ſuffer hereafter.

Extend and augment, (thou immoderate and vnſatiable ſinner) thy ſorrowfull and dolefull repentance, which haſt ſo farre enlarged the leprous vncleanneſſe of thy odious

ous & deteſtable vices. Tumble thy ſelfe, and throw thy ſelfe againe into the whirlepoole of ceaſleſſe ſorrow, bitternes, and dolefull diſtreſſes, which haſt ſo oft throwne downe thy ſelfe into the filthy pit of thy luſtfull deſires, and carnall pleaſures. Conſolation, ſecurity, delightfull pleaſure, and ioy, doe yee now no more approach neere vnto mee, I hate and loath your delectable company, vnleſſe pardon of my ſin ſhall reconcile and reſtore you. Let heauy penſiueneſſe and bitter mourning, bee ſtill at hand, like cruell Tormentors, and bloody executioners, to vexe mee in my growing youth, and to trouble mee in my weariſome age. Would to God, would to God it may be ſo, I wiſh, pray, deſire it may be ſo. If I bee not worthy to lift vp my eyes towards HEAVEN, when

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when I put vp my humble ſupplication, truly I am not vnworthy to obſcure them, and to put out their light with the ſtreames and fountaine of teares, and lamentable weeping.

If my minde bee confounded with great ſhamefulneſſe of my guilty Conſcience, that it cannot pray and craue for mercy: it is meet that it ſhould be ouerwhelmed with the tempeſt of exceeding ſorrow and dolefull ſadneſſe. If it feare to come in the ſight of God grieuouſly offended: it is iuſt that the vnſufferable torments prepared for rebellious ſinners, ſhould alwayes appeare, and be preſented before it. Therefore let my heart thinke, and thinke againe, what hainous treaſon it hath committed, what endleſſe torments it hath deſerued.

Let my vnderſtanding deſcend into it ſelfe,and make a priuie ſearch in euery corner, before it goe downe into the land of darknes, which death obſcureth with his groſſe and miſtie vapours, and meditate who doth attend and wait there for my wicked ſoule: let it behold and view,ſee and be troubled. What is it, oh God, what is it, which I behold in the Land of miſery and darkeneſſe? Horror, Horror. What is it which I doe view, where no order, but wofull confuſion inhabiteth?

Woful are the out-cries of ſome, howling out with lamentable voyces: Wofull is the noyſe of others, gnaſhing their teeth, tortured with intolerable torments. Lamentable is the ſight of the confuſed multitude, ſobbing, and ſighing out, woe, woe! How many, and how many woes? Woe for that fire, which burneth

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with brimſtone, whoſe flame is neuer extinguiſhed, and wofull is that obſcure and darke Dungeon, where there dwelleth euerlaſting darkeneſſe! With what terrible roaring doe I ſee you, oh Wormes, toſſed and turned about, liuing in that flaming fire which continually burneth? What direfull and greedy deſire doth inflame you to returne out of it, whom yet that fire of fires cannot ſo burne, as that euer yee ſhall be conſumed? Oh yee Deuils, burning together with them; roaring with burning, and raging with fury; wherefore are yee ſo terrible and cruell to them, which are tumbled, and rowled vp and downe among you? Oh torments intolerable! Oh extreme ſentence of Iuſtice inſupportable, ſhall no meane, no remedy, no end mitigate or aſſwage you? Are theſe the things, oh great and powerfull God, which are prepared for filthy Fornicators, and wicked contemners of thee, of which I am one? I, I am verily one of thoſe.

Oh my ſoule, tremble thou with terrour: faint and faile, thou my vnderſtanding, with quaking feare; and thou, oh my heart, cut and wound thy ſelfe with immoderate ſorrow. Whither doe yee hale and tug me, ye cruell tormentors, while you execute your fury and wrath againſt mee, for my great and grieuous offences? Whither doſt thou deliuer mee, oh my ſinne? Whither doſt thou deliuer me, oh my God? whither doſt thou deliuer me? If I haue effected by my hainous and deteſtable rebellions, that I ſhould be thy guilty offendor, could I alſo bring it to paſſe, that I ſhould not bee thy Creature?

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If I haue robbed my ſelfe of my chaſtitie, haue I alſo robbed thee of thy Mercy? Oh Lord, Lord, if I haue loſt that, for want whereof thou maieſt condemne mee a grieuous offender, haſt thou alſo loſt that, whereby thou art wont to ſaue a penitent ſinner?

Doe not, Oh Lord, doe not ſo narrowly attend to my wickedneſſe, that thou forget thy wonted goodneſs. Where is it true, oh true God, where is, *As I liue, I will not the death of a ſinner, but rather that he be conuerted and liue?*

Oh Lord, thou which doeſt not lye, Lord, what is, I *will not the death of a ſinner*: If thou doeſt burie in Hell a ſinner which crieth vnto thee? or is it to throw a ſinner into the Lake of neuer-ceaſing Torments, *I will not the death of a ſinner?* Or is this, *I will that a ſinner be conuerted and liue?*

I am a ſinner, oh Lord, I am a ſinner. If therefore thou wilt not the death of a ſinner, what doth compell thee (which thou wouldeſt not) that thou deliuereſt mee to death and deſtruction? If thou wilt that a ſinner be conuerted, and liue, what doth let thee to perform that which thou willeſt; namely, that I be conuerted, liue, and be ſaued?

If the enormitie of my ſinne doth conſtraine mee to doe that which thou hateſt, doth it alſo hinder thee to doe that which thou deſireſt, when as thou art a God omnipotent? Farre be it, oh God, farre be it, oh Lord my God, that the wickedneſſe of a repenting and lamenting Sinner ſhould preuaile more, then the ſentence of the Omnipotent.

Remember, oh iuſt, holy, and mercifull God, that thou art mercifull, and alſo my

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Creator, & Recreator. Therefore, good Lord, remember not thy Iuſtice againſt thy ſinner, but remember thy wonted clemencie towards thy poore creature. Remember not thy anger againſt a guilty offender, but be mindefull of thy accuſtomed commiſeration and mercy towards a miſerable ſinner.

It is true, that my conſcience doth merit damnation, and that my repentance doth not ſuffice for ſatisfaction: But it is certaine, that thy exceeding mercy doth ſurpaſſe all my vile iniquity. Therefore good Sauiour, ſpare that of which thou art the Saluation; yea, thou that deſireſt not the death of a ſinner: Spare, oh ſpare, my ſinfull ſoule; for it being vtterly diſmayed, flieth from thy terrifying Iuſtice, to thy comforting mercy, that becauſe the reward of her virginity being corrupted, (oh heart-wounding ſorrow)is vnrecouerable : the puniſhment of hatefull Fornication, to her repenting, at leaſt may not be vneuitable; becauſe it is not a thing impoſſible to thy omnipotency, neither vnſeemely to thy Iuſtice, nor vnaccuſtomable to thy mercy : Both becauſe thou art good, and becauſe thy infinite mercy endureth for euer : Which art bleſſed, world without end, *Amen.*

A Meditation of S. *Bernard*, concerning the Paſſion of Ieſus Chriſt:

Diuided into twenty and one Sections.

SECTION. I.

LEt vs who are true Chriſtians, graced with ſo noble a name, ſo high a ſtile, and ſo glorious a title, honour and celebrate, with true, ſorrowfull, relenting and repenting hearts, the *Funerall Obſequies* of our noble Lord, *Ieſus of Nazareth*, that meeke, ſpotleſſe, innocent, and harmeleſſe *Lambe*, who did not ſo much as open his mouth, being vnder the hand of the Shearer; maliciouſly accuſed, odiouſly reuiled, innocently and wrongfully condemned of the furious & bloody *Iewes*, extremely tortured, ſpitefully diſdained, ſhamefully ſpetted vpon, and laſtly, cruelly crucified by the barbarous and brutiſh *Gentiles*.

It is an exploit full of honour, full of renown; it is moſt healthfull and wholſome for our ſickly ſoules, that we *Chriſtians*, dained worthy of ſuch a gracious and Honourable Name, ſhould reuerently adore, louingly embrace, valiantly imitate the weake infirmities, ſcornefull diſgraces, baſe pouerty, painefull labours, ſore and ſorrowfull agonies, the deadly pangs of the bitter Paſſion of our louing *Redeemer*, and ſweet *Sauiour*, *Chriſt Ieſus* the righteous. For theſe are the powerfull inſtruments, and moſt ſtrong weapons, by which the omnipotent vertue, & the infinite inueſtigable, & vnſearchable wiſdome of God, hath mightily and wonderfully effected, and wrought the reſtauration, & renouatiō of the decaied world, the eternall Saluation of vs men; yea, of vs moſt miſerable and wretched men, and the endleſſe and vtter deſtruction of *Hell*, *Death*, and the *Deuill*: *Heb*. 2. 14. *Luke* 1. 71. And in the working of this great worke, and admirable myſtery of our Saluation, the Lord *Chriſt* was made leſſer then the Angels, that hee might make vs equall with the Angels, hee deſcended from his *Throne* of glory, that he might deliuer vs from ignominie, *Heb.*2.9. Hee being Lord of Lords, tooke vpon him the ſhape of a ſeruant, that he might make vs honourable: hee willingly diſpoſſeſſed himſelfe of all his *Royalties*, that he might eternally poſſeſs vs with the euerlaſting treaſure, and full inheritance of his heauenly Kingdome, 2 *Cor.*8.9. And who is hee, if hee could taſte his infinite kindneſſe, (but alas, who is able to ſound the bottomleſſe depth of this more then maruailous, yea miraculous loue?) but would willingly forſake his goodly earthly poſſeſſions, leaue all his worldly honours and dignities, ſubiect euery moment to decay and vanity, as ſoone gone as they are gotten, diſroabe the ſtout *Bride* of her gay and gorgious apparell, and ſtrip her naked from all her borrowed fea-

thers;

thers; cloath himſelfe with the ſack cloth of lowly humility, cut off his curled lockes, and ſprinkle his head with aſhes, that he might truly humble, proſtrate, and debaſe himſelfe; caſt downe his high lookes, curbe his proud aſpiring and vntamed thoughts: for Chriſt Ieſus, his meeke and mercifull Sauiour, who came downe from Heauen, out of the boſome of his Father, being coeternall, and coequall with him in euerlaſting glory, leauing the ioyfull ſociety of bleſſed Angels aboue, to conuerſe here below amongſt curſed men; nay, to abide and patiently to beare the curſes and bitter taunts of blaſphemous and fiery-minded men?

SECTION 2.

THis Lord Chriſt was tyrannically tortured, and cruelly crucified for our, yea rather for my ſinnes, and hath ſweetned his bitter croſſe to all that zealouſly loue him, and faithfully believe in him. He dyed a moſt ſhamefull, cruell, & curſed death on the Croſſe, that he might deliuer vs from the curſe of the condemning and killing Law, and take vs out of the iawes of the deuouring Lyon, redeeme vs from Hell, from infernall fire, and euerlaſting perdition.

Hee ſhed, yea powred out his moſt precious blood, ſpouting out the ſame from all the veines of his pierced and martyred body, that with his precious & ſoueraigne Balme, he might ſalue all our deadly wounds, and ſaue our dying ſoules. He died, and by his death, killed death, that we might liue eternally in him, and by him.

And who may not amazedly admire the incomparable loue of ſo milde, ſo mercifull, and ſo potent a Sauiour? Who cannot, at leaſt, who ought not, with rauiſhed affections to loue (and like ioyfull *Simeon*, with both armes to imbrace) ſo magnificent, but for vs ſinfull men, and for our ſakes, made ſo humble and lowly, and yet a moſt powerfull Redeemer? The dulcer taſte of whoſe loue, doth farre exceed the Hony, and the Hony-combe in ſweetneſſe.

And although the leaſt drop of it, be ſufficient to fill all, and euery part of an hungry ſoule, yet it hath in it ſuch a ſauoury relliſh, and an appetite-procuring quality, that the more the deſirous ſoule eateth, the more it coueteth; the more it feedeth, the more eagerly it longeth and thirſteth after it. Why ſhould we not patiently ſuffer, and conſtantly endure whatſoeuer the inueterate malice of the Deuill can imagine againſt vs, or the furious madneſſe of wicked men, (his wilfull Miniſters) can lay, or impoſe vpon vs, for Chriſt Ieſus his cauſe, for the honoring of his truely and honourable Name, and for our conſtant profeſſion of a true Chriſtian Faith? Chriſt paſſed through the ignominy, ſhame, and contempt of the Croſſe, to ſupernall dignity, infinite Maieſty, and endleſſe glory, & all power and authority was giuen vnto him, for the aduancemēt of his euerlaſting dominion, both in Heauen aboue, and in earth beneath, by God his heauenly Father: all the Angels, Gods heauenly Heralds, with ioyfull humility, melodious Harmony, and with continual laud and thankſ-giuing, doe worſhip and adore his incomprehenſible, exceeding glorious, and eternall Maieſty, and at the honourable Name of Ieſus, let euery knee bee bowed of things in Heauen aboue, and things in the darkeſt Caues of Hell below: Where is thy glory (oh Chriſtian?) Where is thy reioycing? Where is thy boaſting? not in Nobility, honour and riches, but in the glorious Name of thy crucified Lord, thy eternall God, and euerlaſting Sauiour, and in the gracious, gracefull, and ſweet name of Chriſt, which is a Name aboue all names, farre ſurpaſſing all Noble, honourable, and glorious earthly titles, and the higheſt ſtile of worldly Maieſty. And whoſoeuer is bleſſed in this Name, ſhall bee truely bleſſed here vpon earth, and afterward ſhall bee eternally happy in Heauen.

Let vs glory, reioyce, and triumph in the bleſſed Name of our mighty Redeemer, and giue all honour, iuriſdiction, dominion, and Maieſty, to our mercifull Sauiour, which hath done great, marueilous, and admirable things in vs, and for vs: exalt, extoll, and magnifie his glorious Name, together with me, and let our tongues tuned with one Harmonicall concord, like Golden Trumpets, ſound forth his meritorious, immeaſurable, ſtill-encreaſing and neuer-diminiſhing prayſes, ſaying, We adore and worſhip thee, oh Chriſt, King of Iſrael, and alſo of all the Nations; Prince, and Monarch of Kings, Lord of the Earth, God of the Sabbath, the moſt powerfull power of

God Omnipotent. We adore thee, being the precious price of our Redemption, the all-ſufficiẽt Sacrifice of our peace, atonement, and peaceable reconciliation, which alone with the ineſtimable, moſt pleaſant, and fragrant ſweetneſſe of thy odoriferous ſauour, haſt moued and induced the Father of eternity, which dwelleth and reſideth in the higheſt Heauens, to turne his eye of prouidence and compaſſion, towards baſe, vile, and contemptible things vpon earth, and haſt reconciled and pacified him towards the ſonnes of wrath, Hell, and damnation; to enter a new couenant of grace with them, to forgiue and forget all their rebellious treſpaſſes, and treacherous tranſgreſſions, and to extend the tender bowels of his moſt deſired and euer-vndeſerued mercy towards thẽ.

We ioyfully proclaime, oh Chriſt, the worthineſſe of thy merit, the multitude of thy mercies, and magnificence of thy commiſeration, we ſound and eccho forth; we record the ſacred memory of thy eare-delighting, and heart-pleaſing ſweetneſſe.

Wee cleerely offer vnto thee, oh Chriſt, the Sacrifice of euerlaſting praiſe, and hearty thankeſ-giuing for the innumerable multitude, and immeaſurable magnitude of thy goodneſſe, which thou haſt vouchſafed, ſhewed, manifeſted, and extended to vs, as a wicked ſeed, and graceleſſe generation, ſonnes of wickedneſſe, and heires of Hell and damnation.

SECTION. 3.

WHen as yet, oh gracious Lord, we were thy cruel enemies, by our treaſonable practices, and monſtrous vngrateful vnkindneſſe, daily kindling thy conſuming wrath againſt vs, and when as deuouring death exerciſed his rage, fury, and dominion againſt all mortall fleſh, and vpon euery miſerable creature, to which all the ſeed of *Adam* was obnoxious and ſubiect, tainted with the leprous infection of his firſt deadly tranſgreſſion: thou diddeſt kindly remember the moſt infallible word of thy infinite mercie, when we were ready to be drowned and ſwallowed vp (like proud hard-hearted *Pharao*) in the bloody Sea of our ſwelling, & ouer-flowing iniquities.

quities. Thou diddeſt looke from thy holy and high habitation, and caſt downe the pittifull eye of thy ſauing, tender, and mellow-hearted compaſſion vpon this vally, ſtreaming with riuers of teares, ſhowres of ceaſeleſſe weeping, and deluge of our ouerflowing miſery. Thou ſaweſt the heauie affliction, afflicted condition, imminent danger, nay the inſtant deſtruction of thy diſtreſſed people, and touched with a true-delicious ſweetneſſe of thy inward loue, and bountifull charity, didſt thinke and ponder, to medicine, heale and recure the deadly-diſeaſed ſtate and deſperate condition of thy forlorne and languiſhing people, *Mat.* 9. 13. 1. *Tim.* 15. moued and incited towards them with amiable thoughts of a new perpetuall peace and eternal redemption. And thou being the onely and dearely beloued Son of God, the very true God, coeternall and ſubſtantiall to God the Father, & the Holy-ghoſt, enhabiting the light, to which no man may approach, dazeling the eyes of euery mortall creature with the ſuper-excellent luſtre, and gouerning all things with the creating Word of thy omnipotent power; thou haſt not deſpiſed to ſubiect thy ſelfe to the cloſe and noyſome priſon of our baſe eſtate, where thou mighteſt taſte, & alſo ſwallow vp our miſery, and ſoreſtore vs to glory. It was enough, oh ſweet Sauiour, to demonſtrate thy incomprehenſible and vnſpeakeable mercie: it was too little, Oh thou mirrour of mercie, to coole the ardent heat of thy burning loue.

It was not ſufficient for thee, our gracious *Redeemer*, to appoint a *Cherubin*, *Seraphin*, *or* one of the Angels to conſummate and finiſh the worke of our ſaluation: thou thy ſelfe being King of kings, and God of eternall glory, haſt vouchſafed to come to vs, thy poore vaſſals, and captiue creatures, by the commandement of thy ſupernall Father, *Pſal.*40.8,9. *Acts*.2.23. Whoſe vnlimited mercie, bottomleſſe bounty, immutable loue, wee now plentifully enioy in thee, and hereafter ſhal ioyfully, fully, & euerlaſtingly poſſeſſe by thee.

Thou cam'ſt vnto vs, I ſay, not by changing the place, but by yeelding thy preſence vnto vs by the fleſh.

Thou cam'ſt from the regall *Throne* of thy moſt high Glorie, into an humble, lowly, and abiect Mayden, in her owne eyes, although indeede ſhe was moſt honourable for her chaſt vertues, and of the blood Royall by her Noble birth, whoſe life was adorned with the precious Iemme of vndefiled virginitie; in whoſe ſacred wombe, the ſole, wonderfull, and vnſpeakeable power of the Holy-Ghoſt, cauſed and effected thy ſanctified and bleſſed conception, and that thou ſhouldſt ſo be borne in the very nature of true humanitie, that the occaſion and manner of thy pure Natiuitie ſhould neither violate the Maieſtie of *Diuinity* in thee, nor the integritie of vndefiled Virginitie in thy bleſſed virgin-Mother. Oh amiable! Oh admirable fauour! Thou being God of immeaſurable glorie, infinite power, and moſt magnificent Maieſtie, haſt not diſdained, nor deſpiſed to become a contemptible worme, and to put vpon thee the ragged garment of our fraile and miſerable nature. Thou being God of all, didſt appeare as a fellow-ſeruant of ſeruants, vnto all. It was too little to ſatisfie thy louing affection, and to quench the thirſtie deſire of thy loue towards vs, to be a kinde Father vnto vs, and a gracious Lord, but thou haſt vouchſafed to be our deare and welbeloued brother. What minde is not ouer-ioyed with the delectable meditation of thy wonderfull fauour? What heart is not rauiſhed with the ſweet ſent of thy admirable humilitie? And what ſoule can euer be ſatisfied with the ſweetneſſe of thy exceeding mercie? When all our obedience towards thee, be it neuer ſo great, or our praiſes, be they neuer ſo many, cannot parallel and equall the leaſt iot of thy infinite goodneſſe towards vs.

Section. 4.

AND thou Lord of all things, poſſeſſor of the higheſt heauens, and ſole Commander of the whole earth, which haſt no need of any thing, becauſe the fowles of the ayre, fiſhes of the Sea, beaſts of the field, are all at thy prudent and prouident diſpoſition: yea, the greateſt worldly Monarch is but thy poore ſlaue and ſubmiſſiue Vaſſall: at the beginning of thy birth, and firſt entrance into this tranſitorie world (the ſweeteſt ioyes whereof are ſoone ſowred with ſodaine miſery, and the chiefeſt treaſures liable euery moment, to wauering mutability) thou diddeſt not abhorre to taſte the bitter gall of pinching neceſſity, and to feele the irkſome diſcommodities of beggerly, baſe, and abiect pouertie: ſo ill was thy entertainement, ſo bad was thy welcome, and vile was thy eſtimation amongſt vngratefull men.

For as the thrice-holy, and Diuine Scripture teſtifieth, when thou wert borne, there was no roome in the Inne to receiue thee, nor any Cradle, wherein they might repoſe thy tender body, but thou wert thruſt vnkindely into a noyſome Stable, in ſtead of thy Princely Chamber, and layd in a homely Manger, for thy bed of honour, wrapped in ſwatheling clouts, and fettered like a priſoner, whoſe greatneſſe cannot be contained of the heauens, & whoſe hand in the palme of it doth comprehend the whole earth. And thy bleſſed Mother did borrow this homely Chamber and hard bed, of bruite beaſts, who were more willing to ſhew her a kinde fauour, then any hardhearted men, though hee came to be their ſeruant.

Comfort your ſelues, cheere vp your diſmayed mindes, and baniſh away all penſiue thoughts, whoſoeuer haue had your drink mingled with teares, and haue bin long fed with the bread of affliction, being ſcorned, diſdained, reiected of the proud and wealthy, becauſe you haue been pined and pinched with needie pouertie, when as Christ, who as the neuer-dried Fountaine of euerlaſting plentie and abundance, did willingly vndergoe, and patiently beare the heauie burden of needy want and grieuous neceſſity.

In the time of his bleſſed birth he did not take his reſt in a ſumptuous Chamber, adorned with carued wainſcot, or turniſhed with gorgious and coſtly hangings, neither was he found in the land of them which ſolace thẽſelues with variety of pleaſant delights, and ſpend their dayes in continuall ſport and pleaſure.

Why doeſt thou boaſt, oh thou wanton rich man, when thou ſtretcheſt thy ſelfe vpon thy bed of Iuorie, painted with the choyſeſt colours that may pleaſe the eye, beautified with the rareſt deuices that Art can inuent, and garniſhed with the moſt delicate furniture that may breed wanton and carnall delight: when as the King of Kings did rather chuſe a noyſome Stable, then a Princely Palace; a homely Manger, then a ſtately Cradle; rather hard ſtraw to lay his tender body vpon, then a bed ſtuffed with Downe, or ſoft feathers? *Luk*.2.7,8.

Why art thou then ſo proud, that thou ſcorneſt to lye vpon ſtraw, with contented humility? when as this tender Infant, who had all things vnder his hand and iuriſdiction, preferred hard ſtraw before thy coſtly ſilkes, and ſoft feathers?

SECTION.5.

BVt this thy tender and weake infancie, oh Chriſt, was not ſafe from the malice of thy furious foes, nor murthering ſwords of bloody perſecutors, who craftily complotted, greedily ſought, and would haue moſt grieuouſly wrought thy cruell, bloody, and ſodaine death, ſo ſoone as thou beganſt to draw thy breath. For as yet thou wert ſucking the ſweet breſts of thy louing Mother; when as an heauenly Meſſenger appeared to *Ioſeph* in his ſleepe, ſaying, *Ariſe, and take the Childe and his Mother, and flye into Ægypt, and tarrie there, vntill I ſhall bring thee word: For it ſhall come to paſſe, that* Herod *ſhall ſeeke the Childe to deſtroy him,* Matth. 2.13,14,15.

Since that time, oh ſweet Ieſus, thou beganſt to taſte of the bitter Cup of humane miſerie, to bee touched with ſenſe of our ſorrow, and patiently to beare the heauie burden of our infirmities. For when bloudy *Herod* had heard vnwelcome newes of the birth of another King, dreading he ſhould be forced to forgoe his royall dominions, goodly kingdomes, and golden Crowne (for Tyrants dreame alwayes of their downfall, at the ſurmiſed noiſe of any little rumor) hee quickly vnſheathed his cruell

Sword, to make a ſpeedy end of thy beginning dayes, and to cut aſunder the ſlender thread of thy Infant life, plaid the bloudy Butcher, and made a moſt cruell ſlaughter of many thouſands of innocent Babes, ſucking the nouriſhing breſts of their louing and lamentable Mothers, *Matth.* 2. 16. ſo that hee dyed the ſtreets with the ſtreames of their guiltleſſe blood, mingled with the teares of lamenting mothers, *Mat.* 2. 18. thinking to murther Thee in this great ſlaughter of ſo many harmeleſſe ſucklings.

Oh miraculous immanitie! monſtrous murther! more then brutiſh, yea, helliſh Tyranny! And when thou hadſt eſcaped the ſting of this Tyrants malice, being appointed to bee tranſported into *Ægypt*, to be ſafe there, without the bounds of his bloudy miſchiefe,

chiefe, and not without care of thy Father, and ſorrow of thy Mother, wert deliuered from ſtormes of thy perſecuted Infant-age: thou diddeſt meekely giue vs an example of trueth, worthy to bee prayſed of vs, and to bee ſeriouſly practiſed by vs: for thou diddeſt not ſit in the counſell of idle vanities, nor follow the vile and wilde affections of vnbrideled deſires, but wert found in the middeſt of the Doctors, propounding queſtions to them, and attentiuely hearing their diſcourſes, although in thy breſt did euer flow a continuall Spring of infinite knowledge, being the Lord of all hidden ſciences, and the moſt perfect and abſolute wiſedome of God the eternall Father.

Alſo thou haſt ſhewed vs a perfect patterne of due obedience, to be truely performed, ed, and duely obſerued of Children towards their Parents, when thou being the great Commander of the whole World, and Supreme head in all cauſes, and ouer all perſons within thy boundleſſe Dominions, didſt yet humbly obey the commãndement of thy parents, in performing the deeds of willing obedience towards them, in whatſoeuer the duty of a Childe might inioyne thee, or the iuſt commandement of thy earthly Parents impoſe vpon thee: But when by the courſe of Nature, thou cameſt to the fulneſſe of a ſtronger age, about to take in hand things of greater weight, to bee acted with greater might, thou didſt come forth for the ſaluation of thy people, like a valiant and ſtately Gyant, to runne the way of all our miſerie, and paſſe thorow the race of humane calamitie.

And that thou mighteſt make thy ſelfe like vnto thy brethren in all things, and in thy ſelfe make a reſemblance of their depraued nature, thou as it were a ſinner, didſt goe to thy Seruant, baptizing ſinners vnto true repentance, thou, oh innocent Lambe of God, didſt require to be baptized, *Mat.* 3. 13, 14, 15. who euer wert free from the leaſt ſtaine of iniquitie, and neuer ſubiect to any little ſpot of our ſinfull infirmity, but hauing put on thee the fleſhly garment of our weake nature, thou didſt ſtill continue pure, cleane, and vndefiled. And being baptized in the waters, thou doeſt not ſanctifie thy ſelfe with the waters, but doeſt ſanctifie the waters by thee, that by them thou mighteſt ſanctifie vs.

SECTION. 6.

AFter thy Baptiſme by the ſpirit of inuincible fortitude, thou didſt enter into the ſolitary deſart, *Mat.* 4. 1. that by thy example thou mighteſt teach vs to depart, as it were, out of the World, when we giue our ſelues to diuine Meditations, that worldly impediments being remooued from our outward ſenſes, the zeale of our Spirits might the better be inflamed, our prayers haue freer paſſage, and the deuotion of our willing hearts leſſe hindered. Thou didſt conſtantly endure, and patiently beare what diſcommodities ſoeuer the vncouth wilderneſſe might bring, or the bitterneſſe of faſting for the ſpace of forty daies and forty nights breed vnto thee, *Mat.4.2.* Thou didſt mildly ſuffer the temptations and illuſions of the Deuill, and at laſt with thy holy word, didſt put him to a ſhamefull foyle, and forced him like a coward to flie the field, *Matth.4.* 10, 11. to make ſuch bickerments more tolerable and eaſie vnto vs, and to inſtruct vs, that whenſoeuer Chriſtian warriours ſhall manage this double-edged ſword aright, that their common enemie will ſoone be danted, take himſelfe to flight, and they alwayes obtaine a glorious conqueſt.

SECTION.7.

AT length thou cameſt to the loſt ſheepe of the houſe of *Iſrael*, lifting vp the bright lampe of thy diuine word, openly to giue light to the world, which was ob-

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ſcured with thicke clouds of ſinfull darkeneſſe, that men ſeeing their ſinnes, might then ſigh for their forepaſſed iniquities, and ſeeke by ſpeedy and true repentance to ſaue their ſoules, *Matth.* 5. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, *&c.* And thou alſo proclaiming the Kingdome of God, to all obeying the word, didſt confirme the verity of thy infallible words, with many wonderous and miraculous deeds: thou diddeſt plainly declare the vertue of thy diuinitie, and manifeſt the incomprehenſible eſſence of thy *God-head* in all things, to thoſe which were diſeaſed, & were affected and grieuouſly afflicted with many infirmities, *Lu.* 5. 12, 18. Performing all things of thy free mercy, without any merits, to all nations, that by thy gracious words, and mercifull workes, thou mighteſt gaine the Saluation of all, truly repenting for their ſins, and ſeeking by thy only mercy to ſaue their ſoules. But their fooliſh heart, oh Lord, was darkened, their reaſon infatuated, and their vnderſtanding blinded, they maliciouſly deſpiſed, proudly contemned, and careleſly reiected thy bleſſed words behind them, neither did they, Oh Lord, admire, no, not ſo much as regard thy wondrous workes, which by the Finger of thine owne hand, thou hadſt powerfully wrought among them, except a few Noble Champions, which thou diddeſt chuſe among the weake and abiect things of the World, that by them thou mightſt batter downe ſtrong holds, and throw downe high Towers, that thy inuincible power might appeare in their weaknes, and ſo the glory of thy Maieſtie might ſhine the

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brighter. Neither were they onely vnthankefull to thee, for thy gracious banefits and great kindneſſe, but they did very ſpightfully reproach thee, oh Lord of Lords, and ſpit out the Gall of their malice againſt thee, plotting in their Diuelliſh mindes, and performing with their deſperate hands, whatſoeuer their unbridled luſt did command them. For thou doing the workes of God, which no other hath done, how malignant were their words? How malicious were their ſpeeches? For they ſayd in their mad mood and furious folly, *This man is not of God, he caſteth out Devils by the Prince of Devils, he hath the Devill, hee ſeduceth the people, hee is a Glutton and a Drinker of Wine, a Friend of Publicanes & ſinners*, Mat. 11. 9. Why doſt thou weepe (oh man) why are thy thoughts perplexed, and the peace of thy minde diſturbed, when thou doeſt feele the ſting of venemous tongues, or endure the ſtormy tempeſt of iniurious words? Doeſt thou not heare what monſtrous ſlanders, bitter taunts and opprobrious ſpeeches were belched out againſt the Lord thy God, onely for thy cauſe and thy ſinnes, yet he did patiently diſgeſt the extreme bitterneſſe of their cruell malice, and did alwayes ſeeke by gentle mildeneſſe, and workes of mercy, to mollifie their hard hearts, and to induce them to true repentance: *If they haue called the Maſter of the houſe Belzebub, how much more will they call them of his houſehold? Mat,* 10.25. *Luke* 11.15. But thou, oh righteous and innocent Ieſus, diddeſt patiently heare, and conſtantly ſuſtaine their blaſphemous words, ſpightfull deriſions, and taunting ſpeeches; although oftentimes they were carried with ſuch a violent ſtreame of raging fury againſt thee, that they aſſailed thee with ſtones, hating nothing ſo much as thy bleſſed life, & haſting nothing ſo much as thy curſed death. And thou becameſt before them as a man which heareth not at all, and as one that is dumbe, hauing no word of reproofe in thy mouth.

SECTION. 8.

LAſtly, they valued thy righteous and precious bloud, but at thirty pieces of ſiluer, betrayed vnto them by thy vnkinde Diſciple, the ſonne of Perdition; greedily deſiring with exreme hate, without any ſhadow of iuſt cauſe, to haſten thy cruell death.

It was not a ſtrange thing, or a concealed ſecret excluded from the ſearch of thy knowledge, (becauſe the moſt couert cogitations of euery heart are open vnto thee,) that one of thine owne Diſciples ſhould proue diſloyall, treacherouſly conſpire againſt thee, and like a Traytour, ſell thee his gracious Lord and kind Maſter, for a ſmall piece of money. When as at the Supper, where thou didſt waſh thy Diſciples feet, thou didſt not diſdaine to handle, waſh, and wipe with thy moſt holy hands, the curſed feet of that damned Traytor, ſwift to ſhead bloud, kneeling downe before him, *Iohn* 13.4,5. Oh wonderfull example of humility! Oh patience moſt worthy of continuall admiration! But why doſt thou walke with thy out-ſtretched

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necke, oh earth and aſhes? Doth Pride ſtill lift thee vp? Doth fretting anger euermore moleſt thee? *Behold*, & looke vpon the Lord Ieſus, the mirror of Humility and Meekeneſſe, the Creator of euery Creature, the fearefull Iudge of the quicke and the dead, bowing his knees before the feet of a man, that ſhould traiterouſly betray him into the hands of his deadly Foes, who long thirſted for his innocent blood, loathed his godly life, and could neuer quench the raging flame of their fury, vntill they had acted the lamentable Tragedy of his moſt cruell death.

Learne therefore of him, becauſe he is meeke in minde, & lowly in hart, debaſe thy high and lofty lookes, and let the feeling ſence of thy ſcornefull Pride, confound & caſt downe thy haughty thoughts, and bluſh at thy furious madneſſe, and ſigh at the inward ſight of thy impatient folly.

This alſo (oh louing Lord) was a plaine argument of thy maruailous kindneſſe, and extraordinary fauour, that thou wouldeſt not publikely detect the miſchieuous malice, and openly diſcloſe the horrible Treaſon of thy graceleſſe Diſciple, and odious Traitor, but diddeſt onely in the aſſembly of his brethren, very ſlightly admoniſh him to haſten his intended purpoſe, *Iohn* 13.27. Neuertheleſſe, neither the ſweet ſtreames of thy mercy could quench the burning fire of his fury, nor the graces of thy Humility, ſtay the rage of his madneſſe: but he departing out of the houſe, laboured diligently to bring his wicked deſignement into act, which as yet lay couered in his treacherous heart, *Iohn* 13.30.

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SECTION. 9.

HOw didſt thou fall from Heauen, oh cleare-ſhining *Lucifer*, which didſt appeare ſo bright at thy riſing in the morning? Thou once wert beautifull with exceeding glory, placed in pleaſant *Paradiſe*, where all things were abounding which might breed delight, whoſe happy ſtate did ſtand ſtill at a ſtay, ſubiect to no contrary change, hauing the Citizens of Heauen for thy louing companions, and pure *Manna* of the Diuine Word for thy daily food: How art thou now tumbled downe, and conſorted with the ſonnes of darkeneſſe?

Why haſt thou refuſed ſweet Hony, to feed on Gall, & wholſome food, to cloy thy ſtomacke with ſtinking dung?

At that time, oh ſweet *Chriſt*, thy *Family* was cleared, and thy *Houſhold* purged, when ſuch a leprous perſon, and deadly diſeaſed creature went out into the world, from the company of the Angels ſocietie.

For then at laſt were the thirſty ſoules of that bleſſed company, plentifully filled with ſweet flowing ſtreames of thy Diuine Word, and with the moſt pleaſant liquor of thy true celeſtiall Nectar, (which thou art alwayes able, and euermore willing to giue vnto thy faithfull Seruants,) when hee was worthily caſt out from thy moſt holy and bleſſed Family, whom thou didſt know to be vnworthy to taſte one drop of that *liuing water* which quencheth the thirſt of all ſinfull ſoules for euer: when thou of thy free loue, doſt afford them to drinke

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drinke of that bleſſed Fountaine, be their thirſt neuer ſo great, or the people neuer ſo many, which reſort to receiue refreſhing by it.

SECTION. 10.

NOW when thou hadſt giuen a new Commaundement to thy louing Diſciples, that they ſhould knit their hearts together, with the true vnion of perfect loue, *Iohn* 13. 34. and arme themſelues with patience againſt the approaching day of their fiery triall, and alſo hadſt diſpoſed the Kingdome of thy heauenly Father to thy faithfull Brethren, thou cameſt to the place with them, well knowne vnto couetous *Iudas* that Traitour, which did betray thee into the hands of the cruell Iewes, who were as greedy to buy, as he was couetous to ſell thy innocent and precious bloud.

Yet thou diddeſt not audaciouſly obiect thy ſelfe vnto ſuddaine danger, or deſperately throw thy ſelfe into perill, but thou wert willing to offer and lay downe thy owne life, to deliuer vs poore condemned vaſſals from the heauy doom of eternall death, knowing all things which ſhould come vpon thee, *Iohn* 18.4.

Oh vnſearchable profundity of thy infinite loue! Oh glorious beames of thy gracious mercy! For like a tender-heatred Father, thou haddeſt willingly caſt thy ſelfe into ſuddaine danger, to haue deliuered thy Children from ſome imminent perill: or if thou haddeſt aduentured thy life, to haue reſcued thy friends from threatned death, this without doubt had beene a deed of true naturall affection, and excellent loue. But that thou ſhouldeſt of thine owne accord offer thy ſelfe to death, to ſaue thy deadly enemies, and willingly ſhead thy bloud, to ranſome thy mortall foes: This, oh ſweet Sauiour, is a miracle of ſuperadmirable kindeneſſe, beyond the compaſſe of all vnderſtanding.

SECTION II.

VVHen thou wert come to the place where wretched *Iudas* had bargained to betray thee into the hands of the wicked Iewes, thou wert not aſhamed to confeſſe the heauy pangs which thou didſt ſuſtaine by thy approaching Paſſion, in the audience of thy Brethren, which thou wert willing to endure, not for thy owne deſert, but by thy owne deſire, for our ſakes, and our ſins, ſaying; *My Soule is heauy, euen vnto death,* Mat.26,38. So ponderous was the burden of our iniquities; ſo heauy was the weight of mine, yea of all our ſins, layd vpon thy ſhoulders. And there bowing thy knees on the ground, and falling downe with thy face on the earth, thou diddeſt in thy bitter agonie offer vp thy humble petition to God thy Father, ſaying: *My Father, if it be poſſible, let this Cup paſſe from me,* Matth.26.39.

Indeed that Cup contained a deepe draught to be taken of thee, for the health of our languiſhing ſoules; more bitter then *Colloquintida* to the mouth, or Gall in the maw.

And no doubt, but the bloody ſweat, which trickled downe on the earth by drops from

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from thy moſt holy fleſh, did plainely declare the ſorrowes of thy perplexed minde, and the anguiſh of thy ſorrowfull Soule, *Luke* 22.44.

Oh powerfull Lord Ieſus, what meaneth, or what is the cauſe of thy lamentable ſupplication? Didſt thou not wholly of thine owne accord offer vp thy ſelfe, for a Sacrifice to thy Father, and willingly ſhead thy blood, to pay the price of our ranſome?

Yes verily, oh gracious Lord, it was thy exceeding great loue, and onely mercy, that did moue thee ſo patiently to vnder-goe the wrath of thy Father, that thou mighteſt deliuer vs condemned ſinners, from his iuſt and heauy diſpleaſure, that by thy ſtripes we might be healed, and that by thy free & voluntary death, we might be reſtored to a ſecond and euerlaſting life.

But we thinke, that thou didſt willingly taſte the bitterneſſe of our miſeries, and in thy ſelfe expreſſe vnto vs a true paſſion of our weaknes, for the comfort and conſolation of all thy feeling members, that no man might deſpaire, or let go the Anchor of ſtedaſt Hope, when our weak fleſh fainteth, and our naturall faculties faile, but yet the ſpirit is ready to abide the painfull pangs of any paſſion, and to ſuffer the conflicts of any affliction whatſoeuer. Truely thou didſt expreſſe the natural weakneſſe of the fleſh in thy ſelfe, by thoſe tokens vnto vs, that we might the ſooner be prouoked to embrace thee with more loue, and gratefully to yeeld thee greater thankes. Whereby alſo wee are taught, that thou didſt truly beare our diſeaſes, and infirmities, and that thou haſt not runne thorow the

thornes

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thornes of grieuous paſſions, without the ſenſe of painefull afflictions. For that voyce ſeemeth to be the voice of the fleſh, not of the Spirit, by that which thou haſt added: *The Spirit indeed is willing, but the fleſh is weake*, Marke 14.38. And thou diddeſt openly declare, that the Spirit was willing to ſuffer the deadly pangs of thy grieuous paſſion, when thou didſt goe forth of thine owne accord, to meete thoſe bloudy minded perſons, conducted by their damnable Generall trayterous *Iudas*, in the night time, furniſhed with lanternes, torches, and weapons, ſeeking without any cauſe, raging with malice to deſtroy thy harmeleſſe life, and cruelly to ſhead thy innocent blood, and there didſt openly diſcouer thy ſelfe to their eyes, and offer vp thy ſelfe to their bloody hands, leſt they might thinke themſelues

ſelues beholding to their bloudy guide, and that by his crafty policy, thou hadſt beene ſuddainely & vnwillingly apprehended. For thou didſt not repell, or put backe that cruell monſter, comming to kiſſe thy moſt holy mouth; but didſt gẽtly put thy mouth, in which there was found no guile, to his mouth abounding with venome, and filled with malice, who vnder token of loue, pretended nothing but deadly hate; and with a diſſembling kiſſe, to betray thee into the hands of thoſe, who were ready armed to kill thee.

And although deſperate *Iudas* became his owne hangman, *Mat.*27.5. yet manie doe follow his ſteps, and deſperately runne to their wilfull & wofull deſtruction. Oh innocent Lambe of GOD, how couldeſt thou endure that ſuch a rauenous Woolfe ſhould

come

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come neere vnto thee, that came ſo greedily to deuoure thee?

What fellowſhip hath light with darkeneſſe? What agreement haſt thou with *Belial?* But this, oh Lord, was a deed of thy gracious benignity, and an act of thy exceeding bounty, that thou mighteſt ſhew vnto him all tokens of thine accuſtomed fauour, which might mollifie the hardneſſe of his wicked heart, and quaile the malice of his couetous minde.

For, thou not forgetfull that once hee was ſorted among thy Friends, and had taſted of the ſweet fruit of thy former loue, admitted into the holy ſociety of thy faithfull Diſciples, didſt kindely admoniſh him, ſaying, *Friend, wherefore comeſt thou?* Mat. 26.50. And thou wouldſt haue ſmitten the guilty conſcience, & wounded the hardened heart of that odious diſſembler and damnable Traytor, with the horrour of his helliſh deede, and deteſtation of his execrable fact, when thou ſpakeſt to him, ſaying: *Iudas, doeſt thou betray the Sonne of man with a kiſſe?* Luke 22.48. And behold, *the Philiſtians are vpon thee,* Samſon.

SECTION. 12.

IT did nothing mitigate the rage of their furious minds, nor ſtay the audacious attempts of their bloody hands, when in the houre of thine apprehenſion, thou didſt throw them flat on the ground with thy omnipotent arme, and make them to fall backeward with the breath of thy mouth: yet it was not done to defend thyſelfe from the edge of their malice, or to make an eſcape

out

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out of their cruell hands, but that humane preſumption might know, that it could deuiſe nothing, nor act any thing against thee, but whatſoeuer was permitted by thee.

And who can reſtraine his eyes from ſhowres of teares, and his heart from the ouerflowing waues of ſorrow, whē he heareth how violently they were carried againſt thee, and how furiouſly they laid their murdering hands vpon thee; and how quickly binding thy thy tender & innocent hands, they curriſhly haled thee, a moſt meeke Lambe, not once opening thy mouth againſt them, to bring thee (who neuer had offended,) to a moſt bloodie ſlaughter: As if thou haddeſt beene (moſt innocent and louing Ieſus) a cruell Theefe, a curſed Traytor, or a bloodie murtherer? Their outragious vſage towards thee was ſo farre out of meaſure, and their miſchieuous deedes ſo farre voyde of reaſon.

And then (oh Chriſt) thou didſt not ceaſe to powre downe ſhowres of mercy, and to let the honey-deaw of thy aboundant ſweetneſſe to diſtill vpon the head of thy cruell enemies, when thou diddeſt with milde words and gentle ſpeeches, calme the burning zeale of thy forward Diſciple, who drew forth his ſword and beganne to lay about him in the defence of his louing Maſter, *Luke*, 22. *verſe* 49, 50. For hee had no ſooner giuen a wound, but thou diddeſt miraculouſly heale the hurt, *Luke*. 22. *verſe*. 51. willing him to put vp his ſword, keepe the peace, and make no reſiſtance.

But ſuch curſed fury had blinded their eyes, ſuch ſtub-

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borne groſneſſe ouer-clowded their vnderſtanding, and ſuch ſtonie hardneſſe had ouergrowne their hearts, that neither the Maieſtie of the miracle, nor mercy of the benefit, could chaſe away the helliſh vapours of their franticke furie, or ſoften the extreme hardneſſe of their hearts; that ſeeing their Bedlam folly, they might haue relented with pittie.

SECTION. 13.

THou wert brought before the High-Prieſt, *Iohn.* 18. 24. who maliced and hated thy vnblameable life, wickedly imagined, & cruelly ſought thy bloody death.

When thou wert churliſhly examined, and falſly accuſed, thy modeſt reply was voyd of bitterneſſe, and thou didſt confeſſe the truth with much humility and mildneſſe: yet they cried out in their raging madneſſe, Hee ſpeaketh blaſphemous words; What neede we ſtand vpon further trial? He is worthy of a ſhamefull death.

Oh moſt louing Lord, how ſhamefully wert thou handled, how deſpightfully wert thou ſcorned, how cruelly wert thou abuſed of thine owne people? They polluted thy amiable face with their noyſome ſpettle, *Mat.* 26. 67. which the Angels doe alwaies deſire to behold; and which hath filled the heauens with ioy; and ſhall be deſired of the moſt rich and Noble of the people: And which not long before, ſhined more bright then the Sunne, and appeared moſt beautifull in glory, they did beat, & ſtrike it with their ſacrilegious hands. They coue-

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red it with a vaile, to floute & deride thee, and did cruelly buffet thee with their fiſts, being Lord of euery creature, like a baſe and contemptible ſeruant. Yea, they deliuered thee to be ſwallowed vp, and deuoured of the vncircumciſed.

SECTION. 14.

FOr after they had railed vpon thee with reuiling words, and buffeted thee with ſtore of blowes, they brought thee bound like a Theefe before the face of *Pilate*, *Marke* 15. 1. requiring in their franticke fit, and heate of their furie, that he would pronounce ſentence of death againſt thee. And they would neuer ceaſe their clamorous voyces, neither were their outragious out-cries appeaſed, before thou wert condemned to ſuffer a moſt cruell and curſed death of the Croſſe, which neuer knew ſinne, or thought any euill.

And although that wicked Iudge had certain knowledge, and his owne conſcience did teſtifie vnto him that thou wert falſly accuſed, brought like an innocent Lambe to the ſlaughter, and that all theſe things were forged of enuie againſt thee, when thoſe hard-hearted *Iewes* earneſtly deſired, that a Murderer might be giuen them, and haue pardon for his bloody offence, and that thou mighteſt vniuſtly be condemned, to ſuffer a moſt cruell death, preferring a deuouring Woolfe before an innocent Lambe, & dirty droſſe before pure gold: yet his words towards thee were without any mildneſſe, and his deeds quite without mercy, filling thy ſoule with gall and bitterneſſe, when as hee could find no cauſe, or ferrit out any occaſion, whereby hee might iuſtly reproue thee, *Luk.* 23. 14.

Hee receiued thee at their hands, after they had tauntingly flouted, bitterly derided, and ſcornefully diſgraced thee, and commanded thee to ſtand in the middeſt of thoſe malicious ſcoffers, who had vſed thee for a foole, to cauſe their mirth, & to encreaſe thy ſorrow. Neither did he ſpare to teare thy vndefiled fleſh with moſt bitter blowes; multiplying ſtripes with exceſſiue cruelty, & bleeding wounds vpon wounds, without any humane pitty, *Mat.* 26. 67. Oh thou beloued Sonne of my God! what hadſt thou committed worthy of ſuch barbarous immanity? What hadſt thou done worthy of ſuch wofull and bitter confuſion? In very deede nothing

thing at all. I wretched man, I alone a moſt horrible ſinner, haue beene the ſole cauſe of all thy painefull ſufferings: my grieuous ſinnes haue hardened their hearts, and armed their bloody hands againſt thee. I (oh Lord) haue eaten a ſowre Grape, and thy teeth are ſet on edge; becauſe then thou didſt make ſatisfaction, when thou hadſt done no iniury, and payd my infinite debt with thy moſt innocent death. But all theſe iniurious deeds, proceeding from malicious hate, and acted with cruell hands, could not ſatisfie the vnſatiable impiety of the perfidious and vnfaithfull Iewes, againſt thee moſt righteous and innocent Ieſus; who didſt neuer ceaſe to doe them good, but euermore healed their incurable diſeaſes: making the lame to walke, the blinde to ſee, the dumbe to ſpeake, and the deafe to heare.

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Thou didſt cleanſe lothſome Leapers, cure dead Palſies, and raiſe from death to life, *Mat.* 4.24. *Iohn* 7.23. Yet for all thy paines, kinde benefites, and ſtore of good workes, ſome for feare of their imperious Rulers, durſt not, & the greateſt ſort would not ſcarſe afford thee a good word; For they that of late ſung ioyfully, *Hoſanna, Hoſanna*, calling thee happie & bleſſed, ſoone changed their note, and blaſphemouſly termed thee *Beelzebub*, Prince of Deuils.

SECTION. 15.

AND laſtly, thou wert hurried and haled with the murtherous hands of the bloodie vncircumciſed Souldiers, to die on the Croſſe, a moſt ſhamefull, cruell, curſed death.

But it was not enough for thoſe vnbeleeuing miſcreants, and bloody wretches, to torment thee without any pitty, and to nayle thee to the Croſſe with moſt hatefull cruelty, but beforehand they vexed, & filled thy heauie ſoule with blaſphemous ſpeeches, outragious raylings, and deſpightfull diſgraces.

For what ſaith the Scripture concerning them? *And they gathered about him the whole Band: And they ſtripped him, and put vpon him a purple garment, and a roabe of ſcarlet,* in their madde merriment, to flout, deride, & ſcoffe him.

And platting a crowne of Thornes, they put it vpon his head, in ſteade of a golden Diademe, that being preſſed down with their buffetting hands, might enter the fleſh, and make the veines to ſpout out blood.

And then they put a feeble Reede in his right hand, (in ſtead of his royall Scepter) &

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bowing their knees before him, ſaying: GOD *ſaue the King of the Iewes. And they did buffet him, and ſpitting vpon him, tooke a Reede & ſmote him on the head. And when they had mocked him, they put his owne rayment vpon him, and led him away to crucifie him, bearing his owne Croſſe. And they brought him to a place named* Golgotha, *and they gaue him Wine tempered with Myrrhe, and mingled with Gall. And when hee had taſted of it, hee would not drinke. Then they crucified him, and alſo two Theeues with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left, and Ieſus in the middle. But Ieſus ſaid, Father, forgiue them, for they know not what they doe.* Afterward Ieſus knowing that all things were finiſhed, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, he ſaid, *I thirſt. And one of them running, tooke a Spunge, and filled it with Vineger, and put it on a Reede, and they*

they gaue it him to drinke. When he had receiued the Vineger, he ſaid, It is finiſhed. And crying with a loud voyce, he ſaid, Father, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit. And bowing his hedd, hee gaue vp the ghoſt. Then one of the hard-hearted Souldiers with a Speare pierced his ſide, and forth-with there came out blood and water, for the redemption of our ſaluation: Iohn 19. Chriſtaline water, to waſh away the ſtaines of our ſinnes, and pure blood, to nouriſh our ſoules.

Awake now, my ſoule, riſe out of the duſt, ſtirre vp all thy faculties, and behold this memorable man in the Chriſtall Looking-glaſſe of the Euangelicall word, as it were preſent before thee.

Conſider (oh my ſoule) who he is, which commeth, hauing the Image of a King, and neuertheleſſe is filled with the ſcornefull reproaches of a

moſt

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moſt baſe and contemptible ſeruant: Hee goeth with a Crowne, but that Crowne of his is his cruell torment, and woundeth his beautifull and bleſſed head with a thouſand ſharpe-pointed prickles.

Hee is cloathed with a royall roabe of purple, but is rather flouted and deſpiſed, then honoured by it.

Hee beareth a Scepter in his hand, but his bleſſed head is cruelly ſmitten with it. They adore him, bending their knees to the ground, and with loud voyces call him King, but they doe diſdainfully deride him, and proudly contemne him, with their counterfeit worſhip, for by and by they ſpet vpon his amiable face, buffet his louely cheekes with their mercileſſe hands, and loade his necke with their cruell blowes.

Behold (oh my ſoule) with

what extreme cruelty, immeaſurable impiety, and barbarous inhumanity, that moſt holy and ſacred Perſon is vexed, tormented, and deſpiſed of that irreligious people, who inall their odious actiõs, belched out the Gall of moſt bitter malice againſt him with their venemous mouthes: and inflicted the moſt grieuous torture of their damnable miſchiefe vpon him, with their blood-thirſty hands. He ſeemed to faint, and his legges to faile him vnder the burthen of his heauy Croſſe, which they had vnmercifully without compaſſion impoſed vpon him, while he beareth the burthen of thy ſhame, and is preſſed downe, with the weight of thy ignominious reproaches.

Being brought to the place of execution, they gaue him *Myrrhe*, mingled with Gall to drinke,

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drinke, in ſtead of a comfortable *Cordiall*, he is lifted vp on the Croſſe, and ſaith: *Father, forgiue them, becauſe they know not what they doe*, Luke 23. 34.

SECTION. XVI.

VVHat admirable ſpectacle of rare mildeneſſe, doth he afford to our eyes? with what couragious magnanimitie doth hee animate our hearts? which in all the horror of his intolerable torments, and in the middeſt of his painefull Agonies, and moſt bitter afflictions, did not open his mouth to vtter forth ſo much as one word, either to complaine againſt them for their beaſtly cruelty, to ſpeake in his owne defence, iuſtifying his innocencie, or to vſe any bitterneſſe of commination, or malediction againſt thoſe curſed Dogges, for all their monſtrous and brutiſh immanitie?

But laſtly, he powreth forth ſuch ſweet words of bleſſed Benediction, for the good of his deadly and diuelliſh foes, as were neuer heard ſince time had beginning, or the world a foundation.

What may be conceiued, more milde then this bleſſed Martyr, & our louing Sauiour, the true mirrour of wonderfull meekeneſſe? Didſt thou euer ſee, oh my ſoule, a more rare example of excellent bountie? Or was there euer preſented before thine eyes a more liuely Image of exceeding benignitie? And this may teach thee to beare thy Croſſe with patience, and to follow the ſteps of Chriſt with conſtant perſeuerance, to forgiue and pray for our bloodie perſecutors. For God will reiect our petitions, if they be ſowred with the Leauen of maliciousneſſe, and our ſacrifices of thankeſ-giuing, can ſend vp no ſweet ſmelling ſauour into his noſtrils, if wee dare approach neere his holy Sanctuary with hearts affected with hate, or mindes infected with malice.

As yet, oh my ſoule, turne hither thine eyes, and more ſtedfaſtly behold him, how worthy he appeareth of wonderfull admiration, and moſt tender compaſſion. Behold him naked, beaten, bruiſed, and mangled with ſtripes, nailed to the Croſſe with iron nailes, moſt ſhamefully between two Theeues, hauing Vineger giuen him to drinke without any compaſſion, in the extreme fits of his bitter Paſſion on the Croſſe. Oh hard-hearted wretches, to giue ſuch a ſowre Potion, to ſo milde a Patient!

SECTION 17.

LOoke vpon him, my weeping ſoule, being wounded after his death with a ſharpe-pointed ſpeare, thruſt into his ſide, by the hand of a violent Souldier, *Iohn* 19.33. View him, powring out plentifull ſtreames of blood, guſhing out from the fiue wounds of his tender hands, feete, and ſide, pitifully wounded, and cruelly pierced: ſo that in thy ſerious Meditation, thou maiſt be touched to the quicke, with a patheticall compunction, and bathe his bleeding wounds with the ſtreaming teares of thy true and zealous repentance.

Weepe forth ſhowres of teares, and melt thou alſo, my ſoule, with the fire of compaſſion, and ſigh with hearty contrition, & make deepe wounds in thy ſelfe with a ſharp point of

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of ſorrowfull compunction, when thou doſt meditate of the bitter Paſſion of this louely & worthy perſon, whom thou ſeeſt afflicted with ſuch terrible torments, and wounded from the crowne of the head, to the ſole of his feet, that with the plentifull ſtreames of his moſt precious blood, hee might waſh away the multitude of thy ſinnes. And now my perplexed ſoule, thou haſt ſeene the ſorrowes, diſtreſſes, weakeneſſe, and miſery of thy louing Sauiour, as he was the ſeede of the Woman, ordained to breake the head of the Serpent: who cloathed with the baſe garments of our fraile humanity, was ſubiect to all our infirmities, (the infection of our ſinnes onely excepted) and ſeeing him languiſhing on the Croſſe, tormented, flouted, ſcorned, and villanouſly handled by the barbarous multitude,

tude, thou haſt had cauſe to groane, ſigh, and ſob, moued with a ſenſible pity, and touched with a feeling and wofull compaſſion.

SECTION. 18.

BVt now direct thine eyes from his lamentable miſery, and ſeriouſly contemplate the mighty power of his magnificent Maieſty, and then all thy ſenſes will be amazed with ſodaine feare, and thy ſelfe aſtoniſhed with wonderfull admiration.

For what ſaith the Scripture? *Now from the ſixt houre was there darkeneſſe ouer all the Land, vntill the ninth. And the Sunne was darkened. And the vaile of the Temple was rent in twaine, from the top to the bottome, and the earth did quake, and the ſtones were clouen. And the graues did open themſelues, and many bodyes of the Saints, which ſlept, aroſe.* What

Matth. 27.52.

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What manner of man is he? what kinde of Perſon? Becauſe Heauen and Earth hath ſuch a ſympathy of his Paſſion: The Sun mourning with his darkeneſſe, for his wofull miſery, and denying the light of his beames to the cruell tormentors, at the execution of their bloody Tyranny.

How powerfull? how potent? how auailable was his death? which opened the Graues, raiſed and reuiued the dead, conquering Sinne, death, hell, and the Deuill? Oh worke of more then admirable wonder! Oh honourable conqueſt and glorious victory! For in the thickeſt clouds of his darkeſt miſery, there appeared cleere beames of his brighteſt Maieſty.

Know, my ſoule, know, thou my ſoule, this is the Lord our God, Ieſus Chriſt thy Sauiour, the onely begotten Sonne of God, Chriſt perfect God, and perfect man.

God, true God, true man, who alone vnder the Sunne was found pure from the ſpots of ſinne, and onely cleare from ſtaines of iniquity, among the Sonnes of men. And behold how he is ſorted in the damnable rancke of the wicked, excluded like a loathſome Leper, from the fruition of common ſociety, reputed as an abiect, and one of the worſt among the baſeſt people; caſt out from the wombe of the vnhappy Synagogue his Mother, like an abortiue, proiected out of the wombe of a woman. How is he that was ſo beautifull aboue the Sonnes of men, become ſo deformed and vncomely to the eyes of them that behold him? How are the Ornaments of his amiable feature diminiſhed? How is his Royall dignity diſgraced? How is he become a ſubiect of nothing elſe but of ſorrow

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ſorrow and calamity, & a wofull obiect of lamentation and pity? He is wounded for our iniquities, hee is bruiſed for our wicked offences, and is made an acceptable Sacrifice of a moſt ſweet ſmelling ſauour in thy ſight, oh God of eternall glory; that thou mighteſt auert thy indignation from vs, and reuerſe the ſentence of thy heauy diſpleaſure gone out againſt vs, and make vs Co-heires with him for euer, in his heauenly habitation.

Looke downe, oh Lord, holy Father, from thy holy Sanctuarie, and from the high Throne of thy infinite Maieſtie, and behold this holy Sacrifice, which our great high Prieſt doth offer ;vnto thee, thy holy Childe, the Lord Ieſus, for the ſinnes of his brethren, and let thy wrath be appeaſed, which our iniquities haue moſt iuſtly procured againſt vs, remouing farre out of thy ſight, the multitude of our innumerable tranſgreſſions.

And let his innocent death pay the full ſumme of our heauy debt. Behold, the voice of the bloud of our Ieſus, doth cry vnto thee from the Croſſe, begging mercy at thy hands for our many miſdeeds, pardon for all our haynous ſins, and ſpeaking better things then the bloud of *Abel*. What meaneth this, Oh Lord? Doth he ſtill hang naked and nailed on the Croſſe? Are his veines newly lanced, wil his bleeding wounds neuer bee ſtanched? Shall his ſide remaine euermore pierced, and his skinne alwayes dyed with bloud? Did not his Diſciples behold him with their eyes, aſcending aboue the Cloudes, really and royally, into the Manſion of eternall

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eternal glory, and now hath he not his reſidence in Heauen, ſitting at the right hand of thy Omnipotent Maieſtie, leading Captiuitie Captiue, and giuing gifts vnto men? Wee know, oh Lord, and are certainely aſſured, that our bleſſed Sauiour ruleth and raigneth with thee in euerlaſting glory, and yet hee remaineth fixed on the Croſſe, his wounds ſtill ſtreaming out precious bloud, to waſh away our ſinfull blots, becauſe his painefull paſſion, with thee is euermore in action, and things long paſt are alwayes preſent before thee.

Al times are preſent with God.

And we daily ſee him crucified, paying the price of our Redemption, in our ſpirituall contemplation and diuine Meditations. Know thou, oh heauenly and louing Father, the Coat of thy true Son *Ioſeph*. Alas, a moſt cruell Beaſt deuoured him, and hath trodden his Garment vnder feet in his fury, and hath ſtained all the beauty, and diſgraced all the glory of it, with ſpots of gore-bloud.

Behold, that rauenous beaſt hath left fiue pittifull rents in it. This, oh Lord, is the Garment which thy innocent Childe left in the hand of the *Ægyptian* Harlot, chuſing rather to loſe his Cloake, then to forgo the precious Iewel of his vnſpotted Chaſtity, by polluting his vndefiled body with filthy adultery, chuſing rather, being ſpoild of the garment of the fleſh, to deſcend into the priſon of death, then to obey that adulterous voice, by which it was very well ſaid, *All theſe things I will giue thee, if thou wilt fall downe and worſhip me*, Mat. 4,9. As *Ioſeph* did willingly forgo, his cloake, when he was allured to haue

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committed folly with his adulterous Miſtris. And now omnipotent Lord, and gracious Father, we know that thy Son liueth and raigneth ouer all the land of *Egypt*, and in euery place of thy vniuerſall Monarchy, for he is brought out of the priſon of death and hell, into thy glorious Kingdom, crowned with the Emperial crown of eternall immortalitie, and hauing changed his Garment of the fleſh, immortalitie flouriſheth for euer, being receiued of thee with exceeding glory. For hee hath ſubdued and conquered the kingdome of *Pharo*, and with his owne noble valour, with an honourable triumph hath entred the heauens. And behold, he being crowned with glory and honour, ſitteth at the right hand of thy Maieſtie, who being our Aduocate, maketh continuall interceſterceſſion for vs, that wee being the children of wrath and diſobedience by Nature, may bee reconciled vnto thee for euer, by the exceeding riches of thy grace: For hee is fleſh, and he is our brother. Looke, oh Lord, vpon the amiable face of thy ſweete Chriſt, which became obedient vnto thee, euen vnto death, that thou being well pleaſed in beholding him, mayeſt ſend downe the comfortable dewe of thy mercy vpon vs: neither let his ſcarres depart for euer out of thy ſight, that thou mayeſt remember what a great ſatisfaction thou haſt receiued of him for our ſinnes. I wiſh it might pleaſe thee to ballance the ſinnes, wherewith wee haue deſerued thy wrath and indignation, together with the calamitie and ſorrow, which thy innocent Sonne hath ſuffered for vs.

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Certainely the waight of his heauy miſerie, will more then counterpoyſe the waight of all our iniquities, and it hath rather deſerued, that thou ſhouldeſt raine downe the ſweet ſhowres of thy mercy vpon vs, then that our ſinnes haue demerited to kindle the fire of thy deuouring wrath againſt vs, that wee ſhould vtterly be depriued of thy wonted clemency, which ſhould ſlake the fury of thine incenſed ire, and put out the flame of thy burning indignation.

But, oh gracious and mercifull Father, let euery tongue proclaime immortall thankes vnto thee, and ſound forth aloud thine eternall praiſes, for the exceeding largeneſſe of thine immeaſurable bounty, which haſt not ſpared thine onely Sonne, which was as deare, and neere as thine owne heart vnto thee, but haſt deliuered him vp vnto death for vs all, that we might haue him as a faithfull Aduocat, and louing Mediatour before thee in Heauen.

And to thee, oh Lord Ieſus, a moſt couragious and conſtant Louer, and my gracious Redeemer, what thankes, be they neuer ſo many, can I returne, or what praiſes, be they neuer ſo great, may I vtter, which might counteruaile the leaſt iot of thy worthy merit? when as I am but a baſe creature, made of duſt, and ſhaped out of the clay, whoſe breath is in my Noſthrils, and I ſubiect euery moment to forgoe it, (although I commonly forgoe it) and to returne againe into the wombe of the Earth, from whence I was taken?

SECTION. 19.

FOR what, oh ſweet Sauiour, ſhouldeſt thou haue done, which thou haſt not willingly done, to finiſh the great worke of my ſaluation? Thou haſt diued and caſt thy thy ſelfe ouer head and eares into the troubleſome Ocean of thy ſtormy Paſſions, that thou mighteſt draw mee wholly out aliue, from thoſe perillous Waters, when the waues haue entered euen into thy Soule? For thou diddeſt willingly ſubiect thy ſelfe to the paines of Death, that thou mighteſt reſtore my ſoule vnto mee, which I had ſo wilfully loſt, *Luke* 1.71.

And now behold, I am obliged vnto thee by a double debt, becauſe thou haſt twice giuen mee my ſoule, once by

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Creation, and once by Redemption: what haue I, that I may more iuſtly giue thee then my ſoule? But for thy precious ſoule, vexed, perplexed, and troubled with ſo many, and ſuch heauy tribulations, I finde not what recompence man can bee able to render vnto thee, in any ſort to gratifie the worthineſſe of thy deſert. For if I ſhould be able to giue thee Heauen and Earth, and all their beautifull furniture, and the glorious ornaments of them, I could in no wiſe attaine the meaſure, or diſcharge the infinite ſum of ſuch an euerlaſting debt: But that I may render both that which I owe, and alſo that which is poſſible for mee, is a matter wholly belonging to thy liberall bountie, and muſt onely flowe from the ſweet fountaine of thy beneficiall goodneſſe.

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Thou art to be loued, oh Lord, with all my heart, with all my ſtrength, I muſt tread in thy path, and follow thy ſteps, which haſt endured all the extremities of thy bitter Paſſions, with exceeding patience, and being Lord of life, haſt of thine owne accord, vouchſafed to yeeld thy ſelfe vnto death, to redeeme me, & all faithfull repentant ſinners, to the ioyes of eternall life. And how ſhall that thing bee effected and wrought to mee, but onely and wholy by thee, through thy mightie power, which is able to worke all things in Heauen aboue, and in the Earth beneath?

Let my Soule cleaue vnto thee, let it be vnited vnto thee, with the bond of euerlaſting *loue*, becauſe all the vertue and faculties of it depend onely vpon thee, and becauſe it muſt needs ſinke into a bottomleſſe pit of endleſſe miſery, if it bee but a moment debarred from thy louing mercy.

And now, oh Lord, my gracious *Redeemer*, I worſhip thee as true God, I truſt in, thee I hope in thee, I couet and long to approach ſo neere vnto thee, as the feeble wings of my mounting deſires will carry me; Let thy ſtrong hand ſupport my weakeneſſe: Let the rich treaſure of thy mercy ſupply the wants of mine infirmity. Let the greatneſſe of thine vnſearcheable goodneſſe neuer depart out of my remembrance. Let a memoriall of thy bitter paſſion, by which thou haſt wrought mine euerlaſting Saluation, be perfectly written within the palmes of my hands, ſo that mine eyes may ſtill be viewing it: and let it be deepely ingrauen in my heart, that mine inward thoughts and cogitations may euermore be meditating and muſing vpon it.

Let thy Crowne of Thornes, thy red bloody nailes, thy pierced ſide, thy grieuous wounds, thy precious blood, thy death and buriall, be euermore preſented before the eyes of mine vnderſtanding, that I may water my Couch, and make my bed to ſwimme with teares of true ſorrowfull repentance, that I may duely and truely bewaile the multitude of my hainous ſinnes, which haue beene like ſo many iron nailes, to enter thorow thy harmeleſſe hands and innocent feet, and like ſo many ſharpe Speares, to pierce thy bleſſed ſide, to make thy wounded heart ſend forth plentifull ſtreams of thy deare and precious blood.

Laſtly, let the freſh remembrance of thy moſt glorious and victorious Reſurrection, and the bleſſed memory of thy triumphant Aſcenſion, comfort the fainting Spirits of my drooping ſoule, and with a ſweet taſte of ioy, mittigate the ſorrowes of my perplexed minde. For in all theſe, the ſweet odour of life doth aſcend vp into my noſtrils. Raiſe thou, (oh Lord) my ſpirit, with their reuiuing odour, from the death of ſinne, and out of the Graue of perpetuall darkeneſſe.

Touch my heart, oh Chriſt, that I may touch thee, *Math.* 14. 32. *Marke* 6. 56. which may keepe me from the ſnares of Satan, and comfort me in the houre of tribulation, ſo that the yoke of thy Commandements may be made eaſie vnto me, and the burthen of the Croſſe, which thou commandeſt me to carry after thee, may be light to my ſoule.

What am I a ſilly worme? What is my ſtrength? What are mine vnited forces, to ſuſtaine ſo heauy a burthen of worldly miſeries, with ſuch an inuincible minde, & peaceable patience as thou haſt commanded? How can I ſaile in this troubleſome Ocean, but I muſt needs runne againſt the rockes of wofull Deſperation, vnleſſe thou be my Pilot, and guide my ſterne?

It is fond to put any confidence in men; It is vaine to put any truſt in Princes. For although thou haſt called them Gods, to teach them how high thou haſt exalted them, (and they indeed are truly honorable, that remember thee to be the author of their exaltation) yet by & by thou haſt giuen them a cooling Carde, to quaile and qualifie their haughty pride, telling them

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them plainely, that for all that, they ſhall die like men, and returne, and to be turned into duſt, as well as the meaneſt of the people.

SECTION. 20.

ARE my feet (oh Chriſt) like vnto the feet of a ſwift Hart, that I ſhould be able to follow thee, ſo ſwift a runner, thorow the thornes and pricking Buſhes of thy painefull Paſſion? Doe I not walke vpon the *Water*, alwayes ready to ſinke with fearefull *Peter*, vnleſſe thou put forth thy powerfull hand to ſuccour me? *Mat.* 14.29,31. But heare my voyce (oh thou *Sonne of Dauid*) my mercifull Sauiour, infuſe the precious Quinteſſence of thy celeſtiall Graces into my boſome, and then lay thy ſweet Croſſe vpon thy ſeruant, which is the Tree of Life, to them which apprehend it, then as (as I hope) I ſhall runne forward cheerefully, and I ſhall carry that Croſſe after thee with great willingneſſe, which thy cruell enemies did maliciouſly impoſe vpon thee.

Lay that moſt hard Croſſe (I ſay) vpon my ſhoulders, whoſe breadth is Chaſtity, whoſe length is Eternity, whoſe height is Omnipotency, whoſe depth is vnſearchable Wiſedome. Naile my hands and my feet vnto it, and make thy ſeruant, oh LORD, in all things conformable to thy paſſion.

Grant me (oh Lord) to abſtaine from the works of the fleſh, which thou hateſt, and to doe righteouſneſſe, which thou loueſt, & in both to ſeeke thy glory. Naile my left hand with the naile of Temperance, and my right hand with the naile of Iuſtice, vpon that high Croſſe.

Grant

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Grant my minde continually to meditate on thy holy Law, and to caſt all my cogitations vpon thee; and faſten my right foot to the ſame tree of Life, with the naile of wiſedome. Grant that the vnhappy happineſſe of this life, ſliding away euery moment, may not allure me like an enticing Harlot, to yeeld to the wanton inducements of carnall ſenſuality, and to weaken his vigor, by the intemperate abuſes of vnlawful pleaſures. Neither let pining cares, penſiue thoughts, and ſuddaine vnhappy chances trouble the peace of it, or procure any turbulent motions: but let my Spirit, as well in the Sunneſhine dayes of calme proſperity, as in the bluſtering weather of ſtormy aduerſity, be faſtened to thy Croſſe with the nailes of prudent moderation, and Chriſtian fortitude, that neither in proſperity I may ſoare too high, with the wings of aſpiring pride, nor in aduerſity be depreſſed too low, with the weight of deſpairefull care: But that there may appeare ſome ſimilitude of the pricking thornes, which pearcing the veines of thy head, made a paſſage for thy precious blood, to runne downe to the skirts of thy cloathing; grant I pray thee, that my minde may bee ſo deepely wounded with the forcible compunction of healthfull repentance, that mine eyes may ſhowre down plenty of teares, to waſh away the ſpots of my defiled Conſcience: So mollifie the hardneſſe of my heart, that it may be pliable to receiue the impreſſion of tender pitty, ſo that it may ſtill haue a feeling compaſſion of other mens miſery.

Let an earneſt zeale, to emulate

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late and imitate that which is righteous before thee, ſo prick forward my minde, that I may alwaies place thy perfect Law before mine eyes, and walke in the way of thy Commandements; and that in the extremeſt fits of my greateſt ſorrow, I may turne vnto thee for my conſolation and comfort; and that diſpairing of my owne merit, I may be relieued by thy Mercy.

I am well pleaſed, that thou put a Spunge by a Reede to my mouth, and that thou giue ſowre Vineger to my taſte. It liketh me, that thou ſhouldeſt teach my reaſon by thy holy Word, that the glorious pride of the World, is nothing elſe but an empty Spunge, which appeareth more in ſhew then it is in ſubſtance, and that the ſweeteſt taſte of it, is more ſowre then Vineger, which exceedeth in ſharpeneſſe, and all the concupiſcence of it, more bitter then gall or worme-wood.

Euen ſo, oh heauenly Father, let the cup of *Babylon* be bitter vnto me, let not the pleaſant colour of the wine allure me to taſte of that poyſoned liquor, neither let the deceitfull ſweetneſſe of it ouercome my vnderſtanding, nor drowne my reaſon, as it hath done theirs, which think darknes to be light, and light to be darkeneſſe, bitter to be ſweet, and ſweet to be bitter. I dare not drinke of the wine tempered with Myrrh and mixed with gall, becauſe thou wouldeſt not drinke of it, *Marke* 15.23. For thereby appeared the bitterneſſe of the enuy & malice which thy furious Foes did beare againſt thee, who would afforde thee no humane pitty in thy greateſt extremity, no not ſo much

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as to giue thee a cup of ſweet water. Faſhion thy ſeruant, oh Lord, like vnto thy quickning death, that according to the fleſh I may die daily, crucifying my carnall luſts, alwayes loathing the thing that is euill; and that according to the Spirit, I may daily be reuiued, imbracing and louing the thing that is righteous and good. And that I may reioyce to carry in me the perfect Image of thee my Lord and crucified Sauiour, expreſſe alſo a ſimilitude of that in me, which the vnſatiable cruelty of the euill ones acted againſt thee, after thy curſed and yet moſt bleſſed death: Let thy liuely and powerfull Word pierce into my ſide, and wound my heart: For thy Word, oh Lord, will ſooner enter then a double-edged ſword, and penetrate deeper then the ſharpeſt ſpeare, euen to the diuiſion of my ſoule, and the marrow incloſed in my bones, that in ſtead of blood and water, there may iſſue forth continually ſtreames of loue, towards thee and thy brethren. So that as thou haſt not ſpared to ſhead thy heart bloud for me, I may alwayes be willing to expreſſe my gratuitie towards thee.

Laſtly, wrap my ſpirit in the pure linnen cloth of thy righteous garment, in which I may ſafely reſt, comming out, and going into the place of thy holy tabernacle, and wherewith thou mayeſt hide mee vntill thine anger be appeaſed, and thy heauy diſpleaſure remoued. But the third day, after the day of labour and puniſhment, earely in the dawning of the Sabbath day, raiſe me euerlaſtingly amongſt thy children, that in my fleſh I may ſee thy brightnes, and be filled with the ioy of thy countenance.

SECTION. 21.

OH my Sauiour and my God, let the time come, I pray thee, let that bleſſed time come, wherein I may ſee that with my inward eyes, which now I enioy by hope, and apprehend a farre off.

And that I may embrace that with mine armes, and kiſſe that with my ioyfull lips, which I now long to haue, with ſuch thirſty deſires, as will neuer be ſatisfied, vntill they be wholy poſſeſſed of it, and that I be ſwallowed vp in the deepe Sea of thine infinite goodneſſe, oh my Sauiour and my God. But praiſe thou, oh my Soule, my

God my Sauiour, and magnifie his Name. For it is holy, replenished with ſtore of moſt holy delights, whoſe quantity is ſtinted with no meaſure, nor qualitie ſubiect to any mutabilitie.

Oh how good, how ſweet art thou, Lord Ieſus, to the ſoule that ſeeketh thee? Oh Ieſus, the Redeemer of thoſe which were loſt, the Sauiour of thoſe which are redeemed, the hope of the baniſhed, the ſtrength of thoſe that are troubled, the libertie of a Spirit afflicted with bondage, the comfortable ſolace, and ſweet refreſhing of a ſorrowfull Soule, which ſheddeth teares, and ſendeth forth ſweat, while it runneth after thee; the Crowne of the Triumphing, the onely reward and ioy of all celeſtiall Citizẽs, the moſt plentifull Fountaine of all Graces, the glorious Sonne of the higheſt God, and alſo the the higheſt God, *Roman.*3.25. *Math.*9.12. *Zach.*13.1.*Pſal.*16.5.*Iohn* 10.7,9. Let all things praiſe thee, which are in heauen aboue, and which are in Earth beneath. Thou art great, and thy name is wonderfull. Oh exceeding glory of the high God, and moſt pure brightneſſe of eternall light! oh life quickening euery life! oh light illuminating euery light, and preſeruing them in eternall brightneſſe! A thouſands of gliſtering lights are before the Throne of thy Diuinity for euer.

Oh eternall and vnacceſſible ſubſtance, the moſt cleere and ſweet ſtreame of a Fountaine hidden from the eyes of all mortall creatures, whoſe water is without beginning, profundity without any bottome, depth without any end, amplitude vnſearchable, purity vncorruptible ! The heart of the higheſt God hath ſent thee out from his bottomleſſe deepeneſſe; life hath ſent forth light, the Eternall hath ſent forth the Eternall, the incomprehenſible hath ſet forth the incomprehenſible; and coequall to himſelfe in all things; all of vs receiue from thy fulneſſe. For thou a moſt plentifull Fountaine, doeſt ſend out from thy Treaſures, a precious Riuer of euery good thing of thy ſeauen-folde Graces; with whoſe pleaſant ſweetneſſe thou doſt vouchſafe to ſweeten the ſaltneſſe of the ſalt Sea of our infirmities. A riuer of the oyle of gladneſſe, a riuer of pure Wine, a riuer of fierie courage. The holy Spirit, the comforter, is powred forth from thee and the Father into the World, equall to both, filling all things, containing all things, the Spirit proceeding from thee, proceding from the Father; one Spirit proceeding from both, vniting both; to wit, the vnſeparable connexion; the glewe of perfect Vnion; the Ciment that can neuer be diſſolued; the euerlaſting knot of eternall coniunction of both; and peace paſſing all vnderſtanding.

This is the flood, oh Lord, of abounding and exceeding pleaſure, wherewith thou doeſt water continually that pleaſant, and glorious Citie of *Ieruſalem*, which is aboue, ſo that the furrowes thereof are filled with the ſtreames of eternall delight: Where the bright and gliſtering Organs ſound out ſweet ſongs of continuall reioycing, whoſe melody exceedeth in ſweetneſſe, neuer ceaſeth, but hath an euerlaſting continuance. With the ſweet drops of this pleaſant riuer, the thirſty iawes of thy baniſhed people, oh Lord, doe waite continually to bee refreſhed by thee. Suffer, oh Lord, the whelpes to drinke vp the droppes that fall from the Table of their Maſters.

Let the Heauens ſend down from aboue, the comfortable deaw, and let the clouds powre forth a gracious raine, oh Lord, of that righteous Spirit, which thou didſt cauſe to ſtreame down vpon the famous firſt fruits of thy people; an euident demonſtration of our future triumphing.

With the heauenly diſtillation of thoſe fiery drops, wee pray thee, oh Lord, that thou wilt vouchſafe to purge, renew, illuminate, inflame, to make ioyfull, confirme and vnite the hearts of them which beleeue in thee, that they may be one, ſauour one thing, require, and apprehend one thing, with one minde, that they may ſee and laud thee the GOD of Gods in Sion. Glory, thankſ-giuing, honour, and dominion be aſcribed to the inſeparable Trinitie, now and for euer, Amen.

Dæmona non armis, ſed morte
ſubegit Ieſus.

St. Bernard

The Authours deprecation, or Petition, for himſelfe.

DEliuer me from mine enemies, oh my God, and frõ them which hate me; becauſe of their multitude I dread them, and becauſe of their might I am too weake to encounter them. And I, which euen vntill this day haue liued againſt my ſelfe, will euen now begin, through thy grace, to liue to my ſelfe.

For we ought to liue ſo here in this World, that when the body ſhall bee deuoured of the Wormes in the graue, the ſoule may reioyce with the Saints in Heauen. The Spirit is to bee directed towards that place to which it ſhall goe, and wee ought to make haſte thither, where wee may alwayes liue, and neuer ſtand any more in feare of our loue.

If wee ſo dearely loue and highly eſteeme this ſliding, fickle, and fraile life, in which we liue with toyle and labour, and yet by eating, drinking, and ſleeping, can ſcant ſatisfie the neceſſities of the fleſh, and ſupply her daily wants, we oght far dearer to eſteeme and feruently to deſire, to attaine to eternall life in the Hauen of reſt, where we ſhall ſuſtaine no labour, where is alwayes the chiefeſt pleaſure, greateſt happineſſe, happy liberty, and endleſſe bleſſednes; where men ſhall be like vnto the Angels of God, and the

Righteous ſhine like the Sun in the Kingdome of their Father. How wonderfully and gloriouſly doſt thou thinke, that the ſoules of the iuſt ſhall excell in brightneſſe, when as the light of their bodies ſhall equall the ſplendor of the Sun, when as his golden beames doe ſhine cleareſt?

There ſhall be no ſadneſſe, no penſiueneſſe, no paine, no feare: there ſhall be no labour, no death: but perpetuall health dwelleth there, and abideth for euer: there breedeth no ſpitefull malice, no miſerie of the fleſh, no dolefull calamitie. There is no grieuous ſickeneſſe, no pinching want, no carefull neceſſitie. There is no hunger, no thirſt, no cold, no heate, no weariſomneſſe of faſting, no temptation of the Enemie; neither is there any will to ſin, nor facultie to offend, but ioy

and

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and gladneſſe ouer-ſpreadeth all. Men there alſo aſſociated with the Angels, and freed from all fleſhly infirmity, ſhall remaine and continue for euer. There ſhall be infinite pleaſure, euerlaſting bleſſedneſſe, in which whoſoeuer ſhall once bee happily inueſted, he ſhall ſurely and ſecurely liue, poſſeſſed with it for euer. There ſhall be quiet reſt, from our toyling and tyring labours, perpetuall peace without any dreadfull feare of our enemies, delightfull pleaſantneſſe, proceeding from flouriſhing & continuall newneſſe; ſecuritie, ariſing from Eternitie: delectableneſſe and ſweetneſſe, flowing from the glorious viſion of GOD, our omnipotent Creatour. And who doth not hourely long, & daily deſire, &c. to dwell remain in this heauenly *Paradiſe*, and celeſtiall *Palace*, of true and euereverlaſting pleaſure, both in regard of that perpetuall peace, delightfull pleaſantneſſe, neuer-decaying Eternitie? and alſo in reſpect of the glorious Viſion and ſight of God; who ſhall repleniſh vs with infinite ioy and immeaſurable gladneſſe. No man ſhall be there a Pilgrime and Stranger, but whoſoeuer ſhall bee admitted, as worthy to come and enter into this celeſtiall Citie, they ſhall dwell there for euer in their owne Countrie, ſecure from all feare of any dreadfull danger, alwayes ioyfull, alwayes ſatisfied with the moſt delightfull ſight of God their Creator.

And by how much the greater obediencce any one ſhall performe towards God here; by ſo much the more bountifull reward he ſhall receiue of him there: and by how much the more entierly

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and dearely he ſhall long after God, by ſo much the neerer hee ſhall approach vnto him, and ſee him, whom ſo exceedingly hee coueteth to view, and deſireth to behold. To this Kingdome bring me, oh God, by the merits of thy Sonne Chriſt Ieſus.

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